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STELLA

A ROMAN MODEL.

LAST WINTER IN ROME.

BY

CHARLES RICHARD WELD.

60469
a c.

'Sotto l' ombra delle sacre penne
Governò 'l mondo.'—DANTE.

'Vieni a veder la tua Roma che piagne.'—DANTE.

'A man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see. It ought to be the business of every man's life to see Rome.'—DR. JOHNSON.

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TO

MRS. KELSO

(OF KELSOLAND)

THIS VOLUME

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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LAST WINTER IN ROME.

CHAPTER I.

The Start—London City in the early Morning in December—Across the Channel—No Summer Tourists—A learned Parisian—The S. E. R. Steamer—Mutual Mistakes—The Grand Hôtel du Louvre—Upholstery versus Comfort—Varnished Boots—Passports—Lyons—French Opinion of Prize Fights—To Marseilles—A Mistral—Winter Aspect of the South of France—Marseilles—Mediterranean Steamers—The Pausilippe—A motley Crowd—The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons—The Distinction of a Blessing—At Sea—A strange Berth—Balmy Air—A Polish Party—A patriotic Father—Arrive at Civita Vecchia.

WHEN a man goes to bed with the consciousness that he has to rise on a dark December morning at five A.M. to start by an express train, and that he has to take charge of three ladies, with the usual impedimenta, throughout a long journey—the destination in this case being Rome—it will be granted that the conditions are not very favourable to sleep. And so, after a wild, dreamy, and almost slumberless night,

said ladies and the writer were driving through London, while the majority of the inhabitants of the mighty metropolis were still hushed in slumber.

But as we drove citywards, we encountered the tide of carts setting from Newgate Market, spreading their life-currents through the arteries of the metropolis in the shape of meat destined to aid in forming human sinews and muscles; and before we had passed these carts, and the flaming gas-lamps blurred by fog of this vast mart, we met that other great life-tide which, flowing from Billingsgate, overspreads our capital in the form of innumerable fish.

No, in London there is no general repose. For before the Sybarites of the west end of the metropolis have retired to their luxurious homes, the sons of toil have commenced their daily 'bread-battle,' administering to the comfort and luxury of those who lay themselves down to sleep, taking no thought in matters of food for the morrow.

Dawn breaks through the heavy lead-hued mist that curtains the earth, as we rush behind the screaming engine to Folkstone, and in a few minutes—for here are no flocks of summer tourists with mountains of baggage—we are on board the fast steamer bound to *Boulogne*, and in the tumbling Channel. For although a dead calm reigned in London, it was

blowing hard at Folkstone, and grand waves dashed beneath the bows of the steamer in broad glittering sheets of foam.

Business-looking men for the most part are our companions, devoid of that holiday air which happily brightens the faces of those who crowd the boats to France at the close of the London season—men engaged in commerce, which is daily binding England and France in closer alliance, and let us hope rendering war between these two great master countries almost impossible. But there were exceptions, one noteworthy. He was a Parisian, who, having expatriated himself for a few weeks from his much-beloved Paris for the purpose of learning English in London, was returning home for the winter. He was very proud of his lingual acquirement, seizing every opportunity to exhibit his accomplishment. But however pleased he may have been by his performance, it was extremely crude and imperfect. Striking into conversation, he asked me the name of our steamer. Unable to give him the information, he went to a group of sailors at the bow, and presently returned telling me that he had found out the ship's name, and that it was *Sare*. Somewhat puzzled, I requested further enlightenment, on which he repeated '*Sare*,' '*Sare*,' adding, in French, that '*Sare*'

meant Monsieur in that language, and that he had seen the name on the jackets of the sailors. 'Oh, "Sir," I suppose you mean.' 'Yes, dat is it.' Having some knowledge of the steamers running between Folkstone and Boulogne, and never having heard of one called 'Sir,' I had the curiosity to see how far my Parisian acquaintance was correct; so approaching the sailors, who, according to the former, had the name of the steamer inscribed on their guernseys, I saw the letters S. E. R., which the reader will have no difficulty in perceiving stand for South-Eastern Railway; the name of our steamer being the 'Albert Edward.'

Let us not, however, laugh at our neighbours. Our long peace with them has caused our language, difficult to a Frenchman, to be much more extensively cultivated in France now than formerly; and do we not commit many blunders quite as absurd as the foregoing, which, though often highly calculated to provoke laughter, are generally heard with courteous indulgence?

But here we are running fast up Boulogne harbour alongside of the pier. No English in pork-pie hats and wonderful dresses are present to see us coming in—only a few fishermen and fishwives, with the usual cordon of police. On to the station, where we gather

round the stove and drink soup which would be more acceptable were it hotter—you never can get real hot coffee nor soup in France—and as evening fell arrived in Paris.

Hearing much respecting the Grand Hôtel du Louvre and its comforts, we go there, are hoisted by the *appareil mécanique* to the third floor, where we take possession of good rooms; and presently, very hungry, descend to the *salle-à-manger*, resplendent with gilding and mirrors, which, however, we would gladly exchange for the aspect of supper. The well-got-up waiter puts a *carte* into our hands, but we soon find that a great gulf of time lies between perusing the names of the edibles on the *carte*, and their appearance in substance on the table; and however well the system may work for the hotel establishment of requiring travellers to fill up blanks in tickets, specifying date, number of apartment, *détail de la consommation*, &c., it is by no means satisfactory to the latter, who are obliged to wait a long time before their wants are supplied. At breakfast precisely twenty-five minutes elapsed between the time that I filled up a ticket for one modest egg, and its appearance on the table—a length of time which, bearing in mind the vaunted and much-advertised resources of the establishment, strongly

reminded me of the fable of the 'Mountain and the Mouse.' Doubtless it is in consequence of this time-consuming arrangement that the saloons are so gorgeously decorated, in order that the fretful impatience of the hungry visitor may be in some measure allayed by the contemplation of the paintings and magnificence around him. The Emperor of the French, I am quite sure, has the good sense to eat his meals in far less elaborately decorated apartments than those in the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, where comfort is sacrificed for show. But the French like all this ostentation, and especially young Paris, which delights in luxe. I heard a Frenchman demand angrily, as I was passing through one of the corridors in the 'Grand Hôtel,' why his boots had not been varnished? and when the sommelier replied that he had no varnish, the Frenchman retorted in such angry language, that the poor servant was obliged to appease his wrath by assuring him that his boots should be varnished for the future.

Seriously speaking, the 'Grand Hôtel' and others of the same nature are not comfortable resting-places, and are extremely antagonistic to that ease which proverbially belongs to 'mine inn.'

Having procured the visé of the Papal Nuncio to our passports, which you must do if Romewards

bound, we took the express train to Lyons, and remained there the following day, which was Sunday. Amazing improvements are going on in this silk metropolis, Napoleon III. putting his mark on many parts of the city. The new Rue Impériale pierces the entire town, and old houses are fast disappearing. So elsewhere in La belle France; and in a few years the artist will search in vain for those picturesque old buildings which are a delight to draw.

At breakfast in the large salle-à-manger, I heard expressions by no means favourable to our countrymen, who were declared to be 'barbares,' &c. Curious to know what occasioned this outburst of feeling, I listened attentively, and presently ascertained that it proceeded from the accounts of the recent fight by Heenan and Sayers, copiously given in the Paris papers, the details of which gave rise to unmitigated disgust.

Bluer skies shone as we left Lyons behind, suggestive of those which we hoped would be over us in fair Italy. But a change came—for beyond Avignon we plunged into a fierce mistral, through which noble Mont Pelvoux loomed black-purple; so fierce and strong that large trees bent and broke beneath its influence, and the canes fringing the railway were

hurled into the air like straws. Not a pleasant prospect for our voyage on the Mediterranean; but it is the nature of these mistrals, which are cyclonic, to be very local.

How different is the aspect of the Continent during winter to that familiar to the summer tourist. The south of France through which we were speeding, well known to me by repeated visits during summer and autumn, is now bare and barren. No vines heavy with clustering purple fruit mantle the earth, olive trees alone relieve the barrenness. The Rhone, by the side of which we are running, is shrivelled to a mere thread, lacking the liberal glacier supplies which feed and make it full in summer.

We arrived at Marseilles at seven in the evening, and drove straightway to the office of the Messageries Impériales, where we engaged berths in the steamer leaving at ten o'clock P.M. for Civita Vecchia. The vessel, as we expected, was very full; and when we arrived on board, it was alarming to contemplate our probable fate should Neptune prove unkind.

As I am writing in the hope of being of some use to those who may follow my steps and winter in Rome, I may mention that you can only obtain good berths in the steamers of the Messageries Impériales proceeding to Civita Vecchia or Algiers at this time

of the year by securing them many days in advance, which can be done in London or Paris; but this involves the forfeiture of half the fare should you be prevented sailing on the appointed day.

There was indeed a motley crowd on board the Pausilippe, all bound to the Eternal City. The confusion too, made worse by insufficient lighting, was fearful. It was a repetition of that scene so amusingly and graphically described by Byron on board the famous Lisbon packet:

> All are screaming,
> Men and women,
> Gemmen, ladies, servants, jacks;
> Here entangling
> All are wrangling,
> Stuck together close as wax.

Standing room was difficult to obtain, sitting space almost impossible; and as for berths to contain us all, that was evidently out of the question. The variety of passengers was very amusing. Conspicuous among them was the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, Monsignor Bonald.

As soon as he was recognised, many ladies knelt reverently before him while he blessed them, describing with his outstretched hand the monogram of Christ,

I C X C.

A bishop has the privilege of giving this blessing, but a cardinal has the additional privilege of granting one hundred days' indulgence, whereas a bishop can only grant forty.

English, French, Germans, Prussians, Russians, Poles—our steamer is a very

Portus omnium gentium,

where you may study character to your heart's content.

But hark! the parting bell rings, shrill sounds the steam whistle, the paddle-wheels revolve, we glide between many ships and lateen-rigged barks, and in a few minutes are out on the Mediterranean. Fortune favoured us; the sea was of lake-like calmness; countless stars were mirrored on its tranquil waters; no mistral had fretted the ocean here into mad clashing waves. Thus favoured I remained long on deck, for the air was balmy; and having no berth, there was no temptation to go below. But towards the morning hours the increasing chilliness compelled me to seek my unknown sleeping quarters. They were sufficiently singular to merit description. Fancy a large sofa divided rectangularly into four portions by a slight division breast high. Three of these spaces were occupied by ladies, the fourth

was vacant. 'There, sir,' said the steward, pointing to this, 'that is your gîte.' 'But the ladies?' I demanded. 'Well, they have not taken off their clothes, and of course monsieur will not take off his!' I thought of Sterne, and of his bedroom difficulties; but mine were greater, for he had only one lady in question, and the shield of two curtains, besides numerous corking pins, whereas I had three ladies for my companions and no curtains, nor any friendly nook that might do dressing-room duty, the sofa being placed in a small ante-chamber leading to the ladies' saloon.

However, there was no choice; so merely divesting myself of boots and coat, I threw myself on my portion of the couch, and was only sensible of my proximity to womankind by seeing occasionally a white and well-rounded arm interposed between me and the sky-light, the effect perhaps of an uneasy dream.

With the first streak of dawn I was on deck. The sea was absolutely without a ripple, broken only when some sea inhabitant leaped, or sea bird dashed down to seize his prey; and the air was so balmy, that it was not easy to realise that we were in December.

The custom on board the Messageries Impériales

steamers is to give you a cup of coffee early in the morning, followed by a substantial breakfast at ten o'clock. At the latter all were present, or rather as many as could find seats in the saloon. 'Make way for the Cardinal,' exclaimed some of the French passengers, anxious to do honour to the Archbishop of Lyons; and space being cleared, in stalked His Eminence with his attendant priests, receiving reverence from several ladies as he passed to the place of honour reserved for him. Monsignor is going to Rome on important ecclesiastical business, of which we may hear something in the course of this work.

It is the happy privilege of sea voyaging that, once on board, your travelling anxieties respecting inns and luggage, coaches, railways and time-tables are over. And when favoured by calm seas and fine weather, what locomotion more pleasant than that in a good ship? Our voyage from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia was most enjoyable, for throughout

> —— we quietly steamed on,
> While never a breeze did breathe;
> Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
> Moved onward from beneath.

A pleasant party, too; among them four Polish girls of great beauty robed in rich sables, going with their father to Rome for the sake of one of the girls

who was consumptive. Though inhabitants of Prussian Poland, and not at present suffering from the oppressor's wrong doings, they were full of lamentations and indignation respecting the treatment which their less fortunate countrymen were undergoing. Their father, though a wealthy man, stated that however much he might like to spend the winter at Rome with his daughters, he did not feel that he should be justified in being absent from his country, so he proposed returning to Poland as soon as he had placed his daughters in the hands of their uncle in Rome. The patriotism of this gentleman was very great. As an instance of it, I may state that having come into possession of a very valuable watch that had been given to Lord Nelson by a continental sovereign, he stated that he would present it willingly to any rich Englishman disposed to assist his unfortunate countrymen by a gift of arms or other munitions of war.

And so we glided on through the tranquil sea in which porpoises rolled lazily, the air so warm and still that it seemed as if

> The ocean had no blast;

while when evening fell,

> His great bright eye most silently
> Up to the moon was cast.

Another night, during which I beheld the white arm again waving over me, though profoundly ignorant of the similitude of its owner's face, and when morning dawned, the anchor of the Pausilippe was dropped in the harbour of Civita Vecchia.

CHAPTER II.

The Harbour of Civita Vecchia—Ruinous Quays—Fortifications—French Troops—The Landing—Custom-house Examination—Books stopped—Bathing in December—The Sights of Civita Vecchia—Miraculous Picture of the Virgin—Il Lampione—Who pulls the Wires—A curious Ex Voto—Diamond Nipples—The Market of Civita Vecchia—Woodcocks—Railway to Rome—Orange Trees—The Campagna—Alban Hills—First View of Rome—Early and mature Sensations—Ideal and real Rome—The Railway Station—Great Confusion—Hôtel de Londres.

WHATEVER romantic or pleasant ideas the traveller bound to Italy for the first time may have formed of that country, entering it by Civita Vecchia will in all probability dispel them in a very summary and rude manner. A more unlovely place it would be difficult to point to, and your first impressions are rather strengthened than otherwise on close acquaintance. The quays, bearing the inscription 'ALEX. VI. Pont. Max.,' of infamous memory, are in a most ruinous condition; but while commerce is abased, war lifts up its head, the grand fortress planned by Michael Angelo having been thoroughly restored by the French, who have also added considerably to the defences on the land side.

Though Civita Vecchia is a free port, the trade is very limited, being almost entirely confined to the import of coal for the gas-works at Rome, and to a small coasting trade. The stagnation is however greatly relieved by the French troops who occupy Civita Vecchia, and who as usual torture the morning air by shrill trumpet-blasts and a never-ceasing roll of drums.

They are very conspicuous on the quays, bustling about after their fashion, and are indeed so numerous that you fancy you are in France. But a blue sky of great glory, on this December morn, arched sea and land, and presently puffs of white smoke were blown from the sides of a war-ship in the harbour, followed by the roar of cannon. The Papal Government was saluting His Eminence the Cardinal, who, scarlet hat in hand, bowed farewell to his fellow-passengers, as he descended the steamer's side to the man-of-war's boat that bore him on shore.

Not so easy was our disembarkation. We had to undergo the passport ordeal, the more vexatious now that the European States are relaxing their inquisitorial grasp on travellers; but it is due to the authorities at Civita Vecchia to state, that this and other annoyances have been considerably ameliorated lately. The golden rule to be observed, if possible, by the traveller

in the States of the Church, is not to be in a hurry; and if you can discipline your mind into the conviction that there is nothing to be gained by attempting even to hasten the movements of police officers or porters, you will probably get through the official gates of the Papal States without losing your temper.

The Custom-house examination was, on the whole, mild, books only being strictly examined. Several works interdicted by the Papal Government were seized, among others many of George Sand's, all of which are in the Index Librorum Prohibitorum. They belonged to a Parisian, who looked forward, as he told me, to their affording him during the winter pleasant mental pabulum. The English reader will be probably of opinion that his mind suffered no loss by being without them. He was, however, greatly vexed by losing their companionship, for although the Custom-house official stated that he was at liberty to apply to the authorities at Rome for their restoration, it is needless to say that he saw them no more.

Anywhere but in the Papal States, a special train would have been prepared to take us on to Rome, seeing that we numbered more than two hundred passengers. Such an innovation could not, however, be thought of for a moment here, so we had to wait until twelve o'clock for the usual ordinary train.

Bathing under a very hot sun—fancy this in mid December—and seeing the few sights of Civita Vecchia, filled up the time.

The most noteworthy 'lion' in this poor town is the so-called miraculous picture of the Virgin in the church. This painted figure is said to have performed numerous miraculous cures, several of so surprising a nature that scepticism, which often breaks forth in caricature, has not been slow to flatly deny the wonder-working power of this painted canvas, accounting for her singular movements in a very prosaic manner. 'Il Lampione,' a publication akin to our 'Punch,' which appears weekly at Florence, devoted a number last winter to the exposure of the imposture of the Civita Vecchia Virgin. A large pictorial sheet represents the people bowing before the image—priests receiving their offerings; while our Saviour appears in the background drawing aside a curtain, behind which are two priests pulling the strings by which the reputed miraculous image is made to wink. Beneath are these words: 'O popoli, non è l' imagine che muove gli occhi, ma sono i fili e le macchine dei falsi sacerdoti che con questi miracoli da giocolieri cercano di resvegliare il fanatismo religioso e l' infame brigantaggio. Siate fedeli al vostro Rè, amate la patria, e la mia divina

madre, che non entra per nulla in questa imposture, benedirà alla vostra resurrezione.'

Despite this and other exposures, the power of our Lady of Civita Vecchia is not questioned by many persons. The numerous ex votos surrounding the picture attest this. Among these is a small gold bosom with a diamond nipple, the offering of a lady cured of a breast disease! As we shall see presently, another miraculous picture of the Virgin has recently started up near Rome.

On leaving the church we strolled through the market, in which were many vegetables more in keeping, as we should imagine, with the season of summer or autumn than with that of winter. But winter had not yet chilled the air, and thus, with heat as great as that of June in England, it was curious to see strings of woodcocks for sale. The price demanded was six pauls a brace, equal to 2*s.* 6*d.*, probably above their market value. They were fine birds, shot for the most part in the myrtle groves surrounding Civita Vecchia.

Shortly after noon we were en route for Rome. The railway carriages were constructed in England, and rolled on English iron made by English capital. The second-class carriages are cushionless, the third-class seatless. The fares are high, 9*s.* and 7*s.* for

first and second class respectively, the distance between Civita Vecchia and Rome being forty-two miles. The charge for luggage is enormous. The line runs parallel to the sea-shore half the distance, here—

> A bare strand
> Of hillocks, heaped from ever shifting sand.

On leaving the coast it enters the lonely Campagna. Not however entirely lonely, for you pass large herds of grand grey oxen which gaze curiously with their lustrous eyes at the train, and occasional flocks of sheep tended by the ever-watchful dogs, and shepherds clad in goat-skin breeches. Fringing the ravines—for the Campagna is far from level—are tangled wildernesses of myrtle, bay, wild figs, and numberless plants sown by the wandering winds. Near Santa Marinella you may see date, and orange trees, the latter starred with globes of ripe fruit; and as you draw Romewards, large cane-brakes, the cover of many wily foxes, skirt the railway.

And now, as we round the heights of Il Truglio, the purple Alban hills appear, their fine picturesque outline culminating in Monte Cavo, and their broad breasts dotted by the white villages of Albano, Lericci, Castel Gandolfo, Grotta Ferrata, and Frascati. You would fain gaze long on this lovely scene, but the train sweeps on, and Rome is before us.

And here the reader may apprehend that I shall break forth into sensational writing, as is the wont of many travellers when they first behold the City of the Cæsars. But I knew Rome of old—saw it first from the well-remembered heights near La Storta; and having then given vent to feelings appropriate to the occasion, I am not disposed to let them run riot now. But I would not have the reader imagine, though my pulse did not beat as of old when the vast ellipse of the Colosseum first awed my soul into silence, that I gazed again on the world's former mistress unmoved. Not so. The very name of Rome cannot be heard without emotion; and there breathes no man, be he ever so world-worn, who having drank deep of the influences of Rome during his early years, can revisit that fascinating though fallen city without being moved. The wild delight which stirred the pulse then, is now tempered by experience and knowledge; and whatever we may lose in the nature of romance is amply compensated for by a more correct appreciation of the great and the beautiful.

But be you ever so disposed to romance, the first view of Rome from the windows of a railway carriage is not the most likely to realise your ideas of the city on the seven hills. Visitors to Rome, and especially classical visitors, are, I apprehend, apt to imagine

that the city is as Augustus is said to have left it —marble; whereas it is, with few exceptions, only brick—a kind, in short, of classical Monte Testaccio. Crumbling walls, patches of tawny soil—vine-mantled in summer, but now bare and unlovely—broken arches, tottering towers—such is the Rome that meets your view as the train sweeps round the south-east portion of the city, and finally comes to rest near the baths of Diocletian.

My courier duties, often severely taxed during the journey, now culminated to a most patience-trying degree at the station, where an amount of malorganisation exists which conveys a very poor idea of the capacity of Roman railway officials. At length, however, we had the satisfaction of finding ourselves, with all our impedimenta, rattling over the lava pavement to that centre of the English quarter in Rome, the Piazza di Spagna. Here we met with a friend who recommended us to go to the Hôtel de Londres, not yet quite packed by English, and took possession of rooms until our plans of residence became formed.

CHAPTER III.

Madame Starke, and Mr. Murray, the 'Mother' and 'Father' of the English in Rome—Rome no longer a Cheap City—Rent of Lodgings—Cost of Living—Restaurants—Tea—Wine—Adulteration Process—Fuel—Wood from Tiber—Coal and Coke—Blankets versus Fires—Horses and Carriages—Hackney Cabs—Hotels—Cost of Apartments—Table d'Hôte—How to silence a Bore—Hôtel de Rome—Hôtel de la Minerve—Boarding in Roman Families—Palaces let by Roman Princes—Largo dell' Impresa—Origin of the Name—Price of my Rooms and Board—My Landlord and his Family.

If dear old Madame Starke was, as the Romans called her, the Mother of the English visitors in Rome, assuredly Mr. Murray is entitled to be called the Father of our countrymen and women who make that city their home during the winter. Well, as several who read these pages are probably aware, our great and privileged cicerone tells us that Rome is now fully as dear as any European city. Such an announcement is not pleasant to those who, possessing only a moderate income, imagine that a residence in Rome will be economical.* Yet so great

* Reichard's *Itinerary of Italy*, a guide-book of considerable celebrity in its day, states somewhat amusingly, under the date 1819: 'A prudent Englishman, not ambitious of being thought a nobleman, may certainly live in Rome very cheap.'

are the attractions of the Eternal City, and so anxious are all who can appreciate them, to see the once proud mistress of the world and the possible capital to be of the kingdom of Italy, that considerable pecuniary sacrifices will be made to gratify that wish. To those, therefore, who may contemplate wintering in Rome, the lights of experience with reference to living in that city may not be unacceptable. I purpose, therefore, throwing together in this chapter a few notes on the subject; and first, with respect to lodgings. Unless you are willing to live in a part of Rome unfrequented by English, where the streets are narrow, close, and very dirty, apartments, with few exceptions, are as expensive as in first-class European cities. The fact is, that while the demand for lodgings increases annually, the supply in the English quarter does not increase; and thus those who have apartments to let ask and obtain higher prices, the augmentation in the price of provisions also compelling housekeepers to demand higher rents. You cannot now obtain a comfortably furnished sitting-room and bedroom in a good situation in Rome for much less than forty scudi a month (8*l.* 10*s.*), while the price of rooms in fashionable and favourite localities exceeds this sum. The cost of living has not increased in the same ratio as that of apartments. Mrs. Starke, who was very exact

in her information on these matters, states in her guide to Rome, published in 1834, that 'the best Trattorias charge English families ten pauls a head for dinner, bread and wine not included;' while 'one Trattoria,' she adds, 'will supply dinner, though of an inferior description, for five pauls a head.' At present, notwithstanding the cattle disease which has carried off thousands of animals within the last five years, the restaurants of Rome will furnish a sufficiently good family dinner for six pauls a head, exclusive of bread and wine; and few families, I apprehend, give as much as ten pauls.

Rome is still wretchedly supplied with restaurants, there being only two or three where a lady can dine in any comfort, and these are expensive. Men, however, may dine at others very unexpensively, some of the best dinners that I partook of in Rome as regards good meat and cooking having only cost four pauls; but I must add that the dirt of these restaurants went far to mar the enjoyment of the good food and cooking. Excellent tea may be procured in Rome, but the price is six shillings a pound. Wine, as in other large cities in Italy, varies greatly. At the hotels it is, as a rule, indifferent; and the same remark applies to the wines generally sold in Rome, which are all more or less adulterated. Many of the country wines, when genuine,

are wholesome and good; and I have frequently had a foglietto, equal to a pint, of excellent wine at roadside inns near Rome for which I have only paid six baiocchi, or three pence. A family occupying apartments for the winter in Rome might easily procure a barrel* of good country wine; but to ensure its being genuine, care should be taken to convey it into Rome by a trustworthy agent, as the adulteration generally takes place during the transit of the wine from the vineyard vaults to the city. The process is very simple, the barrel being tapped, the wine extracted sold to the landlords of roadside inns, and the vessel filled up with water.

Fuel has increased enormously in price, in consequence of the great demand for wood and the inadequate supply. So scarce, indeed, is the latter, that when the Tiber is in flood, you will see men and boys in small boats moored in the river engaged in securing any fragments of timber that may be floated down, the smallest pieces even not being overlooked. Coal and coke, since the establishment of the gas-works, may be purchased, but both are also extremely dear; so that large fires, absolutely necessary if you would be comfortable during a cold winter in Roman rooms, become very expensive luxuries. I

* A barrel contains about seventy foglietti.

have known more than one Roman lady, inhabiting handsome apartments, have recourse for warmth in winter days to cheerless blankets on account of the high price of fuel.

No articles, however, have risen so much in price as horses and carriages. Mrs. Starke states that the charge for a good carriage and pair of horses and driver was 8*l.* a month. Now 30*l.* is demanded, and you will not probably succeed in obtaining one for less; and even at this increased price you are not empowered to take the carriage beyond ten miles from Rome without extra charge. Happily for the visitor who has not a large credit at his banker's, the fares of hackney carriages have not gone up in proportion to those hired by the month. For four pauls an hour, the price in 1834, you may at present hire a two-horse carriage; and the fare for a set down in a one-horse cab is only fifteen baiocchi. The small reticulated lava pavement in Rome is so painful to walk upon, that however much you may like pedestrianism, you will scarcely be able to walk in the city with impunity: ladies in thin kid boots would assuredly come to grief in a very short time.

Good quarters are so essential to the comfort of a family in Rome during the winter, that I strongly recommend those who propose occupying lodgings

in that city during winter to proceed to it not later than the latter part of November. During that month choice will be easy, whereas in December you will find the most eligible apartments taken.

With regard to hotel life in Rome, preferred by many on account of its independence, there is little to be said. The hotels in Rome have undergone great improvements during late years, but as a rule it costs more to live in them than in lodgings, that is, presuming you have private apartments.* Wearisome, too, is the monotonous table d'hôte, at which you may have unpleasant neighbours, and yet not be disposed to plead the infirmity of deafness to check conversation. Should you, however, have no such scruples, you may try the plan adopted by a gentleman who I am assured finds it answer admirably. When he sees a person who he apprehends will prove an undesirable neighbour, he places a card in a conspicuous position on the table, inscribed 'I am very deaf,' which effectually turns the current of the neighbour's talk in an opposite channel.

The Hôtel de Rome, a large and new establishment in the Corso opposite the Church San Carlo,

* Those of course vary according to size and situation. A sitting-room and two bedrooms on the third floor in the Hôtel de Rome were charged last winter twelve scudi a week.

possesses the advantage of having various public apartments, comprising drawing, music, reading, and billiard rooms. Here, however, as at the other large hotels in the English quarter, all the visitors, with scarcely an exception, are English. Should you desire to mix with foreigners, you must patronise the Hôtel de la Minerve, a large establishment near the Pantheon, enjoying the well-merited reputation of a good cuisine, but inconveniently situated. The prices at this hotel are lower than at those in and round the Piazza di Spagna.

Holding that to go abroad and live entirely among your countrymen is, to say the least, not the most likely course to acquire useful information, or to profit by opportunities, as soon as my travelling companions were comfortably settled in lodgings, I resolved on endeavouring to live with an Italian family. Now this in Rome is not easily accomplished. For willing as many Roman families are to let rooms in their houses—the princes even let parts of their palaces—taking strangers as boarders has not yet become their practice.

However, thanks to a lady acquaintance who has been married for some years to a Roman nobleman, I was introduced to a family, the head of whom was a count and an officer in the Guardia Nobile, who

were willing to receive me into their circle. I left the terms entirely in the hands of the family, and they became thus adjusted. For the use of two rooms, breakfast—consisting of coffee, bread and butter, meat or eggs—luncheon, dinner, and tea, including attendance and all extras excepting fire in my rooms, I was to pay forty scudi a month, on the understanding that I occupied them for three months. The situation of the house was good, being in the Largo dell' Impresa,* about a minute's walk from the Corso where it abuts on the Via Frattina; but my rooms were eyrie-like, requiring the surmounting of 104 steps to gain access to them. One member alone of the family, the head, spoke any language but Italian; and as the latter comprised three ladies, two of whom were his youth-

* So called from the first government lottery having been established, or, as 'Impresa' means, undertaken there. The locality is celebrated as being in the centre of the famous Campus Martius, and an inscription over the door of one of the houses records that on its site the grand obelisk was found now erected on Monte Citorio, which, according to the interpretation of the hieroglyphics on its sides, possesses the venerable age of nearly twenty-six centuries. It was conveyed to Rome from Heliopolis by Augustus, who made use of it in the construction of his famous sun-dial. I take this opportunity of acknowledging my obligations for the above information respecting the origin of the name of Largo dell' Impresa to Rufini's *Dizionario Etimologico Storico delle Strade, Piazze, &c., di Roma.* I am the more desirous to mention this source because several persons have expressed a desire to see such a publication, not being aware of the existence of Rufini's Dictionary.

ful dark-eyed daughters, it will be seen that opportunity was not wanting to acquire a speaking knowledge of the language. In short, while it was certain that English comforts would not be my portion, yet at the expiration of my term I hoped that I should be able to say—

> I've taught me other tongues, and in strange lands
> Have made me not a stranger.

Nor did the result disappoint my expectations. Bacon pithily advises those proceeding to foreign countries 'to sequester themselves from the company of their countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth.' Acting in a great measure on this counsel, I was soon enabled to converse in Italian, and made such good friends with my landlord and his family, that I venture to believe we were mutually sorry when the day arrived for my departure from Rome.

CHAPTER IV.

My Quarters — Description of them — Charm against Evil-eye — Jettaturas and Jettatrices—View from my Windows—Grateless Rooms—Stufas—Ancient Roman Stoves—The Conte—Guiseppe—A Philological Puzzle—A ludicrous Mistake—A Family Dinner—Italian Dishes—Their Peculiarities—Garlic and Horace—Large Appetites — How Roman Girls eat—Capelletto Soup — Mental Culture among Romans—Shelley's Opinion of Roman Women—The Italian Language—How spoken in Rome—Contrast between the Voices of Roman and English Women—Gesticulation of the Romans—Pretty Feet rare in Rome—Dinner Guests—The Game of Tombola—Great Excitement—Dislike of Tea by the Romans.

BEHOLD me now established in my Roman quarters, and as you may have some curiosity to know what they are like, here is a sketch of them. They consist of two rooms communicating with each other; the salon is furnished in French style, and contains a piano, on which my landlord's daughters sometimes play. Over my bed is a Madonna surrounded by golden glory, and as I often when lying in bed look at her, I wish the painter had made her prettier. On a chest of drawers near my bed are a pair of magnificent ox's horns highly polished, and mounted on

pedestals, the avowed object of said horns being to avert the evil eye. This information was solemnly imparted to me by my landlord the Conte, so that if there happened to be a jettatura, or what is worse, a jettatrice, in the family or among their visiting acquaintance, the evil influence might be happily averted. And with greater probability seeing that there were *two* horns, for two are more powerful than one. If evil fascination lurks in dark eyes, then indeed my landlord's daughters, and particularly the youngest, may be a jettatrice, and her father may have considerately done all in his power to protect me from her influence. But according to Albertus Magnus I need not be under any apprehension with respect to the eyes of the latter, for they are full, swimming, and lustrous, whereas, says that renowned authority in all matters appertaining to the art of magic, the true evil eye is dry, rigid, hollow, and an unlovely object set in a pallid skin, and such as you would instinctively turn away from.

Well, thus preserved from evil influences, I sleep, of course, well; for how could it be otherwise? My landlord's house being at the corner of a piazza, my windows command three long streets issuing from it, in which much variety may continually be seen. An amusing look-out; and evidently this is the opinion of

others besides myself, for I frequently see the heads of my neighbours projecting from the windows of the adjoining houses.

Opposite my sitting-room window is a noble frieze surmounting the walls of a vast house. The carving is as fresh as if it had been executed yesterday, and yet, like many other friezes doing similar duty, it once belonged in all probability to some grand Roman building of the Imperial period. Now when I add that my rooms are carpeted, and amber-coloured curtains, Roman fashion, drape the doors, you will say I am in comfortable quarters. Alas, no; said rooms are grateless, and instead of grates there were portable stoves, or stufas,* as they are called, in which a species of charcoal procured from the bakers is burned. Dear reader, wherever you may lodge during winter at Rome, go not where such stoves are, and fire-places are not. The stufas were my skeletons. If half filled only, the heat they gave out during cold weather was miserably weak; if entirely filled, my head became racked by such pain, that the cold, such as it often was, was far more endurable.

* It is worthy of remark that these stufas resemble in form those used by the ancient Romans in houses unprovided with hypocausts. It seems, however, to have been customary to anoint the fuel which they used with the lees of oil (*Amurca*) to prevent smoke, hence it was called '*ligna* ACAPNA *vel* COCTA, *ne fumum facient.*'

Though acquainted with Rome, my first sojourn in that city was during spring, and I had therefore no experience of the winter season. This I imagined would be mild, rendering fires almost unnecessary. Never did I make a greater mistake. Hope not to escape cold by wintering in Rome Indeed, if not proof against cold, you will probably be far more comfortable during winter in the south of England than in any Italian city.

It is only, however, I may observe, in the old Roman houses that the rooms are without fire-places. Massively built, frequently with materials stolen from temples or palaces, their builders seem to have been anxious only to exclude the heat of the sun. When I took my lodgings I was not aware of the chilly discomfort in store. For during December the temperature was mild, rendering artificial heat unnecessary.

I generally breakfasted alone, for an Italian breakfast and that pleasant English repast have little in common. Occasionally the Conte favoured me with his company while I breakfasted; more frequently, however, the man-servant Giuseppe, who I suspect had been specially retained on my account, indulged me with the gossip gathered during his visits among the neighbouring tradesmen. Giuseppe was a curious

character; he suffered from some kind of paralysis which twitched his legs in a very surprising manner, and occasionally seemed to influence his upper organs, and even affected his power of expression. At first I conceived that my inability to understand him arose from my limited knowledge of Italian, but when I could converse pretty fluently in that language I still found Giuseppe a philological puzzle. My frequent erroneous construction of his words was a cause of the greatest merriment to him. Shortly after my arrival he came into my room while I was in bed, and sputtered out in a most extraordinary manner, 'Avete voi panni sporchi?' so incoherently that, after many ineffectual attempts to understand the question, I came to the conclusion that the police had demanded my passport, the manner that he pronounced the foregoing words being more like 'passi porti' than 'panni sporchi;' so I replied that the troublesome document was in the hands of those officials. My answer had, however, the effect of sending Giuseppe reeling out of the room convulsed with laughter; my interpretation of his words being, as the Italian scholar will have seen, very wide of the mark.

Left to my own devices during the day, I joined the Conte and his family at dinner. At this meal I

was initiated into many Italian dishes remarkable, as a rule, for their oleaginous character. During the first month I rather dreaded this family repast;* for, apart from my inability to appreciate several condiments which indeed appeared to my uneducated palate to be positively nasty, the excessive desire to heap food on my plate, despite my earnest protestations that I could eat no more, filled me with despair. Under no circumstances being a large eater, the oily pabulum soon satiated me, and long before my companions had got through half their dinner I had dined.

'You eat nothing,' was their exclamation; 'take, take, pray take, senza complimenti,' a favourite expression among Romans, and mighty masses were heaped on my plate. But as a perhaps too fastidious 'minister of the Interior' generally sturdily resisted further invasions, I was obliged to decline their polite attentions in a very peremptory manner. It was satisfactory to find, however, that the surplus was never wasted. The appetite of Romans is

* I am bound in gratitude to say that my English antipathy to garlic was respected, dishes flavoured with this awful root never having been proffered to me. Surely Horace must have had a British horror of garlic when he wrote his

> Detestatur allium, quod apud
> Mæcenatem ederat.

amazing, nor is it confined to the sterner sex. It has been my painful lot to witness elegant-looking Italian girls eat until it became a serious problem to determine where what they had eaten had been stowed away. There are two dishes so greatly relished by the Romans, that I verily believe they would eat of them until absolutely surfeited. The one is a soup called capelletto, literally small hats, in which float, as the name implies, diminutive hats made of paste moulded into the form of a hat and filled with spiced meats; the other, the orthodox and indigenous macaroni, which, dressed in various ways, is always a favourite *bonne bouche* among Italians. To me, the justice done by a Roman family gathered round their dishes, for the soup in question may be so called, is a sight which does not tend to increase my admiration of, at all events, young handsome ladies.'

'Unless you eat largely you cannot be well,' is a common remark among Romans; and I have even heard the death of a lady attributed to insufficient eating.

Let it not be imagined that this picture is overdrawn. Eating enormously is the rule, and not the exception, in Rome, among the Romans; nor did it appear to me that anything came amiss to them. Happily for me, who played so indifferent a knife and fork

part, talking filled up every moment that the jaws were not otherwise employed; and thus, profiting by good opportunities, I was soon enabled to take part in the conversation. Naturally enough great curiosity was manifested by my landlord's family, and especially by his daughters, respecting England and English customs. Innumerable and sometimes most amusing questions were asked, betraying for the most part amazing ignorance. Being aware how little education enters into domestic life in Italy, I was in a great measure prepared for this; but the reality far exceeded all ideas I had entertained from previous acquaintance with Rome. Romans have evidently undergone but little change in mental culture since Shelley wrote of those people when residing in Rome: 'The Romans please me much, especially the women, who though totally devoid of every kind of information or culture of the imagination, and in this respect a kind of gentle savage, yet contrive to be interesting.' 'Those that are beautiful,' he adds, 'cease to be dangerous when you hear the commonplaces which escape from them. They are totally destitute of that fascination with which English intellectual women entangle the heart of man in soul-woven labyrinths.'

* *Letters from Abroad.*

It is our fate, as we journey through life, to see many fondly-cherished beliefs destroyed by practical experience. Those familiar only with the Italian language from hearing it warbled on the stage, and knowing it to be a many-vowelled tongue, will scarcely be prepared to hear that when spoken by Roman ladies the infliction to susceptible ears is positively painful. Harsh screaming is a more appropriate term. Assuredly the majority of Italian women, though possessing a dolce lingua, have no idea of the beauty, tenderness, and grace of a soft and low intonation. I have frequently been rendered almost distracted by the screaming voices of Italian women at Roman parties, each lady endeavouring to outscream her neighbour. After hearing these, the soft sweet voice of an English girl is inconceivably soothing.

If it be true, and I do not question the assertion, that woman is very much as man makes her, Italian men must be very indifferent to the harsh sounding voices of their wives, sisters, and daughters; for if they suffered half as much pain from them as is felt by English ears, they would endeavour at least to effect a reform.

When I became better acquainted with my landlord and his family, I frequently, when the storm of

conversation howled around me, entreated the ladies to speak a little less loud, as fortunately no one present was deaf. This screaming propensity arises doubtless, in a great measure, from the excitable temperament of Italians. Arouse an Italian and his entire body speaks. The famous *musica muta* of the ancient Roman still lives in him, and even still more in an Italian woman, of whom it may be truly said,

> There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay her foot speaks.

Which leads me to observe that Roman ladies have not pretty feet, Nature having apparently lavished all her beauty on the upper part of their persons.

We had occasional dinner guests, among others an old Marchese and his young wife, so young that when first introduced to her I supposed the lady to be his daughter; and as all the nobility ran in his veins, I concluded it was one of those not uncommon marriages in Italy when parents save their daughters the trouble of choosing husbands.

On these party days, when dinner was over, the game of Tombola was always introduced. This is a species of small lottery; ninety numbers are placed in a bag, and those win who soonest cover cards which they have chosen, and which bear numbers

corresponding to those drawn from a bag. The excitement of players at this game is prodigious, and though we never played for higher stakes than a few baiocchi, winners shouted aloud with joy, while losers gave vent to their feelings by expressions which, as they often involved the name of God, are better left untold.

When I remained at home, the ladies generally honoured me with their company at tea, of which however they partook most sparingly, as even a quarter of a cup caused them, as they alleged, to have sleepless nights. On these occasions I made great progress in colloquial acquirements, and who but a very dullard would not with three ladies for instructresses, two of whom were young and very *spirituelle.*

CHAPTER V.

City Noises—The Noises of Rome—Vagabond Dogs—Their Night-ways—Dog Law—Goats versus Dogs—The Dogs of the Apocalypse—How Roman Dogs are destroyed—The Cats of Rome—Their love-making Localities—More frightened than hurt—Bagging Roman Cats—Roman Butchers—Chopping Meat—A Stroll through Rome—Piale's Library—The English Quarter in Rome—Piazza di Spagna—Column to commemorate Establishment of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception—Artists' Models—Old Beppo—Suppression of Beggars—Licensed Beggars—Want of good Reading-rooms in Rome—St. Peter's—Wretched Pavement—Rome wants a Napoleon III.—The Immaculate Conception again—Where first mentioned—The Windows at the East end of St. Peter's—An ideal gigantic Organ—Why the Pope cannot set up such an Instrument in his Cathedral—Roman Ecclesiastical Logic—Napoleon I. and St. Peter's—The Architecture of the Churches in Rome.

HAD you ever, dear reader, the good fortune to reside close to a great thoroughfare in a city untroubled by disagreeable noises? Probably not, at least such has never been my fate; and though Rome has nothing so dreadful as our London organ nuisance—now, however, somewhat abated—yet there are noises within the city which are very painful; sleep-disturbing, too, seeing that they commence a little after midnight. Perhaps the most common is that

of houseless howling vagabond dogs, who, unblessed by kind masters, spend the greater part of the night in endeavouring to pick up their living. As in Constantinople, they perform much scavenger duty, nosing every heap of *immondezza* festering in streets, lanes, alleys, and piazzas. The majority consider that they have a prescriptive right to certain districts, in which they will not, if they can help it, tolerate trespassers. Often, when returning home late at night, I have recognised the same dogs grubbing in streets where I have seen them before; and one was so constant to his beat, that I never passed by it without seeing him hard at work upon the heaps of garbage within it. When these tenants in possession descry a poacher on their manor weaker than themselves, they fall on him with great ferocity; and I generally knew when a dog was undergoing summary justice by the piteous howls startling the midnight air.

On the advent of Easter these vagabond dogs are often very severely punished by the goats driven daily into Rome at that season from the Campagna. These goats, which supply many of the householders with milk, have the habit of standing close to the walls of the houses; and when they see an unwary dog engaged on a dainty *bonne bouche* in the middle

of the street, a goat will make a tilt at him and butt him with such violence as to knock him clean over in the heap of *immondezza,* from whence he slinks away uttering grievous cries.

These dogs, I may add, would increase very rapidly in numbers were their ranks not thinned annually. At the commencement of summer all wandering dogs are collected in an appointed place, and after due notice those not claimed are destroyed.*

Cats, too, abound in Rome, and as the portones of the houses are generally open during the night, these animals are extremely fond of carrying on their inharmonious amours on the stairs leading to your apartments. Many a time, when I have been groping my way at night up lightless and unknown stairs, I have been startled by cats dashing spasmodically across my face. When these midnight disturbers become very numerous, a raid is made against them; many are then bagged and conveyed to the tawny Tiber, or cast into Trajan's forum, from whence, however, strong muscular cats generally contrive to escape.

* A Protestant who was endeavouring to show the points of similarity between the 'great city' in the Apocalypse and Rome, frankly admitted that the comparison did not hold good in one respect. For whereas in Revelations (xxii. 15) it is stated that '*without* are dogs,' it is quite certain that these animals are, at all events at present, *within* the city.

But there is a noise peculiar to Rome which disturbed me far more than dogs or cats, and I am led to mention it in order that, should any of my readers contemplate spending a winter in that city, they may, if possible, reside at some distance from its influence. It is caused by butchers chopping up carcases of animals slaughtered in the *abattoirs*. The operation generally commences about three o'clock in the morning, and lasts some three or four hours, during the whole of which time the noise produced by chopping meat alternates with the ringing of the cleaver on the block, for at every two or three chops the instrument is flung down, occasioning a most disagreeable clashing noise. Under no circumstances is it pleasant to be within view of a butcher's shop, and especially of those in Rome, which are by no means remarkable for their cleanliness, and this noisy disturbance renders their proximity the more undesirable. Of course aristocratic Piazza di Spagna is uncontaminated by butchers' shops, but several good and otherwise eligible lodging-house streets near it contain butchers, and an adjoining thoroughfare bears the name of Due Macelli.

Having delivered myself of these admonitory hints, let us take a stroll through Rome, or rather

through the main arteries, to see whether any improvements have been effected in the city during recent years. And first to Piale's library, for, English like, we want to see the newspapers, and ascertain from the visitor's book who are here. And so we go through the Via Condotti, meeting what Tommy Moore calls

Cursed round English faces

at every step; for although December is not over, Rome is already full of Britons—so full, that if the fashion for wintering in Rome continues, and increases in proportion to the influx of visitors during late years, the English quarter will become ere long half the city.

Whew! what is that vile erection deforming the Piazza di Spagna, which has sprung up since we were last in Rome? We approach a pillar of Cippolino marble, reared in front of the Collegio di Propagandâ Fide, and read that it has been erected by Pope Pius IX. in commemoration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, established by His Holiness in 1854. Erected too, it might be added, to testify the low state to which art has fallen in Rome. The Cippolino shaft, fine in itself, is entirely spoiled by trumpery bronze tracery, which, in the form of lattice-work, coats a considerable portion of its base. Turning away vexed and disquieted, we

pass at the foot of the steps leading to the Church of the Trinita di Monte, observe that the quaint old boat-shaped fountain is sadly in need of repair, and that the broad steps leading to the church are no longer the resort of artists' models. True, there are one or two groups who by virtue of their years are privileged to remain here for hire; but the models, as a body, are not now permitted to dispose themselves on these marble steps in picturesque attitudes, and even old Beppo, long associated with them, has ceased to persecute you for alms as you pass up or down them.

The municipal government has effected no greater reform in Rome, during recent years, than that of putting down the great begging nuisance. There are, it is true, a few beggars still to be seen, but these are licensed to beg, wear a brass plate, and rarely pester you for relief.

The great influx of visitors to Rome has led to no improvement in Piale's library and reading-rooms, now quite too small for the requirements of visitors. They are, moreover, very badly supplied with newspapers and periodicals. Indeed the latter branch of literature was represented, as far as I could observe, during last winter, by one stale Review. Why does not some spirited man open commodious reading-rooms in Rome? They are

much wanted, and would assuredly prove remunerative if conducted on liberal principles. If the *entrepreneur* were English, it is probable that greater facilities would be accorded to him for carrying on his business than would be granted to an Italian. Papers that would be stopped at the post-office, if directed to Romans, are allowed to enter the English club on the understanding that they will not be permitted to circulate beyond the club.

You are not likely to be many hours in Rome without visiting St. Peter's, and so, having the afternoon to myself, I strolled to the mighty cathedral. How, picking one's way over those foot-torturing stones through the filthy streets leading to Rome's great Basilica, one longs for a Napoleon III. to wave his enchanter's wand over this part of Rome. The world can show no cathedral comparable to that of St. Peter's, and nowhere will you see fouler streets than those by which it is approached.

Lifting one of the ponderous leather curtains, we stand within the fane. Fresh as ever are the marbles lining the walls, and the mosaics in the dome, recently cleaned, are bright and beautiful. Time seems to pass so tenderly and gently over this vast temple of God, that you cannot detect its traces. More even to be deprecated than the tasteless

column commemorating the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in the Piazza di Spagna, is the defacing of the tribune by huge marble slabs bearing the names of the cardinals and bishops who were present in St. Peter's on the publication of the dogma. They are painfully like the tablets too commonly seen in many English churches, ostentatiously recording the names of donors to charities, and are wholly out of place where they are.

Not taking it for granted that every schoolboy knows where the first mention of this dogma is made, I may inform my readers that it is among the doctrines and legends derived by Mahomet from Christian sources, and received back from him into Christendom. 'The assertion,' says Dean Stanley, 'of the Virgin Mary's entire exemption from all stain of sin first appeared, so far as is known, in the 3rd chapter of the Koran.' * Thus Pius IX. is not after all the inventor of this dogma, but has only reintroduced it into the church of which he is the head.

Vain would be the man who might even hope to write anything that has not been said before of St. Peter's. Forbearing, therefore, any attempt at description, I will merely observe that I was impressed

* *Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church*, p. 312.

more than ever by the eye-sore occasioned by the cold glaring windows at the east end of the cathedral.* The windows are, I am well aware, in architectural harmony with the cathedral, but they are not the less offensive to the eye, and especially during the forenoon, when floods of light pour through them. I have always longed to mask them with a mighty organ that should be worthy of such a cathedral. It is the one thing wanting to make St. Peter's perfect, for though there are several organs in the building, they are small instruments, and only calculated for chapel service. Conceive the glory of a gigantic organ pealing through the world's greatest religious temple, rolling its grand waves from end to end of the vaulted nave, and filling aisles and chapels, tribune and dome, with harmony.

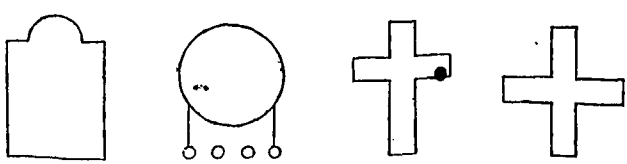
Talking once to a High-Church dignitary in Rome on this subject, and expressing my surprise that the Pope did not furnish St. Peter's with a large organ, he informed me that His Holiness had not the power to erect such an instrument, papal etiquette requiring all music in the presence of the Pope to be sung without any instrumental accompaniment. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'is it possible that the pontiff

* The east extremity of St. Peter's is that of the principal entrance, over which are these windows.

who introduces the dogma of the Immaculate Conception cannot put up an organ in St. Peter's?' The ecclesiastic did not see the logic of this remark, but the reader will agree with me that my observation was at least based on common sense.

It was, as you may remember, the intention of the first Napoleon to be crowned in the Basilica of St. Peter; but this, like other ambitious designs on the part of that wonderful being, was never fulfilled. Had it been carried into effect, I have often thought that such an organ as I conceive would have been added to the glories of Rome's great cathedral.

While writing this I am well aware that the great glory of the Romanesque or Round architecture is, as Mr. Ruskin expresses it, 'being without corruption.' To overlay it with decorations is at once vicious and disfiguring. All the churches in Rome may be classed under one or other of the following simple forms.



Basilica. Pantheon. Latin Cross. Greek Cross.

There can be no doubt that the Roman churches would impress us more if they were less ornamented

by decorations in the upholstery style. Even the Minerva, the only Gothic church in Rome, though weak and unsatisfactory compared to the glorious Gothic creations in the north of Europe, would be far more pleasing were it less tricked out with ornaments. But all churches should have organs. The nature of this noble instrument is admirably adapted to combine with architectural decoration. All acquainted with the great Roman churches must lament that, while they groan under the weight of altars and their trappings, not one possesses an organ worth hearing.

CHAPTER VI.

Advent of Christmas in Rome—Zampogni and Pifferi—Regina Cœli—The Pifferari—The Roses of Rome—Roman Streets—Penitential Pavement—Cardinals and their Lacqueys—Christmas Eve—The Holy Cradle—Quaint Hat and Sword—Vespers in the Sistine—Pope Pius IX.—The College of Cardinals—Their Dress—The warbling Wethers—Singing in the Papal Chapels—Concert at the Palazzo Bonaparte—The Holy Bambino.

No need at Rome to be told that Christmas is at hand; for hark! the streets resound with the buzz and drone of zampogni and pifferi blown by pious Italians at this season of the year to celebrate the praise della Regina Cœli. Look out when you may, you always see a couple of pifferari in their well-known picturesque costume standing beneath the shrine of a Madonna, taking no heed of numerous ragazzi, who regard them and their rude instruments at first with stupid wonder, often followed by jeers and derision.

You will meet them in every piazza, via, and vicolo in Rome, exploring their intricacies in search of the images of their beloved Madonna, their devotion being apparently real, for I never saw them begging. But you cannot look long at them without seeing

baiocchi cast into their hats, for they are liked by the adult population, many of whom regard them with reverential feelings, representing, as they are supposed to do, the shepherds to whom the wondrous birth was first revealed in the heavens. Indeed, so beloved is the Virgin, that any show of outward devotion to her is sure to meet with a ready response, and when the pifferari, in the course of the Novena, sing

> Ma guardate la Vergine beata,
> Che in ciel e in terra sia nostr' avvocata,

zealous and religious listeners generally reward them with baiocchi.

Yes, Christmas is near, but its advent is not heralded by holly starred with crimson berries, making gay the market-places; nor can you, when contemplating the deep pure skies filled with

> Hues which have words, and speak to us of heaven,

believe that this season of religious rejoicing has commenced. Myriads of roses still make the gardens in and around Rome gay, and large bushes of rosemary are blue with blossoms. But out of the sunshine the streets are cold, and, chilled by the blast, you walk fast, or endeavour rather to do so, for unless your feet be of hoof-like structure you cannot walk fast over the Roman pavement. More than

half a century has passed since Forsyth wrote—'The streets of Rome seem only to have been made for the rich. Their small reticular pavement galls the pedestrian; they afford no protection against the fury of carriages, and are lighted only by the lamps of a few Madonnas.'*

Oil lamps now feebly illumine the side streets and alleys, and gas makes the corso and a few leading thoroughfares bright; but the vile lava pavement remains. Sometimes when limping over it I thought that the priests, who manage all things here, may regard the said pavement as doing wholesome penitential duty. For if pilgrims put peas in their shoes for penance, they may wound their feet in Rome without being at this trouble. I wonder whether it was out of consideration to the tender feet and often puffy ankles of cardinals that ecclesiastical etiquette forbids that their eminences should walk in the streets of Rome. I am quite sure that they could not do so without speedily suffering. Their eminences may not unfrequently be seen taking their promenades without the walls, or on the Pincio, followed by their lacqueys bearing wonderful umbrellas; in the streets of Rome, never!

To the Roman Catholic, every day, as you will see

* *Italy in* 1802–3.

by the 'Diario Romano,' or 'L'Année Liturgique,' is a festa; but during Christmas week the Roman Catholic Church shines resplendent, as is fit and meet, in her celebration of the birth of our Saviour. On Christmas-eve the cannon roared from the Castle of St. Angelo; the chapter of St. John Lateran went in procession to the Sancta Sanctorum, and exposed the figure of our Saviour; glorious Santa Maria Maggiore blazed with myriads of wax candles, while a portion of the reputed holy cradle was exhibited to the faithful in juxtaposition with the extremely quaint hat and sword sent annually as a present from the Pope to some sovereign.

As usual, His Holiness was present during vespers in the Sistine. My landlord introduced me to a gentleman of the papal household, who kindly took me into the chapel by a private entrance—a privilege which those who have undergone the fatigue and crush incidental to long waiting at the doors of the Sistine Chapel before they are opened, will duly appreciate. On this occasion, I saw Pius IX. for the first time. His benevolent face is well adapted for photography, and is generally well rendered in his photographic portraits. A generation of cardinals has passed away since I had last seen the Sacred College in the Sistine Chapel. Those now assembled

within this edifice seemed to me in all respects inferior in dignity to their predecessors. Heavy saturnine-visaged men for the most part, having doubtless *pensieri stretti*, though most certainly not *volti sciolti*.

Divested of their gorgeous robes, scarlet caps, glittering rings, and lace, which must make many women's breasts flutter with envy and covetous desires, and clothed in plain priestly garments, they would certainly fail to excite admiration. It was a wise act on the part of Pope Innocent IV. to so clothe these dignitaries of the church as to inspire the people generally with respect. Prior to 1244, they wore no red hat or any mark of distinction. On Christmas-eve in that year the Sacred College first appeared habited as we now see them, and we cannot doubt that many cardinals of the Wolsey type have been, in some measure at least, indebted to their magnificent dress for the awe they have inspired.

But, hark! the warbling wethers within their gilded cage fill the Sistine with melody. Are those indeed the voices of men, which flute-like steal upon the ear? You think that one cantatrice from the Apollo must be concealed behind the lattice, so woman-like is that voice, so exquisitely sweet that solo. But no; the singer is a fat man, by no means

lovely in appearance, so we are glad that he is concealed, and that we hear without seeing him. Though occasionally extremely beautiful, the singing in the papal chapels is, as a rule, monotonous. Indeed, although the Roman Catholic ritual is admirably adapted for music, Rome is far behind other cities in the excellence of her musical performances in connection with her churches. When the Pope's choir put forth their strength, and sing the grand and impressive music of Palestrina or Allegri, you cannot fail to be delighted; but these performances are rare, and the ordinary church music on Sundays is extremely poor, and quite unworthy of the buildings in which it is executed.

On Christmas-eve a grand concert was given at the Palazzo Bonaparte, at which several fine compositions by the old masters of sacred music were performed; and, as the singers were all of high merit, the execution of the various pieces was excellent. All the handsome rooms were thrown open. One contained a representation of the Nativity, the bambino being swathed in rich robes, and placed in a manger surrounded by figures intended to represent Joseph, the Virgin, &c. This bambino exhibition is common at this period in Rome, in houses of the upper ranks.

CHAPTER VII.

Christmas Day in Rome—St. Peter's—Entrance of the Pope—High Mass—Church of Ara Cœli—The Bambino of St. Luke—Infantile Preaching—Maternal Vanity—History of the Holy Bambino—Gibbon and his 'History'—Adoration of Images and Relics—Patron Saints—Gregory II.—Council of Bishops at Constantinople—Saints honoured in Rome.

CHRISTMAS DAY. Cannon again boom from St. Angelo; the great bell of St. Peter's rings out, and vast multitudes, obeying the call, radiate from all parts of the city to the vast Basilica. Vast indeed, for, be the multitude ever so great, there is still always room within that cathedral. No one, even during the Jubilee years, ever saw St. Peter's absolutely full.

I was indebted to my landlord for a place within the tribune. Habited in his 'tenuta di gala,' as his orders prescribed, and headed by a Suisse, who clove the serried ranks of the English, struggling fiercely to improve their positions, he conducted me to an excellent locality behind the cardinals, and close to the Pope. How the latter entered

the Basilica, floating as it seemed above the heads of the kneeling multitude, between the gorgeous ostrich wing-like fans, the choir meanwhile chanting the well known *Tu es Petrus*; how cardinals and prelates, with training robes, passed sweeping up the tribune to do homage to their sovereign high pontiff; how the fine clear voice of Pio Nono was heard proclaiming the usual *indulgenza* proper for the day; how, when His Holiness at the high altar, surrounded by glittering ecclesiastics and military pomp and glory, beat his breast thrice and exclaimed 'Domine non sum dignus' before he swallowed a portion of the wafer; * and how, above all, when the *ostia* was elevated and the silent people were on their knees, the never-to-be-forgotten silver trumpets were blown from the far-off gallery, typical to the faithful of the trump of the archangel, are ceremonies which have been too often described to render it necessary to dwell upon them here.

But, grand and imposing as are these solemnities, they are held in little esteem by the people generally, who greatly prefer visiting the curious old

* The wafer is divided into three portions; the Pontiff partakes of one, the two remaining portions are given to the officiating cardinal and to the suddiacono.

church of Ara Cœli during the Christmas week, than their grand cathedral. In that church, which stands, as you will remember, on the site of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus—where Gibbon, as he tells us, while listening to the sandalled monks singing vespers, conceived the idea of writing his immortal history—is a small, insignificant, and badly-executed image of a bambino. This figure, said to have been carved by a Franciscan, and painted by St. Luke, is regarded with peculiar veneration by devout Roman Catholics, and no wonder, if one quarter of the miracles which it is stated to have performed be true. And so during Christmas week the bambino, arrayed in costly robes and jewels, is laid in a manger, surrounded by figures representing the Virgin, Joseph, and others, and all day long crowds of excited devotees press forward to admire and pray before the sacred image.

But this is not all; during the week a miniature stage is erected opposite the chapel, from which children, principally of the high or middling class, deliver short discourses laudatory of the infant Jesus. This is really a most entertaining sight. Tricked out in the gaudiest dresses that the vanity of their mammas can afford, the little children, many scarcely able to lisp, are lifted on the stage

by monks, and having learned their lesson by heart, declaim piccolo sermonettas to the satisfaction of their parents, and the infinite delight of the crowds surrounding them. And it is a curious spectacle to see how these children, many mere infants, are imbued with that spirit of acting which may be said to be innate in the life of an Italian. You will see the tiny creatures tossing their arms about, shrugging their shoulders, and stamping their little feet with an *empressement* reminding you of the stage.

A brisk sale of representations of the 'bambino,' and of a small book containing the history of the image, was going on at various stalls outside the church. The pictures are more truthful than the history, for this states that the wood of which the image is composed is olive, whereas it is mahogany. The book further states that Gibbon was moved to write the 'Decline' by contemplating the ceremonies in the Ara Cœli, which he regarded as little better than Pagan; but, adds the little book, Signor Gibbon was an 'infelice Protestante pieno di mal talente.'

Surprising adventures befel the bambino on its voyage to Rome; the ship containing it being overtaken by a fearful storm, it became necessary to throw all the cargo, &c., overboard, including the box containing the precious image. This, after

having been long buffeted by the waves, was eventually cast ashore at Leghorn, and transported amidst much rejoicing to the Church of Santa Maria Ara Cœli in Rome. The auspicious event occurred in 1250, since which period, according to my authority, the image has continued to be regarded with intense veneration not only by the citizens of Rome, but also by the spiritual subjects of the Pope; and as these comprise some one hundred and forty millions, it is evident that the bambino has a large number of adorers. 'As little better than Pagan.' How far Gibbon was correct in making this assertion, is a question forced on all thinking Protestants who behold the ceremonies of the Catholic Church in Rome, and particularly those connected with the adoration of saints, relics, and images. There is scarcely a day on which the images of one or more saints are not set up, if not for adoration, at least with the effect of moving the people to think more of them than of God. Every church has its festa, a kind of benefit, when the patron saint of the edifice is exhibited in a very conspicuous manner, his or her effigy being sometimes a masterpiece of art, and sometimes a wretched plaster image gaudily painted, but which nevertheless finds adorers, for I have often seen such busts kissed fervently by man and woman.

This multiplication of images is entirely opposed to the pure and simple doctrine of the early Christians. To Gregory II. (A.D. 715) attaches the renown of justifying their adoration. The images set up by the Greeks and Romans were, he avowed, mere fanciful representations of gods or demons, whereas those in Christian churches are in the similitude of the Virgin, Christ, and the saints. How Gregory hurled his thunder against the bold iconoclast Emperor Leo, and how that pontiff's exertions, aided by the Empress Theodora, prevailed, is well known. Images and their worship became established, and from that period they have held a foremost place in the Roman Catholic Church.* The fact is the more surprising, because in the year 754, in the reign of Constantine IV. (who bore the nickname of Copronymous), a general Council consisting of three hundred and thirty-eight bishops met at Constantinople, at which the worship of images was not only declared abominable, but it was further decreed that all such things should be cast out of the Christian churches.

* 'Léon et son fils firent la guerre aux images, mais Grégoire II et l'Impératrice rétablirent les images; et alors les moines récommencèrent à abuser de la piété publique.'—Montesquieu, *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*, p. 183.

The 'Année Liturgique à Rome' gives a list of six hundred and seven saints, all of whom are more or less honoured in that city. And this number, be it observed, far from exhausts the list, the martyrs being a very 'army,' as our own Prayer Book calls them.

CHAPTER VIII.

My Landlord in Attendance on the Pope—How His Holiness is defended—Life of Pio Nono—Origin of the House of Mastai Ferretti—Infancy of the Pope—His Weakly Nature—Wishes to enter the Army—His Dandyism when Young—Greatly admired by Women—Aspires for the Hand of the Daughter of Prince Albani—Is disappointed—Goes to Rome—Leads a Gay Life in that City—Endeavours to enter the Guardia Nobile—Falls ill—Becomes a Priest—His Religious Zeal—His great Eminence as a Preacher—Is appointed Secretary to a Religious Mission to Chili—His Zeal and Bravery—Returns to Europe Created Archbishop of Spoleto—Cardinal and Bishop of Imola—The Abbess of Fognano—The Countess of Spaur—Elected Pope—Hopeful Anticipations of his Reign—Becomes an Ultramontist—His Policy more to be ascribed to his Ministers than to himself—Epigram on him—Superstition respecting Duration of his Reign—Cardinal Antonelli.

As I was dressing this morning, my landlord stalked into my room in full uniform, helmeted, booted, and spurred, carrying his sabre in one hand, and in the other a brace of small horse-pistols—a truly warlike figure, for, be it observed, the Guardia Nobile, while rigidly shaving the whiskers, encourage their mustachios to grow to a great length, twisting the ends in corkscrew fashion. The Conte had received orders to be in attendance at the Vatican

early in the forenoon, as the Pope was going to drive out.

'Do you always,' I enquired, 'attend His Holiness thus armed?' 'Invariably, when he drives out; and see,' he added, 'the pistols are loaded and capped.' 'Is the life of the Pope in danger, that these precautions are taken?' 'Who knows?' he replied; 'there is a National Committee in Rome holding secret meetings, and assassination is unhappily not very rare.'

It was the observation of a man who had much experience of life, that the greatest temporal happiness would probably be found could a human being combine the three following conditions:—To live as a beautiful woman to the age of twenty, be a successful general from that age to fifty, and hold a high office in the priesthood during the remainder of life. I greatly doubt whether popes would be willing to endorse the latter part of this theory. The history of their lives does not assuredly warrant us in supposing that they have enjoyed much happiness as chief priests of the Roman Catholic Church. Pius IX. cannot be considered an exception. For though he ascended the throne under favourable auspices, and gave great hopes that his policy would be liberal, yet he soon trod in the footsteps of his predecessors.

Retribution quickly followed. From being a popular prince he became extremely unpopular; and by establishing the Inquisition immediately after his return from Gaeta, he evinced his determination to rule with an iron hand. But though not popular in Rome, I do not think that his life is in any great danger from the assassin's knife. At the same time there are men whose minds have become so warped by oppression and political wrongs, fancied or real, as to be dangerous. Such are the fifty priests in the great asylum of lunatics at Aversa, near Naples, who are said to be mad on account of the temporal power and its abuse by the Pope, and who would doubtless raise their hand against the pontiff if opportunity presented, and so His Holiness does not go abroad without armed men at his side.

And here it will not be out of place to give a sketch of the life of Pio Nono, in whose person, as many think, the perplexing problem of the Roman question is principally centred.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, a comb-maker, Alberto Mastai, of Brescia, with whom the world did not go well, went to live at Sinigaglia. Fortune smiled on him in his new home; the comb-maker flourished, and became so rich that he obtained the hand of a young lady of fortune, named Ferretti,

and at the same time the rank of count. Such is the origin of the house of Mastai-Ferretti. Girolamo Mastai-Ferretti, descended from the latter, married a daughter of Count Sallazzi, and the issue of this marriage is Gian-Maria Mastai, born in 1792, now Pius IX.

From his infancy he seems to have been weak, subject to epileptic fits, and difficult to manage. When a boy, he was sent to the college at Volterra, presided over by the learned astronomer Inghirami; but his chronic indisposition did not permit him to derive much advantage from that seat of learning. On returning home, however, his health greatly improved, and as he grew stronger he manifested a keen desire to enter the army. To fit himself for this profession, he devoted much time to athletic exercises, and soon became remarkable for his military bearing. Those familiar with the appearance of Pius IX. as seen in St. Peter's or the Sistine, will scarcely be prepared to hear that in youth he was noted for his dandy dress, appearing always in a semi-military uniform, wearing boots, and spurs, and seldom seen without a cigar in his mouth. Being very handsome withal, a tolerable poet, and good musician, he soon became an object of admiration to many, and of affection to some, girls; but

although more than one loved him, he aimed high and sought the hand of Elena, daughter of Prince Albani. This lady, who is said to have been extremely beautiful, at first encouraged young Mastai, but eventually married the colonel of a regiment quartered at Sinigaglia, whom she was in the habit of meeting frequently at the *réunions* in her father's house. The disappointment was so severely felt by young Gian, that to alleviate his misery he plunged into dissipation, drank deeply, and gambled largely. About this juncture Napoleon's career had terminated; Pius VII. returned to Rome, and public affairs began to assume a tranquil phase. Accordingly young Mastai, who was leading a very unsettled life, was sent to Rome, where two of his uncles resided, who it was believed were in a position to be of service to him.

Arrived in the capital he engaged a very humble apartment, his allowance being only 3*l.* a month. Nevertheless, so fascinating were his manners and so handsome his person, that he soon became one of the most fashionable young men in Rome, and was a constant visitor in the palaces of the highest nobles in that city. A successful player, his winnings enabled him to live in a manner that made him the envy of less fortunate youths, and led to love adventures not yet entirely forgotten in Rome.

But though young Mastai was well pleased with the life he was leading, it was far from satisfying his parents, who naturally desired to see their son established in some honourable profession. Accordingly, as the military spirit still burned strongly in Gian-Maria, an attempt was made to satisfy it, to some extent at least, by placing him in the Guardia Nobile, which had been established immediately after the Congress of Vienna. His interest was sufficiently great to cause him to be enrolled as a candidate for admission in the corps, but a representation having been made to the secretary of state that he was subject to epileptic fits, his name was removed from the list of candidates, and he was advised that he must not hope to be a Guardia Nobile. The intelligence overwhelmed him with sorrow; his spirits became depressed; a dangerous illness supervened, on his recovery from which—due, as some of his biographers declare, to the intercession of the Virgin—he determined on devoting his life to the cause of religion.

Report says that he was led to this determination by the Pope saying to him, 'Caro gióvane, you are suffering from two cruel diseases—epilepsy and love. Be advised by me—fatevi chiérico—and you will be cured of both.'

There are many still living in Rome who remember the sudden and extraordinary change in young Mastai. Discarding his fashionable costume, the neat boot and clanking spur gave place to thick shoes, the laced coat to a black soutane, and the jaunty step to a measured walk with bent head and downcast eyes. At this period Mastai was twenty-four years old. Hard study followed, and finding that this, though pushed to excess, did not impair his health, but rather improved it—a change due more probably to an abstemious life—he conceived that God especially called him to the work of priesthood, and having obtained the necessary medical permission to enter the Church, he was ordained. His religious zeal now rapidly unfolded. Ambition too, that powerful mainspring of the human mind, prompted him to turn his natural gifts to the best account. Endowed with a peculiarly fine melodious voice, well remembered by all who have had the pleasure of hearing him read the offices in St. Peter's or the Sistine Chapel, he studied elocution, practised preaching extempore, and soon acquired such a mastery of language as to draw vast crowds whenever he ascended the pulpit. He was particularly brilliant in his *fervorini*—short impassioned discourses, such as you may hear during holy week

at the Gesu—and carried his congregations entirely with him. Women who had admired Mastai as a youth of fashion now hung on his impassioned words, and buzzed round his confessional; strong-minded men, too, became weak before him. For he shook their souls by his pictures of the terrors in store for the wicked, and simulated purgatorial flames by plunging his hands in burning spirits.

But gratifying as all this was, the youthful priest sighed for more active occupation and a more extensive sphere of usefulness. An opportunity was not long wanting. Pius VII. having decided on sending a political-religious mission to Chili, Mastai applied to be appointed secretary, and succeeded, though against the will of his family, in obtaining the appointment. The mission, headed by the Bishop of Civita di Castello, after a long and hazardous voyage, arrived at Buenos Ayres. The journey from that city to Chili was attended with great suffering, but although the mission underwent many perils, they were productive of no other effect on the secretary than that of causing him to desire to remain in he country; one reason doubtless being that his health, so far from being impaired by the hardship and climate, was sensibly ameliorated. Indeed he has been heard more than once to say, that he never enjoyed better

health than during this period of his life; and so entirely did he enter into the spirit of the undertaking, that when his chief, discouraged by the ill success attending his efforts to convert the natives, determined on returning to Europe, Mastai was for remaining in Chili at all hazards, preferring even possible martyrdom to abandoning a measure to which he had committed himself.

On Mastai's return to Europe, Leo XII. filled the pontifical throne. This pontiff, naturally enthusiastic and energetic, testified his entire appreciation of Mastai's conduct by creating him Archbishop of Spoleto. The elevation seems to have had a very unhappy effect on his disposition. He soon became unpopular in his diocese, and eventually so disliked, that when Gregory XVI. assumed the tiara, he was removed from Spoleto, and created Cardinal and Bishop of Imola. In his new see Mastai was less violent, his more placid conduct being due, according to some authorities, in a great measure to the influence exercised over him by the Abbess of Fognano, and subsequently by the Countess of Spaur. Many stories are current respecting Mastai's affection for this lady. That she had great power over him, is pretty evident from the circumstance that one of Cardinal Antonelli's first actions, when Mastai became

Pope, was to banish that dangerous and fascinating lady from Rome.

Though Mastai's early life was not by any means uneventful, yet the Romans knew very little of him until he was elevated to the tiara. In grateful remembrance of the kindness of Pius VII., he assumed the name of Pio. Elected Pope on June 16, 1846, he had reigned eighteen years last June; and as his health is far from good, it is not likely that he will in his own person belie the proverb applied to the papacy, *Non videbis annos Petri*—no Pope since St. Peter having occupied the pontifical throne for twenty-five years. But it will be a consolation to many should His Holiness die before 1871, as a general belief is entertained that, should any Pope reign for the same number of years as the Apostle who presided over the Church, Rome will be immediately destroyed.

Such in outline has been the life of the great high priest of Rome, a man who, when he ascended the papal throne, was hailed by the liberal party with a frenzy of enthusiasm, but who soon, by his policy, became the champion of Ultramontanism and the oppressor of freedom.* In justice, however,

* When it was found that the hopes entertained of the Pope's liberal policy were visionary, the following line appeared on the walls in Rome:

'Pio? no no—ma stai Ferretti.'

let it be added, that Pius IX. inherited an accumulation of difficulties, postponed and complicated by his predecessors; that he is a man easily led, and that to his ministers, and particularly to Cardinal Antonelli, more than to himself, may be ascribed the policy which has rendered Rome a blot on the fair face of Italy. The influence of that subtle priest-secretary is enormous; who he is let us now see.

CHAPTER IX.

Life of Cardinal Antonelli—His great Power—Born at Sonnino—Famous for its Brigands—Enters a religious Seminary—Declines to become a Priest—Clerici Senza Vocazione—Privileges of the Priesthood—Cruel Ingenuity of the Inquisition—Antonelli created Cardinal—His Influence over the Pope—His Diplomacy—Opinion of the French Government respecting him—His great Wealth—His Collections—His Personal Appearance—The Fear of Assassination—Dislike entertained towards him by the People.

'L'EMPIRE c'est moi,' exclaimed the first Napoleon, conscious of his marvellous power. Cardinal Antonelli, conscious also of his power, though of a very different nature, probably thinks, if he does not give utterance to the thought, 'La Papauté c'est moi.' Europe believes that the 'Roman question,' as it is called, turns almost entirely on the French occupation of Rome. That French bayonets have propped the papal throne since 1848 is certain, but there has been another force at work, which has silently assisted to a far greater extent than is generally supposed in perpetuating the good and the bad of the papal government. This emanates from Cardinal Antonelli, no ordinary man, of whom it is said in Rome that,

living as he does above the Pope in the Vatican, he is in two senses superior to the Holy Father.

That Antonelli, unassisted by foreign military force, could have kept the latter on his throne, is by no means probable, and conscious of the necessity which has hitherto existed for the presence of the French troops, he has had great influence in causing them to be retained in Rome. That the Pope still exercises power over 'the eldest son of the Church' is certain,* notwithstanding any manifestation to the contrary arising from the recent Lyonese ritual rebellion; and that this power emanates from the Pope, influenced by Antonelli, is equally true. Antonelli, in many respects, is indeed a second Mazarin.

Born of obscure parents at Sonnino, in 1806, Antonelli was early made familiar with scenes of violence and bloodshed. For Sonnino is notorious as having been the head-quarters of the most daring

* It is curious to note, as confirmation of this, how even M. About, who certainly is not scrupulous as to what he says against the Pope in his *Question Romaine*, acknowledges the power of the Vatican in France. Alluding to his book having been published in Belgium instead of France, he says: 'Si je suis allé chercher un éditeur à Bruxelles quand j'en avais un excellent à Paris, ce n'est pas que le régime de la presse ou la rigueur des tribunaux français m'inspire aucune inquiétude. Mais le Pape, qui a le bras long, aurait pu m'atteindre en France, et je me suis reculé un peu plus loin pour lui dire ses vérités.'

bands of brigands that have ever infested the country between Rome and Naples. The village, as well as its neighbour San Lorenzo, harboured desperate ruffians, and more than once the heads of those gentry have decorated the top of St. Peter's gate in Sonnino, adjoining the house of Antonelli's father. When Pius VII. returned to Rome, young Antonelli saw several of his father's acquaintances executed who had often taken him up in their arms. Such a spectacle had probably a wholesome effect on the boy; be this as it may, he wisely turned his back on his native village, and entered a seminary in Rome. This led the way to priesthood; but though Antonelli was ordained, he declined entering on the religious duties of his profession, preferring the more profane occupation of a magistrate, for which his nominal calling did not disentitle him.

A large proportion, indeed, of the priests that you see in Rome have no church duty. The attributes of the priesthood are made inherent at ordination, but to exercise those appertaining to religious duties requires a second license. Thus you will constantly hear of *clerici senza vocazione*, and unless all the churches in Rome were open for daily service it would be quite impossible for the vast numbers of priests in that city to find employment. But these

unattached ecclesiastics are considered to be as holy as duty-doing priests, enjoying the privilege of being held inviolate from the hands of the laity;* and thus, though Antonelli is a civil minister, he is not the less a priest in the eye of the canon law of Rome.

Fortunately for him, Gregory XVI. became his friend, and under that Pope he rose to be secretary-general and minister of finance. Professing liberal principles in accordance with those entertained by Pius IX. on his accession to power, Antonelli was rewarded by receiving a cardinal's hat and being made secretary of state. Quickly, however, discerning the present pontiff's character, and well aware of his vacillation and weakness, Antonelli soon gained an ascendency over him, and was the first to turn him from that liberal policy which had made the commencement of Pius IX.'s reign popular and hopeful.

* There is a curious story painfully illustrating this canonical law, and at the same time the happy ingenuity of the Inquisition. A priest of the name of Bassi, who lived at Bologna, actuated by liberal principles, joined the revolutionists of 1848. After performing deeds which would have gained a soldier laurels, he fell into the hands of the Austrians, who immediately sentenced him to death. But as Bassi was a priest, it became difficult to carry out the sentence, and he would probably have been spared had not the Inquisition hit upon the ingenious device of partly skinning him, asserting that by this flaying process the poor priest was deprived of his sacred character, and could be legally handled by the executioner.

An opportunity now offered of strengthening this power by the Pope's voluntary exile to Gaeta, and during his sojourn there Antonelli drew the net closer round his not unwilling victim.

That Pius IX. is but a tool in the hands of his secretary is most evident. However, it is quite possible that, like other cardinals who have by over-ambition undone themselves, Antonelli may yet say with Wolsey —

> fling away ambition;
> By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
> The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?

The French Government, as is well known, have long chafed under his policy. Some months before the recent Convention, of which more presently, Count Sartiges, who represents France at the papal court, was instructed to inform Antonelli that 'it would be impossible to go on much longer protecting a power which persists as Rome does in committing itself in the face of Europe, and that therefore the papal government must be prepared for a change in the policy of France.'

It has been said by an eminent diplomatist that Antonelli is 'un amiable causeur noyant son idée dans une longue phraséologie diplomatique.' He is undoubtedly an able man; unhappily, however, his abilities are used to bad purposes. All parties,

excepting his own small circle, detest him cordially. 'C'est un ministre,' says M. About, 'greffé sur un sauvage.' Rather a fine savage, however, as those will say who have seen him assisting at the offices of the church. No cardinal dresses so well, nor wears richer lace or more splendid rings, than this cardinal-secretary.

He is enormously wealthy. Many of the public buildings in Rome, such as theatres and hotels, belong to him and to his brother, who he has made governor of the Government bank; and his landed estates are vast. He has also accumulated a large collection of treasures, principally minerals and gems, which would cause Christie and Manson's rooms to be crowded by dilettanti were they sold by auction. And who shall say that this may not be their fate some day? The Campana collection is in Paris. The Antonelli collection may yet find a home in London.

Thus prosperous, you may suppose that the papal secretary of state is a happy man. Not so. A grim skeleton abides always with him—death itself. Of this he is in constant terror, apprehending assassination in that form known to the Romans as '*accidente*,' and especially dreaded by them.

Indeed, you have only to look at Antonelli to be sure that he is not a happy man. That saturnine

countenance does not seem capable of being lighted up by a good healthy laugh. A great reader of humanity declared, that 'the man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.' Of course by this is meant a hearty laugh, the zenith to that nadir of the crafty diplomatic smile which lies on the face like the cold glitter of ice.

Lofty as are the apartments of the cardinal-secretary in the Vatican, they are still within earshot of the wail that goes up from oppressed Romans. Dropping metaphor, be sure that he is well aware that just as the ripple is the parent of the wave, so the low murmurs that disturb the political atmosphere of Rome may be the prelude of the coming storm. Should it break, will he flee before it? To Antonelli, far more than to Pius IX., may the wrongs and oppression from which the Romans are suffering be ascribed; and should a day of reckoning come, this will be remembered against him. In the meanwhile, from his lofty eyrie in the Vatican, we can fancy hearing him exclaim:

> Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
> Of the ranged Empire fall!— *Here* is my space.

CHAPTER X.

Temporal Power of the Pope—His Spiritual Influence—Ecclesiastical Offices held under the Pontificate—Number of Cardinals—Why limited to Seventy—Roman Catholic Hierarchy—Church Dignitaries created by Pius IX.—Districts of the States of the Church—Representatives at Rome of Foreign Powers—Creed of the Pope—Address to the Pope by the Roman Catholic Congress at Malines.

ALTHOUGH the temporal power of the Pope is on the wane, and may soon suddenly collapse, his spiritual influence, as set forth by the official record of the ecclesiastical offices held under the pontificate, does not appear to be curtailed. It may not be uninteresting at this juncture to specify these. My authority is the *Annuario Pontificio* for the present year.

The Pope is described in this official publication as the Vicar of Jesus Christ; Successor of the Prince of Apostles; Sovereign Pontiff of the Universal Church; Patriarch of the East; Primate of Italy; Metropolitan of the province of Rome; Bishop of Rome; and Sovereign of the temporal possessions of the holy Roman Church. He has the right

of creating seventy cardinals,* of whom six are of the order of bishops, fifty of priests, and fourteen of deacons. The Sacred College consists at this period (1864) of four cardinals above eighty years of age, twelve above seventy, thirty-two above sixty, twenty above fifty, and two under that age.

There are three patriarchs of the East with patriarchal jurisdiction, and seven Latin patriarchs stationed at Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, Venice, the East Indies, and Lisbon.

The Roman patriarchy is composed of ninety-six sees spread over the globe, attached to twelve metropolitan sees, and eighty-four cathedrals, all of which are immediately under the Pope's jurisdiction.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy consists of twelve patriarchal sees, one hundred and fifty-four archbishoprics, and six hundred and eighty-six bishoprics. To them have to be added the sees *in partibus infidelium*, comprising thirty-one archbishoprics,

* This number was established by Pope Sixtus V. in conformity, as he remarked, of 'Moses choosing seventy elders from among the whole nation to take counsel with them.' Although this number has not been adhered to invariably, yet it may be regarded as the standard number of the Sacred College. The great privilege enjoyed by the cardinals is the election of a Pope. Previous to the year 884 the Pope was always chosen by the people. Alexander III. abolished this privilege, and vested the election in the College of Cardinals.

and one hundred and ninety-one bishoprics, forming a grand total of nine hundred and sixty-five patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops.

There are also one hundred and one apostolical vicars, twenty-one apostolical prefects, and five apostolical delegates, all of whom have been educated at the Propagandâ.

The present Pope has created four archbishoprics, ninety-three bishoprics, and raised twelve sees to the dignity of metropolitan. The spiritual rank and duties of the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops are thus defined:—Secretaries of state; inquisitors; members of the index; heads of the Propagandâ; overseers of spiritual discipline, of indulgences, of relics; guardians of St. Peter's; overseers of the works at St. Paul's; examiners into ecclesiastical matters; regulators of religious rites; examiners of bishops; heads of the penitentiary tribunals, of the courts of civil, commercial, and criminal law; heads of the lower courts of justice, whether spiritual or civil; reporters to the Pope on petitions &c. from various parties; and auditor to His Holiness.

The *Capella Pontificia* (Pontifical Chapel) is composed of cardinals and patriarchs; archbishops and bishops; the auditor and treasurer of the apostolical chamber; the Pope's majordomo; of the non-assisting

archbishops and bishops; of the college of the apostolical prothotonatories; of the archimandrite of Messina; of the commander of the order of the Holy Ghost; of the regent of the chancellor; of the heads of the monastic orders; of the chamberlains attached to the papal household (*di spada e cappa*); of the Pope's family; of the Guardia Nobile, and of the Swiss and palatine guards.

The States of the Church are divided into five great districts called legations, each of which is subdivided into several provinces. The Roman district always bears the title of the presidency. The following are the territorial divisions:—

1. Under the Roman presidency: Rome, Viterbo, Civita Vecchia, Orvieto.

2. Under the legation of the Romagna: Bologna, Ferrara, Forli, and Ravenna.

3. Under the legation of the Marches: Urbino and Pesaro, Macerata, Ancona, Fermo, Ascoli, Camerino.

4. Under the legation of the Umbria: Perugia, Spoleto, Breti.

5. Under the legation of the Maretima and Campania: Frosinone, Velletri, and Benevento.

The Pope is represented among foreign powers by seven nuncios, at Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Munich, Naples, and Brussels: by three sub-nuncios,

at The Hague, Florence and Modena, and Rio Janeiro: by one chargé d'affaires at Lucerne, and by thirty-five consuls. The corps diplomatique accredited by the Pope consists of three ambassadors, representing France, Austria, and Portugal; of fourteen minister plenipotentiaries, and of three resident ministers in Holland, Saxony, and the United States of America.

While on the subject of the papacy, its powers and privileges, the reader will probably be interested to see a summary of the papal creed. It is the same as that of Pius IV. The late Irish Roman Catholic bishop, Dr. Doyle, states it to be entirely in accordance with the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church.

'1. I most firmly receive and embrace the apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions, and all the other observances and constitutions of the Holy Catholic Church.

'2. I do receive the Holy Scriptures in the same sense that holy mother Church does, and always hath, to whom it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of them; neither will I receive and interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the fathers.

'3. I do also profess that there are seven sacraments, truly and properly so called, instituted by

our Lord Jesus Christ, and necessary to the salvation of mankind, though not all to every one, viz. Baptism, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Orders, and Marriage, and that they do confer grace. I do also receive and admit the received and approved rites of the Catholic Church in the solemn administration of the above said sacraments.

'4. I do embrace and receive all and everything that hath been defined and declared by the Holy Council of Trent concerning original sin and justification.

'5. I do also profess that in the Mass there is offered a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and the dead; and that in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, there is truly, really, and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is a change made of the whole substance of bread into the body, and of the whole substance of wine into the blood, which change the Catholic Church calls transubstantiation.

'6. I confess also, that under one kind only, whole and entire Christ, and a true sacrament, is taken and received.

'7. I do firmly hold that there is a purgatory,

and that the souls there detained are relieved by the suffrages of the faithful.

'8. I do likewise believe that the saints reigning together with Christ are to be worshipped and prayed unto, and that they do offer prayers unto God for us, and that their relics are to be had in veneration.

'9. I do most firmly assert, that the images of Christ, and the ever Virgin Mother of God, and of the other saints, ought to be had and retained, and that due honour and veneration ought to be given to them.

'10. I do affirm that the power of indulgences was left by Christ in the Church, and that the use of them is very beneficial to Christian people.

'11. I do acknowledge the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church to be the mother and mistress of all Churches; and hold that true obedience is due to the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ.

'12. I do also without the least doubt receive and profess all other things which have been delivered, defined, and declared by the sacred canons and œcumenical councils, and especially by the holy synod of Trent; and all things contrary thereunto, and all heresies whatsoever condemned, rejected, and

anathematised by the Church, I do likewise condemn, reject, and anathematise. This true Catholic faith, without which no man can be saved, which at this time I freely profess and truly embrace, I will be careful (by the help of God) that the same be retained, and firmly professed, whole and inviolate, as long as I live; and that as much as in me lies, that it be held, taught, and preached by those under my power, and by such as I shall have charge over in my profession. So help me God, and these his holy Gospels.'

That this 'faith,' professed by the Pope, is endorsed by Roman Catholics is certain; and it is equally evident that the pontiff's religious polity is approved by a large portion of his spiritual subjects in Europe. As proof whereof, and as a fit conclusion of this chapter, read the following address presented to Pius IX. by the Roman Catholic Congress which lately assembled at Malines:

'Most Holy Father! More faithful even to the unanimous suggestion of their hearts than to the voice of duty, the Catholics assembled at Malines inaugurate their labours by prostrating themselves humbly at the feet of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Attached to the Holy Roman See, mother and mistress of all the churches, by the bonds of a strict

obedience, and by the most filial love, we come, most Holy Father, to offer to you, Divinely predestined to the care of the sheep and of the lambs, to the government of the pastors and of the faithful, the respectful expression of these sentiments. We recognise solemnly in all their plenitude the rights of your supreme authority. You are the priest par excellence; the incorruptible guardian and the infallible interpreter of the Divine verities; the pilot of that mystic vessel which leads humanity regenerated by the blood of Jesus Christ to the shore of its eternal destinies. While bowing to your spiritual power we recognise also, most Holy Father, the temporal power which is its providential bulwark. The more the Pontifical Royalty is attacked and misunderstood, the more ardently we apply ourselves to its defence; the more we condemn the sacrilegious usurpations of which it is the object, the more closely we rally ourselves round the Holy See—the fruitful and inexhaustible source of truth and of justice—against which the league of the unbelieving and the impious has for ages used its efforts. Assembled at Malines to cement the union of the Catholics, to develope Catholic works, to cooperate, in the degree which becomes laymen, for the defence of our mother Church, we proceed to open our second

session by this solemn profession of our faith, of our submission, of our love. May it be received with kindness by your Holiness, and obtain for us one of those paternal benedictions which give to hearts with good intentions, confidence, strength, and peace, and which have spread themselves from the time of St. Peter to that of Pius IX. as a beneficent dew *urbi et orbi*, over the city and over the world.—We subscribe ourselves the submissive and respectfully devoted Sons of your Holiness.'

CHAPTER XI.

Old Rome—Subterranean Church of San Clemente—The upper Church—Its Site—The Atrium and Quadriporticus—Marble Ambones—The Irish Dominicans in Rome—Father Mullooly—His Discovery of the underground San Clemente—Hints for subterranean Exploration in Rome—Discovery of ancient Pavement—Wall Frescoes—Magnificent Marble Columns—Discovery of the Remains of a Pagan Edifice—Kingly, Republican, and Imperial Constructions—Antiquarian Difficulties—Confirmation of Scripture History by Frescoes—Early Representation of the Crucifixion—San Clemente—Fresco representing Discovery of his Body—His Life and Martyrdom—Miracles following this Event—Representation of the Burial of St. Cyril—St. Clement's Church in London—Contributions towards the Excavations under St. Clemente—Work to be done.

It is one of the many characteristic features of Rome, that while time gradually decays and entombs numerous ancient relics of the past, a kind of compensating process is simultaneously going on. For in some localities the dust of twenty centuries, in which buildings and statues, cunning carvings and elegant ornaments have calmly reposed, has been cleared away, and we stand face to face with the works of those who lived and moved when the city of the Cæsars was the talk and wonder of the world.

The subterranean Church of San Clemente is in this category, and though the excavations hitherto made have not revealed a Laocoon or an Apollo, yet the 'finds' have been of extraordinary interest.

San Clemente stands about half a mile from the Colosseum on the left side of the Via di San Giulio in Laterano. The accretion of soil around the Flavian amphitheatre is not confined to that locality. As you ascend the gradual slope of the Cœlian hill, you see many evidences that modern Rome is considerably elevated above the ancient city, and even the upper church of San Clemente is entered by a slight descent. This edifice has always been a favourite resort of archæologists, not only on account of its great antiquity, but also because it contains several highly interesting ecclesiastical decorations.

According to the most trustworthy authorities, the upper church, or rather that occupying the site of the present edifice, was erected about the latter end of the tenth century. Tradition affirms that it stands on the site of the house of Clement, St. Paul's fellow-labourer, of whom the apostle writes in the fourth chapter of his Epistle to the Philippians. That church appears to have been a smaller edifice than the present building. This was erected by Pope Paschal II.,

and as that pontiff occupied the papal chair from 1099 to 1118, it must have been built during those years. Among the most remarkable features of this building are the atrium and quadriporticus,* both of which are in excellent preservation. Sixteen columns of various marbles, taken from some ancient building, partly support the roof. A very singular choir, surrounded by white marble walls about six feet high, is situated within the body of the church. In this choir are two white marble ambones.† Adjoining that, to the north, is a curious candelabrum richly carved and covered with glittering mosaics, in which the paschal candle was placed. Quaint mosaics also cover the vault of the tribune, principally representing events in the life of our Saviour. There is no obscurity respecting the date of them, as Cardinal Caltani, who decorated the tribune, took care to have his name and date of the work (1290) inscribed beneath them. Closer investigation will detect a vast variety of other interesting details in this church, including several curious frescoes by Massaccio, now unfortunately extremely dim.

* The quadriporticus was allotted to those who were not thought worthy, by reason of their sins, of mixing with the rest of the congregation in the body of the church.

† It is extremely interesting to observe that these ambones, combining a pulpit and reading-desk, are precisely similar to those now used in the Church of England.

We can well understand that the Dominicans, to whom the religious duties of San Clemente are confided, have always been proud of their venerable and most interesting church; but it is certainly not a little singular that while generations of monks have been exhibiting its ecclesiastical curiosities for many years, they have so far walked in darkness as to have been utterly unconscious that beneath their feet lay another church far more ancient than that we now see attached to their monastery, and which was in all probability much more richly decorated. Such, however, is Rome, a city as it were above a city; for where the ground has not been disturbed, you have only to penetrate a few yards beneath the surface to come to relics of the past.

It was reserved for Father Mullooly, the head of the Irish Dominicans of San Clemente, to unfold the wonders beneath that edifice. Happily for our countrymen, Father Mullooly is a man of high intellectual culture, extremely obliging withal; and though his self-imposed duties of cicerone are highly taxed, I can vouch, from repeated visits to San Clemente, that he is always willing to give the visitor all the information in his power relating to the excavations carried on under his superintendence, provided always that the visitor shows some interest in

the operations. For, as I have heard him more than once observe, nothing can be more disheartening than to find, after having been at considerable pains to explain the various interesting features recently developed by the excavations, that the visitor is utterly indifferent to all that he has seen or heard, voting, with unhappily no uncommon singularity, 'the whole thing a bore,' and wondering how anyone could have advised him to waste his time by such an underground exploration.

It was in the latter part of 1858 that Father Mullooly, having occasion to make some alterations in the adjoining convent, discovered, to his great surprise, that a second church lay concealed beneath the edifice in which he had long been officiating. Looking down at this substructure, part of the pavement of which was to be seen last winter through an opening in the floor of the upper church, it is wonderful how so many years—centuries indeed—should have elapsed between the period when the last stone closed over the lower church and its recent discovery. But buildings and even cities are destined, like their constructors, to pass rapidly into oblivion. We know how often of old God made 'of a city a heap; of a defenced city a ruin.' And you will remember that even Pompeii, the situation and history

of which were well known, remained undiscovered until the end of the last century. On the occasion of my first visit to San Clemente, Father Mullooly was not at home;* but while wandering through the church, I came upon a yawning chasm in the floor. Looking down, I perceived workmen excavating, and a ladder giving access to the depths, I descended. Partly illumined by daylight, but more strongly by candles, I saw portions of a pavement laid bare consisting of small pentagonal slabs of rosso antico much worn, probably by the feet of early Christians. The slabs, with few exceptions, exhibited unquestionable evidence of having been submitted to active igneous agency, an observation applying to a large proportion of the ancient marbles of Rome. Conceiving it probable that Father Mullooly would return, I remained looking at the excavations until the excessive cold compelled me to ascend to warmer regions. Nothing

* The best time for visiting San Clemente is between ten and twelve in the morning, and two and four in the afternoon. During these hours Father Mullooly is generally in attendance.

As the lights of experience are generally valuable guides, I may advise you to be provided, when any underground exploration is contemplated, with a roll of wax taper. This is easier carried than candles, and by twisting it into two, three, or more lengths, you may obtain as much light as you desire. Take also a warm close-fitting cap to replace your chimney-pot hat, which you will find more than usually in the way in subterranean explorations in Rome.

was disinterred when I was present but the pavement alluded to, and a few bones, which crumbled to dust on exposure to the air.

My second visit was more interesting. Father Mullooly was in the sacristy, on the point of descending to the lower church with a visitor, and having delivered my letter of introduction, I was provided with a taper, and we were soon below ground. Now, as you will, I trust, have seen ere this that it is not my desire to trench on the province of guide-books, I shall not attempt to describe all that I saw under the admirable guidance of Father Mullooly; but as the discovery of the subterranean San Clemente is very recent, I venture to believe that some account of the excavations will be interesting.

When Father Mullooly opened this very rich and valuable archæological mine, the first vein that he struck was a wall covered for the most part with frescoes. The base of this wall is twenty-three feet below the surface of the ground. When this interesting discovery became known, the commission of sacred archæology, acting under the orders of government, continued the excavations. Unhappily, however, after labouring for two years, funds fell short, and the works were stopped; but a sufficient portion of the old church had been opened to make

it clear that it was much larger than the upper edifice. Recently the excavations have been resumed under Father Mullooly's directions, but as the funds are derived entirely from voluntary gifts, at the present rate of working many years must elapse before the vast area of rubbish occupying the centre of the church will be removed.

'Do you not receive any funds from Government?' I asked Father Mullooly, bearing in mind the lavish sums spent on the adornment of San Paolo-fuori-le-Mura, and other churches. 'Nothing,' he replied; 'the dear good old Pope,' he added, 'occasionally gives me something out of his private purse, but he is very poor, and can do but little.'

The principal feature developed by the excavations carried on by the sacred commission has been the discovery of a wall composed of the best possible masonry forming the exterior portion of an aisle, the adjoining division being formed by grand columns of rare marbles comprising rich verde, antico, and breccia corrallini. All this is very surprising, but more astonishing was the discovery that the substructure, buried so to speak in the bowels of the earth, rested on another substructure that turned out to be the remains of a vast pagan edifice, how vast may be conceived by the fact that some of the peperino

blocks forming the walls are eighteen feet long, and that the extent to which these reach has not yet been ascertained. Further researches disclosed the existence of several chambers beneath the aisle, the construction of which has led to the supposition that they appertain to the republican period. This is however doubtful, for in another locality excavations have brought to light distinct constructions of the kingly, republican, and imperial periods. The existence of the latter may indeed be regarded as certain, for the names of two well-known consuls of the reign of Constantine have been discovered on portions of the pavement. But here, as almost everywhere in old Rome, the antiquary, be he ever so acute and learned, may be said to at best but 'stumble o'er recollections,' so involved is all hitherto discovered in doubt and oblivion.

Passing, however, from this debateable ground, doubtless destined to furnish tough archæological pabulum for many years to come, it is evident that on the ruins or remains of one or more vast edifices, including probably a pagan temple, a large church was erected, and just as the Church of Ara Cœli was built on the site of the celebrated temple of the Capitoline Jove, so may the lower Church of San Clemente have been raised over another pagan

edifice.* Emerging from this mist of antiquity, we tread on firmer ground when contemplating the frescoes to which Father Mullooly draws the attention of his visitors. By these we have indisputable evidence that within this still more than half-buried structure the early Christians met to worship the one true God, and to pray to Him through our Lord Jesus Christ, who had not long before been crucified.

The walls, which are very extensive, may indeed be said to have been covered with frescoes; and, remembering their great age, it is wonderful how well they are preserved. All confirm more or less Scripture history, many in a very remarkable manner. Their testimony is indeed of great value, representing, as they do, scenes and events of the deepest importance in the history of Christianity. Among them is, perhaps, one of the earliest representations of the crucifixion. The church being dedicated to San Clemente, frequent representations of that saint appear in the frescoes. Having led a most exemplary life, he became the third Pope, succeeding Linus who died in A.D. 67. Here we see his induction

* It is worthy of note that the marble chair within the upper church bears a great resemblance to the cella of pagan temples. Indeed the form was probably borrowed from them.

into the pontifical chair. In another fresco he appears performing mass, the same ceremonies, as Father Mullooly emphatically observed, being in use now as then; and in other paintings he appears in a subordinate position. But by far the most interesting recent fresco discovery is that representing the finding of the saint's body. To those unlearned in hagiology it is necessary to state, that San Clemente, by reason of the great success attending his conversions, was banished by the prefect who governed Rome during Trajan's reign to an island where, with many other Christians, he was employed to break stones. During this period, according to legends, he performed many miracles, which so incensed his persecutors that he was seized, and an anchor having been attached to his body, was cast into the sea. But a far more surprising miracle than any performed by the saint followed. The Christians, mourning the death of their chief, knelt to pray for his soul, when lo! the sea receded for some miles and revealed a small temple which had long been submerged, and within which the body of San Clemente was found, with the anchor still attached to him.*

* St. Clement's Church in London, dedicated to this saint, has an anchor as a weathercock, and the same emblem appears on the buttons of the beadle. Those ignorant of the legend of this saint might very naturally be surprised that such a symbol of stability as an

His body was subsequently conveyed from Pontus during the Pontificate of Nicholas, and with that of St. Ignatius, the eminent Bishop of Antioch, now reposes under the high altar in San Clemente.

For many consecutive years the anniversary of Clement's martyrdom was marked by the sea retiring for seven days as far as the temple, to enable faithful Christians to offer up their prayers for the martyred saint within the edifice. Such is the legend, and as told, so is it represented on the fresco.

I shall not soon forget how Father Mullooly's eyes glistened with religious rapture as he related this legend, pointing as he went on to the various incidents portrayed in the fresco.

Another recently disinterred fresco represents the body of St. Cyril borne by four men to his grave in San Clemente. The saint is seen with the episcopal insignia richly gemmed, and nimbus crowned.

Our examination of these and other interesting relics lasted upwards of two hours, during which time Father Mullooly performed his office of cicerone with an intelligence that made the visit extremely instructive and pleasant. He has caused a small superficies of several of the columns to be polished in

anchor should be chosen for a weathercock. There are forty-nine churches in England dedicated to St. Clement.

order to show the fine marble of which they are composed, and indeed does all in his power to render the visit to the underground church as interesting as possible.

'I am not habitually a beggar,' I have heard him say more than once, 'but I am never ashamed to beg for San Clemente;' and bearing in mind that Father Mullooly is dependent on voluntary contributions for carrying on the excavations, you will not of course visit them without leaving an offering to the good work. You may also assist by purchasing photographs of the frescoes from carefully executed drawings. The whole of the middle portion of the church remains to be excavated, nor can the earth and rubbish filling this area be removed until means are taken to support the upper church, which partly rests on the latter.

CHAPTER XII.

Confinement in Rome oppressive—A Walk beyond the City Walls—Ferry across the Tiber—The Ripetta—Custom-house Officers at the Receipt of Custom—Quaint Ferry-Boat—Madonna's Shrine—Tiber in Flood—Turbid Nature of the River—Alluvium—Ancient Feats of Natation—Tubbing not done by modern Romans—A Canine Companion—Canine Gratitude—Instinct of Dog-kind—Dogs Maligned by Lord Byron—Right and Left Banks of Tiber—Vicolo dell' Inferno—Barbarities of the Troops of the Constable of France—Roman Lanes—Vineyards—Manner of training Vines—Across the Country—Monte Mario—Bushes of Rosemary—View from Monte Mario—Geology of the Mount—Caught trespassing—Proprietor of the Villa Mellini—My Dog Friend—Apology accepted—The Pianist Lizt—Cypress Avenue—Solitude no Cure for Love.

Most pleasant is it, after being confined for some days to the narrow damp streets of Rome, to break the wall bounds, see a more extensive horizon, and breathe a purer air on the Campagna. Frequently, when street-oppressed, I have crossed the Tiber by the ferry at the Ripetta, and ran like a boy set at liberty from school amidst the fields behind the Castle of St. Angelo. Sometimes, however, these fields were too limited to satisfy my yearnings for space, and then I went beyond them. Let us retrace one of these walks. It is a glorious day for

exercise; the sun, bright as during summer, is not too hot—the air indeed feels as if winter were at hand; and it is, for see, the loftiest crests of the Alban hills are already silvered with snow.

We will cross the ferry, so we proceed to the Ripetta; and while the ferryman lazily adjusts the rope of his boat to cant her across the Tiber, we look in at the Dogana and air our Italian with the officers sitting at the receipt of custom. Sitting, yes; but as for receipts, I apprehend they are *nil*, for never saw I, often as I passed the Ripetta, commerce casting anchor there. 'You have not much to do,' I ventured to say. 'Poco, poco.' Niente was probably meant; but knew you ever an official who did not endeavour to impress you with the importance of his place?

But here is the ferry-boat. We pass cautiously down the steps encumbered with the Tiber's ooze, and less pleasant filth, and jump on board the bark. What a quaint craft it is! As broad almost as long, roofed, and adorned at the stern with a tiny Madonna's shrine, before which a lamp is burning and flowers are suspended. The Tiber, in consequence of recent rains, is rolling down a great tawny flood; so yellow and thick that the water has no transparency. You may remember how Professor Faraday was

represented by 'Punch' giving Father Thames his card, and that the latter document had no sooner been delivered when moistened to the river in question, than it was lost to view beneath the turbid waters. Profiting by the hint I gave my card to the Tiber, and so opaque was the water, that at the depth of an inch I could see it no more. No wonder that, bearing down as it does such vast alluvial deposits, the mouth of the Tiber should be silted up, and that the delta should be encroaching on the sea at the rate of twelve feet a year. For ages upon ages countless tons of alluvium have been borne down to the sea by this river, choking it to such a degree that the increasing wants of imperial Rome led Augustus, Claudius, and Trajan to execute gigantic hydraulic works to facilitate the navigation.

The Tiber is certainly not a lovely river, and yet, just where you embark at the Ripetta to cross it, the Romans were wont to exhibit feats of natation. To these Shakespeare alludes in the lines Cassius utters when he endeavours to fire the indignation of Brutus towards Cæsar:—

> We can both
> Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
> For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
> The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
> Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
> Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow, so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

And in that grand legend of Horatius Cocles, you may remember how, when the bridge over the Tiber went down 'with a crash like thunder,' the hero swam across the river with his armour on:—

'O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.*

No Roman bathes in the Tiber now, and as for feats of natation with or without 'harness,' I do not suppose that, were the Tiber the most pellucid river in the world, modern Romans would feel any inclination to learn the art of swimming. Water ablutions of a comprehensive nature are, I take it, very antagonistic to the habits of the present inhabitants of Rome. Tubbing is not a want among Roman gentlemen.

'Felicissima passagio,' exclaimed the ferryman, as

* Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

I handed him my baioccho and stepped on shore. Not alone, however, for a dog, who had made many attempts to follow me into the ferry-boat but was expelled by the ferryman, has swam the Tiber and is at my side—a large mongrel-looking animal, not entirely a stranger to me, for he is the same dog to whom I have given a little bread occasionally on leaving my lodgings in the morning. For he and I are neighbours; the difference being, that while I live *au quatrième*, he is generally to be seen nosing the heaps of *immondezza* in the streets. A vagabond dog, and yet not without some gratitude and affection, for he is evidently bent on attaching himself to me, and would perhaps say with Metastasio, if he could,

> Per quell' onda,
> All altra sponda,
> Voglio anch' io
> Passar con te.

Among the many surprising characteristics of dog-kind, there is none more remarkable than their instinctive power of knowing by a sniff who loves them. I am one of their most devoted friends, and have always believed that they are aware of the fact; for during my wanderings through many lands and cities, I have frequently found dogs, houseless and friendless perhaps, following me. And it needed no

great knowledge of their race to perceive, by their expressive eyes and talkative tails, that they were ready and willing to be faithful unto death, through weal and woe, sunshine and storm. Byron greatly maligned dog-kind when he wrote that his dog, when fed by stranger hands, would tear him when he returned to the hall of his fathers. If he had been kind to the animal he would have licked his hand, though long years might have elapsed since they parted. The dog of Ulysses is no myth; but alas! Byron was at war with man as well as dog-kind, when he bade his native land 'good night!'

Great is the contrast between the right and left banks of the Tiber, within the walls of Rome. With the exception of that part of the city situated around the Castle of St. Angelo and the Trastevere, the right bank is a desert, while the left is crowded with houses to the water's edge. Opposite the Ripetta are two paths, the Vicolo della Barchetta and the Vicolo dell' Inferno, leading to the valley of that name.* Happily, the latter path, unlike its great namesake that leadeth to destruction, is not so broad nor so

* This valley derives its unpleasing appellation from the terrible barbarities committed by the troops of Charles Duke de Bourbon, Constable of France, on the occasion of the assault on the city in 1527, which cost the constable his life. The soldiers are stated by contemporary historians to have behaved '*come demonii.*'

plain to find as the Via della Barchetta, which indeed is immediately opposite the landing-place from the ferry-boat; so, as this is our road, we follow it. The path lies between hedges, where, as soon as spring quickens nature, you may see dozens of lizards. We presently emerge on the fields behind the Castle of St. Angelo, in which a kind of mimic warfare is almost daily going on, drums beating, trumpets blaring, and flags flying. The garrison are out manœuvring, a fine body of men highly disciplined, and so numerous that the great high-priest of the Vatican need not quail while they are near him.

Passing the Castle of St. Angelo, we turn to the right, and follow the Stradone Castello, expecting it will communicate with a road or path leading to the summit of Monte Mario. For this is our bourne, and there it rises very conspicuously before us. But Roman paths and lanes are delusions and snares, promising much but performing little. The fact is, that the ground immediately without the walls of Rome is generally occupied by vineyards, the proprietors of which have a very natural desire to render their property as inaccessible as possible to the public; and thus, what with walls, high gates, and broad ditches, should a path break off suddenly at the entrance of a vineyard, you will not find it easy to take up the

thread at the other side. The road I pursued ended in such a *cul-de-sac*, but having followed it for a considerable distance, I was not at all disposed to retrace my steps. So, incited by the spirit of enterprise, which is sure to possess you, if strong-limbed, after being confined for some time to the Roman streets, I bounded across the ditches and strode through the vineyards, followed by the dog. How ugly were the vines creeping like brown snakes on the tawny earth amidst reeds, now fallen and tangled, which had supported them when they were heavy with purple fruit; and will again, for see, there are the husbandmen manuring their roots, sure that in the fulness of time their vats will again overflow with the red juice.

Far more beautiful to the eye are the vines when hanging like garlands from tree to tree, but not from these comes the best wine. A French vineyard is certainly not a lovely sight. But France produces excellent wine, whereas the picturesque old method of cultivating vines described by Virgil, and still generally practised in Italy, yields a harsher and coarser wine than that grown from the low vines in France.

My desire to proceed direct to the summit of Monte Mario met with no opposition from the vineyard proprietors. Now, they said, I was free to wander at

will through their vineyards, and to make my way, if I could, straight up the mount. So I pushed onwards and upwards, followed by my four-footed friend, who, on more than one occasion, had to do battle with fierce dogs in upland vineyards, who were evidently trained to guard the vines from pilfering trespassers.

Up the steep face of Monte Mario is, of course, a mere trifle to the man of tough thews and sinews; but it is just steep enough to give the ascent a zest after a confinement in Rome, and would puzzle a lady, unless divested of her crinoline and shod in stout boots. Midway, a slight divergence brought me to a knoll rising out of the vines, clothed with great bushes of rosemary in bloom, and rose-trees gemmed with breaking buds and flowers. Where the vines terminate a scarped breastwork succeeds, the surmounting of which is rendered, however, comparatively easy in consequence of its being clothed by long wiry grass, affording good hand-hold. Being sound in wind and limb, I soon stood on the crest of Monte Mario. Very glorious is the view from that eyrie. City and Campagna; the Tiber, like a great tawny snake-gilt by the sun, gliding through plains, and amidst palaces, temples, and churches; St. Peter's, a very mountain in stone, uprising near;

afar the sea, a silver line fringing the dark pine forests near Ostia, and farther still, bounding the panorama, the picturesque outline of the Alban and Sabine hills. Nowhere will you obtain so comprehensive and minute a view of Rome and its setting, as from this elevation. The scene has inspired many poets, Dante among others, and the man indeed would be very soulless could he gaze on the view unfolded from Monte Mario unmoved.

Nor is the view the only interesting feature of this hill. To the geologist it is a rich storehouse, being composed almost entirely of tertiary mosaic beds overlying volcanic tufa. These beds abound in fossil shells of the Pliocene period. About three hundred species have been found in them, and at the base of the hill, in the diluvial deposit near the Tiber, the bones of the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, elephant, ox, lynx, &c., have also been found.

Though no conchologist, after satiating myself with the views, if indeed there can be any satiety in contemplating such a scene as is unfolded from the summit of Monte Mario,* I was amusing myself picking up specimens of the fossil shells, when a

* It is not always easy to identify Monte Mario with descriptions of the views from it. For it was known to the ancient Romans as Clivus Cinnæ and to Dante as Montemalo. See *Paradiso*, xv. 109.

voice almost roared in my ears, 'Che fatte voi qui?' Turning round, I beheld a paunchy man gesticulating vehemently, and evidently very irate at my presence. The truth immediately flashed upon me, I was a trespasser, for however willing the vendemmiatores might have been to allow me free passage through their vines, it was evident that they had no power to grant me leave to enter the precincts of the Villa Mellini. Rapid questions were put how I had entered the grounds, and on stating that I had climbed the steep hill-face, the gentleman, probably measuring the difficulty by his ability to overcome it, answered emphatically that no one could surmount that scarpside; and my renewed assurance that thus had I entered the forbidden ground only elicited from Signor Manzi—for it was indeed that person, the proprietor of the Villa Mellini, who stood before me—direct contradictions to my assertion. I could not help, as thoughts of Alpine heights and Alpine climbings came over me, laughing at the supposed impossibility of climbing the steep in question, for though strongly insisting that I had forced no gate, nor climbed any wall, I greatly doubted whether my story was credited.

Feeling, however, entirely in the wrong, I was

conscious that there was but one course to take, viz. to apologise for having trespassed: this I did, throwing in at the same time laudatory remarks on the exquisite beauty of the views, and hinting that the man must be happy who possessed such a charming eyrie as the Villa Mellini, a by no means logical sequitur, however. It had nevertheless the effect of considerably mollifying Signor Manzi, who now, in softer words, proceeded to inform me that he had recently purchased the Villa Mellini, and that the grounds might be visited on Wednesdays by orders granted by himself. I think that I should have pacified the signor sooner had not the dog—a mongrel, as you will remember, who had been hitherto lying quietly at my side—kept up a continuous growl while M. Manzi was rebuking me for my trespass; and so regularly did the animal's anger rise when the signor's words ran high, that had we come to blows, I am sure that the beast would have taken my part.

So you see that you must not invade the Villa Mellini without proper credentials, and then only by the circuitous and dusty road. The villa itself contains nothing worth seeing. It was a general belief last winter in Rome that the house enshrined a remarkable being, Lizt having been reported to

have been living there. But this was a mistake. The once great and erratic pianist occupied a couple of rooms in the house of the curé, behind the church, half way down Monte Mario; where he lived in great seclusion. But he occasionally strolled into the grounds of the Villa Mellini, and might be seen at evening hours walking up and down the fine cypress avenue cresting the mount. And if nature has power to calm a troubled mind, that avenue, every tree in which is like an Æolian harp when soft breezes sigh through the dark leaves, combined with the lovely views, must surely have a soothing effect. But quiet, as one of our greatest poets well remarked, to 'quick bosoms is a hell.' Not every soul racked by a great passion finds peace in solitude, even where nature wears her loveliest robes. Petrarch was not consoled by the charms of Vaucluse.

CHAPTER XIII.

My Landlord and his Sword-cane—Unsafe Condition of the Streets in Rome last Winter—Objections against a Sword-cane as a defence against Night-robbers—Tragical End of a Squabble in New York—Nature of Roman Houses—How they favour Robbers—Dark Difficulties—A 'Lucina'—Am Dogged at Night—Suspicions entertained by Roman Housekeepers—How Visitors are received—Story of a Gentleman who was robbed of his Watch last Winter in Rome—A Gentlemanly Robber—How Roman Robbers use the Knife.

But a few mornings having passed since my landlord presented himself at my bedside, pistols in hand, I confess I was somewhat surprised to see him enter my room on the morning after my climb to Monte Mario, flourishing a sword-cane. 'To protect His Holiness?' I enquired. 'Not at all, to protect your own person;' and thus saying, he handed me the weapon. 'Well,' I observed, after examining the stiletto-like blade, which I perceived had been made at Solingen in Prussia, 'it seems good steel, and would, I have no doubt, give a man his *quietus*, being considerably larger than a "bare bodkin;" but what do you mean?' I added. Upon which the

Conte proceeded to inform me, that as the streets were by no means safe at night, and the night hours were now long, it would be as well if I carried the cane with me in case of being attacked. This speech was the more remarkable because my worthy landlord had stoutly contended, when arguing the question at his dinner-table respecting the security of the streets, that the reports respecting the quick use of knives when persons felt disinclined to part with their property were entirely unfounded.

The fact is, that, as December came upon us, robberies from the person in Rome became more frequent, and thus insecurity increased. A gentleman during the first week of the above month was pounced on by three men, who, using the rather irresistible argument of knives held to his breast and back, demanded his watch and money, which were surrendered under this force of circumstances. The adventure happened within a short distance of my lodgings, and many others of a similar nature were of weekly occurrence.

Now, although I should have no hesitation whatever in even killing a highwayman or street-robber if my life were in jeopardy, I confess that, in common probably with the majority of my countrymen, I have an objection to the use of steel as a mode of

defence. One reason may be, that I am ignorant of the nice science of carte and tierce; not that a night-robber would stand on such punctilios, but without some skill and practice it would not be easy to handle a sword-cane dexterously. The weapon itself may also be turned against you, for in a struggle it may be wrenched from you, and thus become a much more fatal instrument in the hand of an Italian assassin than in yours.

I remember, when I was in America, that in a squabble at one of the hotels in New York, a gentleman was killed in this manner, the sword-cane which he carried having been suddenly whipped out of his hand and used with deadly effect by the person with whom he was quarrelling. Nor even, were you ever so quick and expert, would a sword-cane avail you much if attacked by Roman robbers. For their manner of proceeding generally precludes the possibility of your being able to use such a weapon, as they are on you, open knife in hand, before you are aware of your danger.

The nature of the Roman houses greatly favours robbers. With few exceptions, they are unprovided with porters, as in Paris, and the portone or hall door being left open to a late hour at night, and in many houses throughout the night, robbers, who

are aware of the exits and entrances of the inmates, and think them worth attacking, conceal themselves in the retiring angles of the staircases, and pounce upon their victims with tiger-like quickness. But how can this be, you may ask, assuming that the staircases are lighted, and that concealment, therefore, would not be easy? But although Roman citizens are compelled by law to light their staircases at night, the law, like many others in Rome, is more honoured in the breach than observance, and thus staircases are generally, when night falls, dark. The inhabitants are not, however, entirely to blame, for gas being very rarely introduced into Roman houses, housekeepers are obliged to use oil-lamps, and these are so frequently stolen when even they are almost valueless, that after two or three trials they give the matter up in despair. The commonest tin lamp worth only a penny will be stolen if accessible; and a landlady, who lets lodgings in the Via della Croce, assured me that she had lost five lamps last winter in succession, each less valuable than the former, and even a broken wine-glass was taken, probably for the sake of the oil it contained.

To meet this dark difficulty it is usual in Rome to carry a small box containing matches and a taper, which you light at the foot of the stairs; but it always

remained a doubtful question with me whether this course was not more dangerous than going upstairs in the dark, provided, of course, that you are acquainted with the topography of the stairs. For, when carrying a lighted taper, the effect is to cast just sufficient light on yourself to enable a lurking assassin to see you to advantage. Generally, therefore, when alone, I passed up the stairs to my lodgings in the dark; but in strange houses I was, of course, obliged to make use of a *lucina*.

I must, however, do the Conte the justice to state, that up to ten o'clock at night the stairs leading to my rooms were lighted, a lamp having been cunningly hung in such a manner as to baffle the dexterity of thieves. But as ten o'clock was often nearer the time of my going out to parties than returning from them, I did not derive much benefit from this arrangement. Besides the cats, which, as I have stated, often startled me on my way upstairs, I was rendered apprehensive, perhaps unnecessarily, by having received information, from a source that I considered trustworthy, that I was watched, the consequence, probably, of wearing a gold chain attached to a valuable watch. After this hint, I always left my watch at home when going out at night; but, although watchless and chainless, I was

dogged on more than one occasion by suspicious-looking fellows. To oblige the Conte, I carried his sword-cane for a few nights, but having no confidence in the weapon, soon laid it aside. You cannot legally carry defensive weapons in Rome without a license from government, but I knew several gentlemen who carried small pocket-revolvers at night during last winter without legal permission.

The habitual timidity of Roman housekeepers in their dwellings is very apparent by the excessive care that they take to bar, lock, and bolt their doors. At all times of the day, but especially at nightfall, your ring at their doors is answered by an enquiring 'Chi è?' accompanied sometimes by the opening of a diminutive wicket, barred with iron, through which you see an eye gleaming inquisitively on you. Occasionally the 'Chi è' is heard from above, and looking up, you see a small opening in the ceiling, through which the janitor or janitrix make their observations before admitting you within the house.

In the absence of any kind of authentic intelligence respecting crime in Rome, it was of course extremely difficult to arrive at a just knowledge of the number and extent of robberies from the person during last winter in Rome. That many were committed

is certain, and it is equally certain that violence was in all cases threatened, if the demand of the robbers was not complied with. Happily, I am not able to give my personal experience of one of these nocturnal encounters, but the following communication made to me by one of my friends, of the manner in which he lost his watch will place the reader in possession of the general modus operandi of Roman robbers.

'I was returning,' said my friend, 'to my house about dusk in the evening, when having passed the portone and gained the foot of the stairs, I heard a step behind me. Turning round, I saw a man in the act of stooping, and heard immediately three sharp clicks, much like the sound produced by the cocking of a pistol. Before I had time to make any further observation, the man was at my side, and putting to my breast a long-bladed knife, the opening of which had caused the clicking sound, exclaimed, "Silenzio!" then, pointing with his left hand to my watch-chain, added, "Give me your watch." On expressing my determination not to give it up, my assailant proceeded to inform me, in very emphatic language, that if I did not immediately surrender the coveted object he would stab me. Again refusing, he put the knife between his teeth, collared me with his left hand, and

placing the right within my waistcoat, detached my watch-chain, and abstracted the watch. When he had obtained possession of it, he enjoined me to proceed upstairs silently, and having seen me ascend a few steps, he turned suddenly round, darted down the stairs, and disappeared.'

'What manner of man was he?' I demanded. 'Slight in figure, and dressed very much like a gentleman.' The reader will probably be as much surprised as I was, that with such an opportunity as the robber afforded when the knife was between his teeth, the tables were not in some manner turned upon him. A mere tyro in the noble art would, as it appeared to me, have administered a good knock-down blow to the fellow when he left himself so completely exposed. However, it is easy on such occasions to criticise the conduct of others. I need scarcely add that my friend never saw his watch again. From the manner in which the robber held the knife, threatening to strike upwards, he was judged to have been a Neapolitan, for they use the knife in this fashion: a Roman strikes downwards.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Collegio Romano—Stronghold of Jesuitism—Ascetic Figures—Vow of St. Ignatius—Establishment of the College—Great Nursing-Mother of Jesuits—Their Duties—Church of San Ignazio—The Confessional—The Collegio Romano closed against Woman—The Museum—Its great Advantages—Special Objects of Interest—The Cista Mistica—Frescoes—Gladiatorial Combats—The Vestal Virgins—Interesting Graphite—Use of the Stylus—Early Pictorial Allusion to the Crucifixion of our Saviour—Valuable Religious Testimony—The Observatory of the Collegio Romano—Padre Secchi—Galileo—Solar Spots—Fine Equatorial—Magnetic Observations—Meteorological Apparatus—View from the Observatory.

Among the pleasantest and most instructive hours that I spent in Rome during last winter, were those in the Collegio Romano. This vast institution, founded by Gregory XIII. in 1582, is frequently mentioned as the Gregoriana. Here Jesuitism in its most austere form has set up her standard, and from the gates of the University go forth yearly hundreds of youths trained to follow the steps of Ignatius Loyola. You have only to pass through the great gates into the spacious quadrangle to feel that you are in another world. Dark-robed figures glide noiselessly along the long-drawn corridors, apparent realisations for the

most part of ascetic abnegation, many appearing as if they had followed their master's example, who fasted occasionally from Sunday to Sunday. Strict, however, as are the rules of this establishment, the members are, according to their own account, very happy, and have no desire to leave it.

St. Ignatius, you will remember, when he threw aside his armour for the cowl, declared that, if permitted to rise from the couch where he lay wounded, he would devote himself during the rest of his life to a far lovelier and higher lady than those of noble birth to whom he had been paying his devoirs. This was the Holy Virgin, and from henceforth he, St. Francis Xavier, and St. Francis Borgia, the two other great saints of the Jesuit community, devoted themselves with unwearied zeal to the establishment of their order. The primary duties of the society of Jesus, as Loyola designated the order, were to preach, to arouse sinners to repentance by means of the confessional, and to educate youth in their doctrines. After considerable difficulty Ignatius prevailed on Pope Paul III. to grant a license to the college which he founded, and since that period (1534) the Collegio Romano has been the great nursing-mother of Jesuits. Within its walls theology, learned languages, and various

branches of science are taught; and a system is adopted by which a most searching examination is made into the religious conduct of Roman families. The fair face of woman never brightens the interior of the Collegio Romano, but the Jesuits are not shut out from womankind. Their gorgeous church is attended by the highest ladies in Rome, and their confessionals are more resorted to than those of any others in that city. Though habitually attending their parish church, yet it was to a Jesuit that my landlord's daughters confessed; and I always suspected that, through this medium, whatever may have been thought interesting or desirable to be known in the life of the Englishman lodging in their father's house was communicated to their reverend Father Confessor.

It seems paradoxical that a society professing to advance human knowledge should shut their doors against woman, and the more so because the Collegio Romano contains one of the most instructive and interesting museums in Europe, and an observatory of world-wide reputation, and it was to these special institutions I alluded with reference to the pleasant hours passed in the Collegio Romano. These departments of the college are only open to the public on Sunday forenoons, but both Padre Tongiorgi

and Padre Secchi, the respective directors of the museum and observatory, will always admit learned and scientific men when application is made.

I spent many hours in both places, and have no hesitation in saying, that an attentive visitor will gain more information relative to the archæology of Rome by studying the various objects of interest in the museum, commented upon as they are by the director, than in any other institution of a similar nature in Rome. The museum possesses the very great advantage of not being crowded by objects of second-rate importance and interest. Every object is valuable as illustrating the manners and customs of the ancient Romans, and the learned and courteous director who goes round with visitors on Sunday takes care that no object of interest shall be overlooked.

As a matter of course, different pursuits and tastes will cause visitors to pay attention to special objects, but whatever may be your archæological predilection, many opportunities will be found in the museum for its gratification.

The antiquities appertaining to the gladiatorial exhibitions are deeply interesting, illustrating as they do that extraordinary phase of ancient Roman life.

Here is the celebrated *Cista Mistica*, consisting of a bronze cylindrical vessel elaborately chased with figures, about two feet high, and eight inches in diameter. This vessel contained a great variety of articles used by gladiators before entering the arena, and was awarded as a prize to the most successful in the death-fight.

Some frescoes suspended round the walls, obtained for the most part from ancient palaces, depict many of the terrible scenes which crimsoned the arena of the Flavian amphitheatre. Especially noteworthy is one representing the dying agonies of a gladiator, his victor standing over him, while the Emperor, with the vestal virgins at his side arrayed in festal robes and decorated with flowers, are smiling on the horrible scene. What manner of women were those who could even contemplate such horrors as were enacted to make 'a Roman holiday?' But do not Spanish girls look on unmoved while a horse is being gored to death?

More interesting, however, than these frescoes is the graphite obtained from the palace of the Cæsars. It was the habit of the ancient Romans to carry a graphium or stylus,* with which they wrote on wax or

* This instrument was sometimes used as a weapon. Hence, perhaps, the stiletto of modern times.

other soft substances, and just as boys of our day draw caricatures on walls with chalk, the Romans used a stylus for the same purpose; the difference being, that whereas chalk marks are not permanent, lines traced on mortar or cement by a sharp-pointed instrument are very enduring.

On the walls of the rooms supposed to have been occupied by the guards or soldiers on duty in the palace of the Cæsars, many drawings have been found, very rude for the most part, being precisely such performances as soldiers might be expected to execute in their idle moments.* The majority possess little interest, but that, a copy of which is annexed, is a notable exception. For here we have probably one of the earliest pictorial allusions to the manner of our Saviour's death. If executed, as generally believed, during the reign of Septimus Severus, it must be accepted as undoubted evidence that the great event that had caused the veil of the Temple to be rent and darkness to overspread the land was at that time noised abroad. The prophesied persecutions had commenced, and those who professed the name of

* The probability that the graphite in question was executed by a soldier is greatly strengthened by the fact that many of the graphites are representations of soldiers. I have seen the French soldiers stationed at the gates of Rome make drawings of a very similar nature on the walls with chalk.

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GRAPHITE, FROM THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

Christ were scoffed and insulted. We can fancy that the hand which drew this was that of a Pagan soldier who, holding firmly to the faith of his fathers, worshipped the Capitoline gods. Angered, probably, by some Christian who eloquently urged the Pagan to adore the one true God and to seek redemption through His crucified Son, the soldier deridingly drew this caricature, adding the words in Greek, signifying, 'Alessamenos worships his God.'

Little did the person who drew this figure think that it would be cherished as valuable testimony to the truth of the record of the Christian religion. The Jesuits of the Collegio Romano regard it in this light, and they have done well and wisely to preserve it with great care in their museum.

Should a lady honour these pages by perusing them, she will doubtless think it hard that her sex should not be permitted to see even this antiquity in the Collegio Romano, and she may be inclined to ask, is there no way by which her natural curiosity can be gratified? Yes, fair reader, there is; for though the Jesuits shut their gates against woman, the Pope can order them to be thrown open to you, and thus, if you have the good fortune to be acquainted with His Holiness, or can influence him through Cardinal Antonelli, he can pass you within the college walls.

It is a long climb from the museum to the observatory, intricate withal; but the Jesuits are very obliging, and directed by them, after passing up many stairs, you arrive eventually at the door of a small garret-like room. Here Padre Secchi holds converse with the stars, not only in astronomical fashion, but with the lights of science in the form of books around him. The observatory of the Collegio Romano is highly creditable to that institution, and I could not help wishing that Galileo, who uttered the memorable words '*E pur si muove*,' almost within hearing of the site of the Collegio Romano, when, soul-shaken by persecution, he abjured the doctrine of the earth's motion as heretical, could see the fine astronomical instruments in this observatory.

Padre Secchi, who, I may state, converses fluently in English, enjoys a European reputation as an astronomer of high order. His researches into the curious and little-understood solar spots are well known in the scientific world, and his drawings of the moon's surface are among the best and clearest that we possess of this satellite.

Provided with a letter of introduction to the padre, he obligingly showed me over the observatory. The equatorial, furnished with a 9½-inch object-glass by Merz, is a remarkably fine instrument; but with

the very small annual government grant to the observatory (only forty scudi), not much use is made of it.

In consequence of the observatory resting on the solid stone walls destined to support a cupola over the Church of San Ignazio, which, however, was never constructed, Padre Secchi has been enabled to suspend magnets and make magnetical observations. He is thus able to note the curious coincidences between magnetic intensity and the spots on the sun with great precision. Padre Secchi has also invented an admirable self-registering meteorological apparatus, by far the best that I have seen.

If the weather be propitious, Padre Secchi will take you out on the roof of the observatory, from whence there is one of the finest city views of Rome, enabling you to study the architecture of the numerous domes and towers rising around.

Talking with the good padre on scientific matters, it was difficult to realise that I was within a convent; for although the dull illiterate routine of monastic life has passed into a proverb, here at least the lamp of science burns brightly, and you will find few men so richly stored with knowledge as the excellent and learned director of this observatory.

CHAPTER XV.

Last Day of the Year—Mild Temperature—Baths of Caracalla—Shelley—Vegetation of the 'Baths'—Recent Excavations—Boar's Tusks—Sale of Antiquities—The Roman Bath—Ignorance respecting it—Nature of the Bath—Roman Baths in Great Britain—Defect in the modern Roman Bath—Power of Human Body to withstand Heat—Influence of the Roman Baths on the ancient Romans—Their effeminate Luxury—Church of the Gesu—The Te Deum—Visit of the Pope—How His Holiness was received—The Court Journal of Rome—Last Night of the Year—A Family Gathering.

It is the last day of the year. The air is as mild as during midsummer in England. I walked to the Baths of Caracalla, and spent a couple of hours basking in the sunshine on the crumbling roofs. On these, Shelley, whose 'heart of hearts' lies in the not-far-distant Protestant cemetery, wrote the greater part of his 'Prometheus Unbound.' In the preface he says, 'This poem was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extending in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky

of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama.'

Thicker than ever is the vegetation mantling these ruins, and masking the chasms that lurk treacherously beneath your feet. If inclined to explore, you must tread cautiously, for there is danger at every step. But what an idea is conveyed of the solidity and magnitude of these ruins, remembering that centuries have passed over them, and we can still walk over a considerable portion of their roofs!

> Vieni a veder la tua Roma che piagné
> Vedova, sola, e dì e notte chiama,

sang Dante; and as you sit on these heights, and hear the wind sighing athwart the long grass and pendulous creeping plants, you may fancy it to be the moan of desolation.

> Rome has fallen; ye see her lying
> Heaped in undistinguished ruin;
> Nature is alone undying.

And surely never was desolation more lovely than this, for out of every rift and interstice spring trees, plants, and waving grasses, while the stones are coated by many-hued mosses. One might spend a long day

wandering amidst those ruined baths, which, vast as they were known to be, appear by recent researches to have been even larger than was supposed. Without the wall bounding the baths, and on the SW. side, excavations made in a vineyard have disclosed a series of chambers decorated with rich frescoes, the colours of which are extremely bright. The floors are paved with mosaics, and several flues have been found in connection with the chambers, leading to the inference that they formed portions of the calidarium. It is evident, from the nature of these ruined chambers, that there are others contiguous to them, for the walls dip as it were into the ground, leading to the conclusion that substructures lie beyond them. Dislodging a portion of the undisturbed earth, I found several boar's tusks, and teeth of other animals, besides fragmentary bones. The earth within the chambers which have been opened has been found full of broken marble and masonry. It would be highly interesting to continue these excavations, which now stand still for want of funds. The proprietor of the vineyard in which the ruins are situated has discovered several small statues and fragments of rich sculptures, which are for sale, as well as a variety of antiquities. But he is most unreasonable in his demands, asking prices so antipodal to your expecta-

tions, that you will probably conceive that you can never approach an equatorial medium. However, like other Roman vendors of antiquities, true or fictitious, he is always open to an offer, and unless this is very much below the value of the article it will be accepted. As a rule, you may safely offer one half of the sum demanded, and expect that the offer will be taken.

The true nature of the Roman bath has not long been understood. Not unreasonably, we generally connected with our idea of this bath vast reservoirs of water, in which hundreds might bathe; and not finding any remains of enormous tanks, were puzzled to reconcile the circumstance with the statement of thousands of bathers frequenting the baths. But we now know that the Roman bath was not mere water immersion, for although the piscina or plunging-bath was often used to restore the tension of the skin and muscles, yet the tepidarium and sudatorium, where perspiration was effected by hot air, were the great features of the Roman bath. So necessary was this bath to the ancient Romans, that wherever they settled hot-air baths were established, and no villa was esteemed complete without such an appanage. In Dr. Robert Wollaston's recent interesting work

on Roman baths in Britain,* he informs us that there has already been discovered no less than twenty Roman baths in our island, all of which seem to have been constructed on a similar plan to those in Rome. The practice carried on nearly two thousand years ago in London is now revived, for the modern Sybarite who reposes in indolent bliss on the couch of a modern Roman bath in the metropolis is but experiencing the delight felt by the Roman of that long bygone time in baths, the remains of which may be seen under the Coal Exchange in Upper Thames Street, and in a small passage out of the Strand opposite St. Mary's Church near Somerset House.

The evident delight experienced by the Romans of old in their baths renders me curious on one point. When within the sudatorium, did they experience the burning and stifling sensation which oppresses our air-passages, and which is sometimes so great as to render the modern 'Roman' bath almost painful? I cannot help thinking that the ancient Romans had some contrivance by which, while their bodies were undergoing the perspiring process, they breathed pure cool air. This to me is a great want in the modern Roman bath. It could, I apprehend, be easily sup-

* *Thermæ Romano-Britannicæ.*

plied by means of tubes to which a kind of respiratory apparatus might be fitted. With this arrangement the body could endure a far higher degree of heat than is found in any sudatorium.*

There is no doubt that these Roman baths had considerable influence in bringing about the decadence of the Roman empire. Can bathing, it may be asked, be charged with such a result? For is not cleanliness allied to godliness? and who can impute such an effect to ablutions? But these Roman baths, though originally calculated to do good, became, as the Roman empire waxed in greatness, instruments of evil, by pandering to the luxuries and immorality of the people. Within the area of these ruined halls were various apartments whose very names are significant of a nation already feeble and corrupt. The strength and life of a nation must be deeply sapped, when we read that the thousands who resorted to those gigantic baths used to spend hours in the unctuarium, where their bodies were anointed with perfumed oils and essences; in the conisterium, where they were powdered; and in the coreicum,

* The power of the human body to withstand very high temperature is well known. The most remarkable example, perhaps, is that at Magnus' Enamelled Slate works in London, where the workmen remain in the chambers used for enamelling the slates sufficiently long to cook meat for their dinners.

where their hair was trimmed and their corns cut.* In other apartments, Sybarites reclined listlessly listening to poetic recitations, a custom frequently alluded to by the Latin poets. So Horace in his Satires,

> In medio qui
> Scripta Foro recitent, sunt multi, quique *lavantes*;
> Suave locus resonat voci conclusus.

Practices not to be mentioned here were carried on in these gigantic establishments, which more than all others destroyed the vigour of the Romans, and accelerated the fall of the empire; for a people who indulged in them could not exist long as a nation.

All English Rome flocked in the afternoon to the Gesu, to see the Pope and hear the Te Deum, which is annually performed in this church on the last day of the year before His Holiness and the Sacred College. Reports were rife that the Pope was unwell, and would not attend, but he appeared to me to show no signs of indisposition. The magnificent church was decked in gala costume, and brilliantly illuminated. In strange and jarring contrast to this grandeur was the weak and very poor music pro-

* It is almost satisfactory to find that we, with our malconstructed chaussures, are not singular in having corns. The Romans, with their comparatively free sandals, suffered from these plagues.

ceeding from two organs that would scarcely be tolerated in a small parish church in England. The Te Deum sung by the Pope's choir was of course a better performance, but even this fell short of the high standard of excellence expected from these celebrated singers. At the conclusion of the service there was the usual rush to see the Pope depart in his state carriage, and how he departed, hear the 'Court Newsman:'—'Colla serenità dell' uomo del Ciélo, con un sorriso attraente ed incantévole il Santo Padre guardava e benediva quella moltitudine dei suoi suddetti. Quivi nella piazza innanzi al tempio musicali armonie rispondevano al clamore plauso popolare e salutavano l'augusto monarca.'

The first part of this account is true, but the cheering was not hearty, proceeding rather from a select few of the higher ranks than from the people.

As with us, the last night of the year in Rome is devoted to family gatherings. I spent it in the house of an acquaintance whose rooms were full of Italians. The young people were anxious to dance, but as dancing, with few exceptions, is only allowed in Roman houses on the primo piano, and we were on the third story, they could not be indulged. However, Romans are never dull when together, and whatever care and

anxiety they may feel in private, they do not seem to be depressed at a conversazione; so amid a storm of voices, and quaffing brimming glasses of punch à la Romaine, we hailed the advent of the new year.

CHAPTER XVI.

New-Year's Day in Rome—Great Expenditure of Pasteboard—Mass in the Sistine Chapel—Indulgences—How to gain them—Roman Family Dinner-party—A Variety of Soups—Religious Discussion—A Roman Catholic Name—Its Consequences—Cardinal Weld—A tolerant Monsignor—How I did not attend one of the Pope's Receptions—Conversion among Protestants—Good Custom in Roman Catholic Churches—Doctrines concerning Purgatory, &c.—The Lyons Religious Difficulty—Ancient Gallican Liturgy—The Pope's Ultramontanism—Pius IX. and Napoleon III.—Triumph of the Gallican Church—Policy of the French Emperor—The Pope's Reply to Napoleon III. on the proposed International Congress—Papal Rescripts—France and the 'Roman Question'—Clarendon's Opinion of Churchmen.

A GREAT portion of New-year's day in Rome is occupied by the upper and middle classes in leaving cards on everyone with whom even the slightest acquaintance exists. In no city is there a greater expenditure of pasteboard. The vases appropriated for the reception of these missives literally overflow, and you will see a broad stream of cards running over the tables. 'Cento mille di questi giorni!' may be heard like a running fire in the streets, and even the *gamins* exchange *buoni augurii* for the new year. It is remarkable that this day is not celebrated

in Rome by any great Church festival. The cannon in the Castle of St. Angelo are fired, and flags float from the walls; but the only papal ceremony is the celebration of mass in the morning by a cardinal in the Sistine or Pauline chapels, followed by a sermon in Latin. Services are held in other churches, and great opportunities are afforded for obtaining indulgences;* but mighty St. Peter's makes no sign on this day. All shops are, however, closed; and in the afternoon the Pincio and Corso are thronged with promenaders.

I joined a Roman family dinner-party, at which the much-loved *capelletto* soup was, as usual, in great request, followed by many dishes entirely new to me. An Englishman, anxious of experiencing the sensation of new tastes, might gratify it abundantly in Rome, for the dishes are extremely various. At the Lepri restaurant you may try fifty-seven different soups, prepared at different times of the year, when the various condiments of which they are composed are in season. Our dinner was accompanied by several wines, the produce of vineyards close to Rome,

* 'Pour gagner l'indulgence plenière il faut être en état de grâce, s'être confessé dans les huit jours, avoir communié le jour même, visiter l'église indiquée et y prier pour la concorde des princes chrétiens, l'extirpation des hérésies et l'exaltation de l'église.'—*L'Année Liturgique.*

some so good, that it is surprising the native wines at the hotels are not better than they are.

My host being in the service of the papal government, conversation was carefully directed into channels not at all likely to raise political questions; and, as it is the custom in Rome for ladies and gentlemen to leave the dinner-table together, there was no opportunity for the latter to discuss any topic which gentlemen might regard as post-prandial.

The *salons* were filled at an early hour with numerous guests, among whom I found acquaintances; and joining a group, we contrived in a few minutes to plunge into a rather violent religious discussion. I have no wish to change the name that I bear, but in my pilgrimage through life I have occasionally been subjected to some inconvenience by it, and nowhere more than in Rome. Being the same as that of a well-known Roman Catholic family, strangers even jumped to the conclusion that I was a Roman Catholic, and more than one disclosure was made to me that I am sure would not have been imparted to a Protestant. The circumstance that I should bear the name of Weld and be a Protestant seemed so impossible, that over and over again I was questioned how such an apparent anomaly could be. The unctuous countenance of Monsignor Talbot, to whom I was introduced

one day in the Vatican, beamed brightly when he heard my name; but having abruptly, and as I thought not very courteously, added after preliminary greetings, 'Of course you are a Catholic?' a great and marked change came over him when I stated that I was a Protestant. Indeed, whenever I found myself in the society of Italians conversant with the name of Weld, I felt that until I had declared my faith I was in a false position. An aged monsignor to whom I was presented at a large reception, on hearing my name launched out into the highest panegyrics respecting the late Cardinal Weld, who he had known well, adding that he had the greatest esteem for all Welds.

'What,' I rejoined, 'Protestants as well as Catholics?'

'Oh, but they are all Catholics.'

'Not so,' I replied, 'for I am a Protestant.'

In this case the monsignor was extremely tolerant, admitting that a Protestant might be saved as well as a Roman Catholic; and as a proof that he bore me no grudge nor ill will, he kindly called on me the following day and presented me with a copy of a religious work that he had dedicated to Cardinal Weld.*

* I may take this opportunity of stating a circumstance tending to confirm the impression that my Protestant faith was inimical to me in

Gathering my recollections of numerous conversations that I held with various ecclesiastics in Rome, one remembrance stands out prominently. Everywhere the greatest anxiety was manifested to know how the work of conversion went on among our Protestant clergymen, and a general belief appeared to prevail, that before long all the clergymen of Great Britain will abjure Protestantism. This belief, which I believe to be sincere, arises partly from the ignorance that generally prevails among Roman

Rome. Having expressed a desire to my landlord to attend one of the Pope's receptions, he assured me that it could be easily gratified, and undertook to make the necessary application. Several weeks having elapsed, and the usual official invitation to an audience not having been sent to me, two or three audiences having in the meanwhile been given to large companies of English and other visitors, I sought an explanation from my landlord. He saw Monsignor Pacca at the Vatican, who issues the invitations, and with whom he is acquainted, and was assured that my name had been omitted by mistake, but that I should assuredly receive an invitation.

More weeks having, however, passed, and the promise not having been fulfilled, a friend kindly spoke on my behalf to M. Pacca; and at the suggestion of my landlord, I accompanied him to the Vatican, where we saw M. Pacca's secretary. He received me very courteously, and stated that an invitation would certainly be forwarded to me for the next week's audience. Hearing this, I ventured to say that, as I should then be absent from Rome, I begged that I might be included in a later audience. The secretary, who was a priest, replied that he would make a note of this; how much to the point will be seen by the fact that the invitation arrived on the day after I had left Rome, and was for the audience that I could not possibly attend. So I had not the honour of kissing the Pope's hand. Should the reader have

Catholic priests respecting our country, but more from the presence in Rome during winter of several gentlemen, formerly clergymen of our Established Church, who from purely conscientious motives have made large pecuniary sacrifices in order to enter the Roman Catholic priesthood, and who hold that there can be no religious peace without the pale of Romanism. And when we see such master minds as Manning and Newman falling down before the papal throne and declaring that the Church of Rome contains the only true fold, we cannot be surprised that Romish priests should implicitly believe what is

any curiosity to peruse the document in question, here is a copy of it: —

Vaticano,
8 Aprile 1864.
Dall' Anticamera Pontificia
È pregato giungendo in Anticamera
di esibere il presente biglietto.

Si avverte che non potrà essere ammesso se non in Uniforme, o non avendone l'uso, in frack nero, cravatta bianca e scarpa.

AVVERTENZA.

E' prohibito di presentare al Santo Padre douande in iscritto per Indulgenze, Facoltà, Privilegi od altro ad oggetto di ottenere l' autografo di Sua Santità.

Si previene l' Illmo Signor Weld, che Sua Santità si degnera ammetterlo all' Udienza Domenica 10 corrente alle ore 12 meriod.

Il Maestro di Camera di S. S.

assuredly greatly desired, viz. that the cathedrals of England will ere long be again fragrant with incense and their altars blaze with artificial splendour.

Such a day the English Protestant sincerely believes is far distant; and yet it is impossible to deny that there are features in the Roman Catholic Church which Protestantism might adopt with advantage. In a spirit that we should do well to imitate, Roman Catholic cathedrals and churches are open to all comers during the greater part of the day, and every facility is given to the sinner suffering from an oppressed conscience to pour forth his sorrows in the temple of God. On the other hand, even our great national cathedrals are in many cases put on a par with show-houses, and are only visible, except by a system of fees, during the short period devoted to the daily services.

Another impression received by conversing with educated Roman Catholics in Rome during the past winter was, that belief in the doctrines concerning 'purgatory, pardons, worshipping, and adoration, as well of images as of reliques, and also invocation of saints,' properly regarded by Protestants as 'fond things vainly invented,' is losing hold over many minds. Catholicism, like Protestantism, presents numerous phases; and it is not at all improbable that the

little cloud which darkens the papal sky in France may be the precursor of a great storm, which will clear the religious atmosphere of much superstition. I heard the mission of Cardinal Bonald to Rome frequently discussed, and the majority of those with whom I conversed on the subject appeared to me to bear more to the side of the Lyonese than to that of Rome. The case, interesting on account of the consequences that have arisen and may yet arise from it, is this:

For many years the clergy of Lyons have been in the habit of using a liturgy, which, though identical in spirit with that used in Rome, differs in some forms. In the early period of the Romish Church it was customary to use various local liturgies; but it is a curious fact that, although Pope Adrian, backed by the powerful influence of Charlemagne, did all in his power to suppress these liturgies in France, the old Gallican liturgy continued to be used in some dioceses, and is still used by the Roman Catholic clergy of Lyons. The Pope, whose conduct of late has been marked by excessive ultramontanism, ordered the Gallican liturgy to be suppressed and the Roman missal to be substituted, not probably apprehending that any remonstrance would be made. But the Lyonese clergy refused to obey the papal rescript, and applied to the Emperor of the French to support them in their

opposition. The latter, though possessing the title of Eldest Son of the Church, and desirous of standing well with the Pope, has of course a greater desire to be popular among his subjects than in the Vatican; and Lyons being the second city of the empire, Napoleon III. has deemed it more prudent policy to side with the Lyonese clergy than with the Pope, being well aware that no spiritual thunder from St. Peter's can shake his throne. This is a considerable triumph for the Gallican Church party, and strikes a blow at papal ultramontanism, the effects of which may be far greater than is now imagined.

The policy of the French Emperor is the more remarkable, following, as it did, his letter to the Pope respecting the projected International Congress, and the Pope's reply. In the latter His Holiness says: 'Your Majesty cannot hesitate to believe that the Vicar of Jesus Christ, from the duties of his sublime representation, and from the conviction he entertains that in the Catholic faith, in conjunction with practice, is to be found the sole means proper to moralise the peoples, cannot in the midst of congresses, even political ones, fail in his obligation to sustain, with the greatest rigour, the rights of our most august religion, which is one, holy, Catholic, apostolic, and Roman.

'The confidence which we express of seeing violated rights vindicated, springs from the conscientious duty imposed upon us by their guardianship. In showing ourselves full of solicitude on the subject of these rights, we do not wish your Majesty to suppose we could ever entertain any doubt with regard to those appertaining to this Holy See, since, besides the other motives which militate in its favour, we have also the assurances which your Majesty has several times given, and caused to be given publicly—assurances which it would seem to us offensive to doubt, coming from so high and powerful a sovereign.'

But it is now evident that the Pope may reasonably question whether his 'Eldest Son' will support all papal rescripts; and in this Lyons difficulty we may perceive one among the many reasons for the recent 'Convention,' and regard it as a step towards the solution of that knotty problem, 'The Roman question.'

There is no doubt that many thinking men in France, who, in their anxiety to escape from the gross superstition unhappily too much mixed up with Romanism, are not unbelievers, have much in common with Protestants; and it may well be that the time is not far distant when France will lend

the powerful aid of her intellectual strength to put an end to a religious system of government which blights all within its influence. Clarendon wisely observed, that of all mankind, none form such a bad estimate of human affairs as Churchmen, and assuredly the government, *dei preti,* in Rome, forms no exception.

CHAPTER XVII.

Great Meteorological Change—Excessive Cold—Rome under Snow—Icy Fountains—Discomfort of Roman Rooms—Stufas—Scaldinas—'Freddo, Freddo'—Range of Thermometer—Constant Temperature of St. Peter's—York Minster—Contrast between English and Roman Girls—Exercise versus Stoves—The Contessa—Walk round Walls of Rome—Time required to effect this—Probable Extent of present Walls—Pictorial Effect—Picturesque Gates—Oxen and Buffaloes—Mr. Waterton's Adventure with these Animals—A Marble-hunting Expedition—Abundance of Marble Fragments formerly in Rome—And now in the Campagna—Museum in Collegio della Sapienza—Prodigious Number of Specimens of Ancient Marbles—Alabasters—Purposes to which Marble Fragments may be applied—Good yielding Veins of Fragmentary Marbles—'Camels of the Campagna'—The Villa Livia Marble Quarry—How to find good Marbles.

THOSE who made Rome their home during the winter of 1863–4 will be slow, I imagine, to find fault with the changeableness or severity of our English climate. For never in Great Britain was there a more sudden meteorological change than that which visited Rome early in January of the latter year. Amidst sunshine and roses, blue skies and balmy air, the old year softly died: the new seemed to have been cradled in the arctic regions, and

sent to us with rough blasts by Boreas. The roofs on the 3rd of January were white with snow, the streets ankle-deep with half-frozen sludge; the fountains were garlanded with icicles—those hanging from that in the Piazza Barberini were so long and picturesque, as to draw photographers round them all day; and in the Piazza of St. Peter's the *gamins* of Rome had established long slides. Cold like this is felt keenly in Rome. A friend who occupied one of the best suites of apartments in the Hôtel de Londres was unable, though burning large fires, to raise the temperature above 52°. In rooms provided with stufas a higher degree of heat was attainable, but the gain in warmth was only acquired at the cost of a headache of such severity, that I preferred suffering from cold to being warm under such conditions. The ladies of my landlord's family clung tenaciously, however, to their *scaldinas*, small portable stufas which they carried always about with them, and with which they contrived to keep their hands at least warm.

'Freddo, freddo,' you heard muttered by the lower orders as you passed through the wretchedly cold and dank streets, for, creatures of warmth and sunshine, they are ill adapted to bear a rigorous winter. My thermometer, one of Casella's standard

instruments, marked some mornings in January 29°, and during the nights 22° 5′. The only comfortable place in Rome was the interior of St. Peter's, where, during the cold weather, the temperature appeared to be equable; at least the mean of several observations that I made recorded a temperature of 63°, while that out of doors was 47°. I believe that the temperature within this vast temple rarely varies. At all events, great heat or cold is a long time filtering, as it were, through the massive walls. The same may be said in some degree of our English cathedrals. Very cold weather was found by Professor Phillips to be fourteen days penetrating York Minster.

During such weather the power of being able to walk is a great boon, for there is no way of acquiring a supply of caloric like this, and if feet-sound, you may have delightful rambles over the Campagna. It was curious to note the contrast during this weather between English and Roman girls. The former, as is their wont, might be seen gathering roses on their cheeks by wholesome walks on the Pincio or in the Borghese gardens, whereas the latter never stirred out, their faces waxing paler day by day. I frequently remonstrated with my landlord's daughters, or rather with their mother, on

their mode of life, and urged them to take exercise. '*Impossibile*,' was the reply—a word often in the mouth of Italians—the weather was too severe, and indeed the idea even of walking to acquire warmth seemed quite preposterous; besides, how could Roman girls walk alone? So they hugged their scaldinas, while the contessa, I believe, retired to her bedroom; at least during the very cold weather she disappeared, her absence being accounted for by a slight indisposition.

Among the walks that I took during this period, was one round the walls of Rome. Having heard many statements of the time required to compass the walls on foot, I had the curiosity to time myself. Deducting thirty-seven minutes for crossing the Tiber twice, I accomplished the distance in four hours and eleven minutes. This, at the rate I walked, making due allowance for a few stoppages, makes the circuit a little over twelve miles; and this, I believe, approximates very closely to their present extent. It is remarkable how nearly this measurement agrees with the circuit of the walls erected by the successor of Romulus. These are stated to have been about thirteen miles, a vast inclosure for an infant city, as Gibbon observes; but, as he adds, necessary. Under Aurelian, the walls were twenty-one miles in

extent. All persons who love 'colour' should make this expedition. The walls in many places appear as if they had been painted, so various and rich are the hues from the lichens and grasses clothing them. And though the polygonal outline of the walls themselves is rather monotonous, yet the towers, nearly three hundred of which remain, break the line often with fine effect, and some of the gates are also extremely picturesque. On the north side you run some risk of being diverted from your course by oxen and pigs on their way to the shambles near the Porta del Popolo. The former are occasionally rather viciously inclined, and more than once I was glad to entrench myself within the stout wood pens constructed specially to enable the wayfarer to remain in safety until the herd has passed. Buffaloes are even more dangerous, but these animals are rarely seen under the walls of Rome.* Pigs you

* In justice to Roman buffaloes generally, I cannot forbear citing Mr. Waterton's opinion of them: 'These wild-looking animals have got a bad name in Rome for supposed ferocity, and when I expressed my determination to approach them, I was told not to do so, as buffaloes were wicked brutes, and would gore me to death. In despite of this warning I went up to the herd. They all ceased eating, and stared at me as though they had never seen a man before. Upon this I immediately threw my body, arms, and legs into all kinds of antic movements, grumbling loudly at the same time; and the whole herd, bulls, cows, and calves, took off as fast as ever they could pelt, leaving me to return sound and whole to my inn.—*Autobiography.*'

will see during winter by hundreds, for this is the time of their sacrifice, of which more presently.

I was greatly struck during this walk by its excessive solitude. Excepting near the principal gates leading to the great highways, the road around the walls was almost deserted—so deserted and lone that I was constantly reminded of the Evangelist's description of Rome sitting on her seven hills in the wilderness.

On another day equally propitious for a long walk I accompanied a couple of friends on a marble-hunting excursion in the Campagna. The time was when there was no need to go without the walls of Rome to find rich and rare marbles. I possessed several paper-weights, since given to friends, made from fragments which I picked up in the Baths of Caracalla and elsewhere not many years ago. But prodigious as were the quantities of marbles in Rome they could not last long when railways brought thousands of visitors annually to the city, and now it is very rare to find even a small piece of marble within the walls. Without these the quarry is still far from exhausted. All over the Campagna, even within four or five miles of the city, you constantly kick against fragments, some too large to be conveniently carried, and many bearing traces of rich

carving; and certain localities prove, on digging, to be literally broken marble quarries. But you have only to visit the museum in the Collegio della Sapienza to be in some measure prepared for this great marble wealth. In this institution, placed in glass cases conveniently arranged, are no less than 607 specimens of various marbles and alabasters used by the ancient Romans. It is, indeed, only by examining these that you truly realise the magnificence of that people in their buildings.* Many varieties are so beautiful that they seem like precious stones; and so indeed they are, for we know that the Romans incurred enormous expense in quarrying and conveying them from distant parts of Africa. Among the most beautiful marbles are Verde Rannocchia, Breccia Verde di Settebasi, Rossastra, Pavonazzetto, Africano Principe, Africano Rose, Giallo antico (che ha sofferto l'azione del fuoco), Lavagna Antica di giallo, Basalto di bronzo, Breccia a seme santo; and of the thirty-one varieties of alabasters, Corallino, Fiorito a pecorella, Occhi, Rosa, Giallo, Verdognolo, Sardonico, and Chiaro

* This collection was made and arranged by the late Professor Sanguinetti, a gentleman of great scientific acquirements, and professor of mineralogy in the college. Many English families who have benefitted by Professor Sanguinetti's instruction in Rome as an Italian master, will learn with regret that he fell a victim to fever in the spring of this year.

may be especially cited for their curious markings and exquisite hues.

Looking at this unique collection, which no visitor to Rome should omit seeing, you can well understand how, ruined as Rome has been by earthquakes, sieges, conflagrations, and the effects of time, there are still thousands of marble columns in her churches and palaces, and who shall say how many underground?

Murray, who caters well for the amusement of visitors to Rome, is silent on the pleasure to be derived from marble-hunting expeditions, and the profitable and beautiful results that they may be made to yield. For if you meet with even tolerable success, you will find many fragments that will form pretty tazzas, paper-weights, &c.; and if very successful, you may have extremely beautiful table-tops made from the fragments.

Good yielding veins of fragmentary marbles run parallel to the Appian and Latin ways. Near the aqueducts you are also likely to find several varieties, for these 'camels of the Campagna,' as they have been called, rough in their exterior when far from the city, were often clothed in marble when near Rome, that they might be in keeping with the architectural grandeur of that city. Perhaps, however, the richest

quarry lately opened is that around the recently discovered Villa Livia. Here, in the course of a very short time, a party of which I formed one filled several baskets with fragments of marble and alabaster. But as this villa is eight miles from Rome, you can scarcely go on a marble-hunting expedition to it on foot.

You will be frequently saved trouble and disappointment if you are provided with a sponge and a bottle of water in order to wash the surface of the marble fragments, for often a piece that coated with dirt seems worthless, turns out on being cleaned to be rare and beautiful; and on the other hand, what appears rich hued may be only stained by vegetable matter. A geological hammer will also be an assistance in your explorations; but this is a dangerous tool on Roman ground, and should be used very sparingly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Public Abattoir at Rome—Its excellent Arrangements—Disease among horned Cattle in Italy—The Peste Ungarica—Statistics of the Disease—Microscopical Examination of the Blood—Buffalo Flesh—Roman Sheep—Disgusting Practice in London—Roman Pigs—Their past and present Excellence—Horace's Recommendation of Sucking-pig—A Pompeiian Pig—Whipping Pigs to Death—The Modern Papal Pig—How he is fed—And how killed—End of the Pigs—Coppa.

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, one of the most gratifying sights in Rome is the public abattoir. Not that the spectacle of animals being slaughtered is pleasant, but, admitting that they are given to man as food, it should always be the object of a municipal government to see that animals are killed in the most humane and sanitary manner. The abattoir at Rome eminently fulfils these conditions. It is situated without the walls, a short distance to the west of the Porto del Popolo. The buildings are capacious, well constructed, and furnished with an abundant supply of pure water, which runs in two streams through them. The oxen are stunned and felled by being struck on the head by a large mallet,

heavily leaded. Great care is taken to ascertain that the animals brought in from the country for slaughter are free from any taint of the terrible disease that proved so fatal to horned cattle in Italy during 1863. According to an official statistical report placed in my hands by Signor Trocchi, president of the Roman chamber of commerce, it appears that in a very limited area near Rome, out of 8,688 oxen, 3,635 were attacked in 1863 by what is called the Peste Ungarica, and 3,009 died. Buffaloes, too, were equally subject to it; out of 1,900 animals in the Cisternà district, 318 were attacked and 308 died.* The disease is very infectious, and it has been ascertained that, although naturally confined to oxen and buffaloes, it may be communicated to other animals by inoculation. A microscopical examination of the blood of diseased animals shows that it contains a great number of entozooic worms. The disease may be said to have now ceased, and such sanitary measures have been taken to prevent infection, that great hopes are entertained that it will not reappear.

Companies of French soldiers were waiting to

* Though the flesh of buffaloes is poor, it is eaten by Jews and by the peasants south of Rome. It is said to be much more delicate when the animals are exhausted and fatigued, and they are generally killed in this condition.

carry off the rations for their regiments, which were scrupulously examined by officers before they were received. It was surprising to witness the dexterity and rapidity with which a large ox was killed, skinned, quartered, and cut up. Calves and sheep are also killed here: the latter, compared to our fine sheep, are poor animals; a London butcher would not admit their carcases into his shop.

I left the abattoir greatly impressed with the excellence of its arrangements. In this respect Rome contrasts most favourably with our metropolis, for nothing can be more disgraceful than the filthy and disgusting scenes occurring daily within a few yards of St. Paul's. In narrow streets out of Paternoster Row, close to the open door, hundreds of animals are killed daily, the only screen interposed between them and passers-by being a bloody cloth. In any city or town such an exhibition would be disgraceful. In London it is abominable.

But although we have left the abattoir, we have more to see; for not within this are the pigs killed, and it was principally to see this operation that we have come here. Murray, fearful, perhaps, of offending delicate nerves, is reticent on this subject, and yet the manner in which Roman pigs are killed is one of the most curious sights in the city. Not,

certainly, precisely such as you would take a lady to see, though ladies in these days, and particularly unprotected females, do certainly contrive to see many very queer things; but it is a spectacle that a man, unless he be very sensitive, should see, on account of its singularity and humanity.

Roman pigs have always enjoyed the reputation of being good to eat; ancient Romans loved them. Did not Horace recommend that tender delicacy, a 'Porcus bimestris,' to his friend Œlius Lamia? and in the house of Proculus at Pompeii was found, on a brazen dish, a sucking-pig prepared for cooking Many, too, will doubtless remember how the Heliogabali of the day whipt the animals to death, conceiving that the flavour of the flesh was thereby improved. Disease among pigs was esteemed a terrible national calamity, and that they were subject to a murrain is evident. Juvenal says:—

> Grex totus in agris
> Unius scabie cadit et porrigine porci.

In modern times, the pig seems to have escaped. At least the late disease among cattle in Italy has not extended to swine, and you have only to look at a papal pig to be sure that he is as healthy and well fed as the sleekest and most healthy cardinal of the Sacred College. Reared in the Campagna, his pabu-

lum wholesome roots and herbs, his ribs become comfortably covered with flesh, without any superabundant fat; and the flesh, let me assure you, is excellent.

The Roman pig, in the language of incomparable Elia, 'is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.'

True, Elia applied these glowing words to the young and tender suckling, but the papal pig, while still juvenile, merits their application; and if his ancestors were as good as the present generation, we may be sure that they often graced those vivacious long-continued meals of the Romans in olden time.

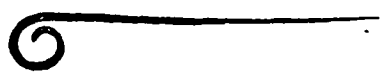
The papal pig is not destined to live long; ere he has time to become obese, he is killed. During the short Roman winter, thousands are driven from the Campagna to inclosures near the abattoir, where they lay down their lives for the benefit of the inhabitants, and, let me add, visitors to Rome. For the modern Roman is a great lover of pig, eating him in various ways; and you have only to look at the shops of the pork-butchers—particularly on Twelfth Night,

when they are illuminated—to become aware how extremely pig is patronised in Rome.

Now if these pigs—thousands remember—were killed as pigs generally are, I believe the effect would be to drive half the English out of Rome. For as the locality of their death is within a short distance of the Piazza del Popolo, the united voices of hundreds of porkers proclaiming, as they do in England, that the hand of death is at their throats, would assuredly drive the English from that part, at least, of the city. But the papal pig dies in a very gentlemanly manner, so meekly and quietly generally, that as you contemplate him extended on his side, apparently unwounded, you fancy he is not dead but sleeping. The manner of his death is this.

Stout wood pens, capable of containing about fifty pigs, are erected near the abattoir. With commendable reluctance, the pigs crowding the adjoining sheds object to enter the narrow inclosures, their instinct causing them to apprehend foul play; but their drivers, picturesque men in goat-skin breeches and ample cloaks of dark cloth lined with green baize, soon overcome their objections. Now commence the ills that flesh is heir to, pigs not excepted. Cribbed, cabined, and confined, it is evident that the pigs in the pens are not comfortable, nor in their struggles

to obtain more space is their condition, or that of their neighbours, ameliorated; but this state of things is not of long duration. In a few minutes at most two men of muscular build, by no means lovely in appearance, clad in coarse garments, their legs cased in leather, climb over the railings into the pens. The commotion of the swine on the advent of these men is very great, and doubtless apprehending that their business is not kindness, their cries and struggles are redoubled. The men seem unprovided with any weapon, but on close examination you will see a shining piece of steel protruding from their leggings. This is an instrument about six inches long, resembling a large bodkin, the point extremely sharp, and the handle curved thus —



With iron-like grasp, the pigs are now seized by a fore-leg, thrown down, and the stiletto-like instrument inserted close under the left shoulder to the handle, turned three or four times round, and drawn out. The stabbed animal utters two or three cries, plunges half a dozen times, and all is over. So quickly is the operation effected, that you can scarcely follow it: now you behold a pen full of

angry and noisy pigs struggling in tangled confusion, and in less than fifteen minutes they are lying on their sides apparently asleep, for no blood flows from the punctured heart. Piggie has in short realised how, 'with a bare bodkin,' life may be terminated, and you cannot help wishing when your hour has come you may die as easily. In pig-killing, as in all other arts, practice makes perfect; and while the tyro is generally obliged to throw his pig in order to insert the stiletto, the expert pig-killer will insinuate the 'bodkin' into the animal while he is standing, or even walking. In all cases, however, the work of death is very rapidly accomplished.

I am not able to say whether the Roman method of killing pigs is better than ours. That it is more humane cannot be doubted; and who that lives in the country has not had his ears tortured and his mind, to say the least, discomposed by hearing the interminable cries of a dying English pig?

Without the pens, carts are in waiting to convey the pigs to the butchers in the city, from whose shops they eventually emerge in the form of pork, bacon, and many varieties of *coppa*, or sausages.

CHAPTER XIX.

Rumours and Reports in Rome—A Sensation Report—Mr. Home and the Papal Government—Popular Belief entertained in Rome respecting Mr. Home—Ordered to leave Rome—Thaumaturgy not sanctioned in the Papal Dominions—Papal 'Promises to pay'—The Mysteries of Spiritualism—Mr. Thackeray and the Spiritualists.

In the absence of local newspaper intelligence, dwellers in Rome during winter catch at all manner of reports, and any incident becomes magnified, distorted, and exaggerated, not in a remarkable manner, but precisely as such reports, when not subject to the wholesome discipline of being thoroughly examined, are sure to be warped. Life in Rome is generally sufficiently monotonous to give a zest to any unusual event, and though during last winter we were kept pleasantly excited by the probability of a mild revolutionary outbreak, actual incidents were rare. But we were gratified by one in January which gave us matter to talk about for days.

'Have you heard the news?' I was asked by several persons at the Hôtel de Rome on entering the drawing-room one morning early in January; 'Mr.

Home is ordered to leave Rome.' 'Dio mio!' exclaimed a Roman who happened to be present, and who perhaps thought that he might be ordered to leave too, 'e perche?' The intelligence was true. Mr. Home, of spirit-medium renown, favoured more than any other mortal by revelations from the departed, had incurred the displeasure of the Vatican, and received intimation that he must leave the city. It was really absurd to witness the excitement that this news created; you would have thought that Garibaldi or Mazzini had suddenly been discovered fomenting a revolution. If Mr. Home be a vain man, he must have been gratified by the excitement that he occasioned. I confess, from the moment I heard that he had taken up his quarters in Rome, I felt certain that he would be sent out of the papal dominions. For, apart from the surprising revelations contained in his book, the most absurd and wild rumours were circulated respecting his dealings with another world. Spirits of all kinds came at his bidding. He was even engaged in making a statue into which he proposed instilling life. Above all, he had the power of foretelling the five numbers that would be drawn at the weekly Government lottery, a gift which elevated him in the estimation of the Romans to the rank of a god. How could a

government like that of the Pope's, professing to be at the head of Christianity, permit a person to remain under the shadow of St. Peter's who, not to mention the foregoing reports, had the power of floating in the air! So Mr. Home was requested to pay the police a visit. He responded to the invitation, and has published in the 'Spiritual Magazine' a detailed account of what took place on that occasion. Signor Pasqualoni, the advocate, received Mr. Home. Various questions were put to him as to the name of his father, mother, his profession, &c. &c.; and, then came the all-important one: 'What do you do to cause spirits to be present?' He was about replying, 'Nothing,' when, *mirabile dictu*, we are told that three distinct raps were heard, and the table near which the advocate and Mr. Home were seated, moved. If, after this, we had been informed that thunder had proceeded from the Vatican, we should not have been surprised, for here was matter to arouse the wrath of all the pontiffs who have worn the tiara.

Can we wonder that the Papal Government desired to place as great a distance between them and Mr. Home as possible? Were they omnipotent, they would probably have banished him to the antipodes; limited as their power is, they could only order him

out of the Papal States. But Mr. Home had many acquaintances in Rome, and having incurred expenses incident to professional studies as a sculptor, he was naturally unwilling to leave the city. Accordingly, strong interest was brought to bear on the powers that be in the Vatican, and the order requiring him to leave Rome was rescinded. But, meanwhile, fresh and more searching enquiries were made, and the result was that Mr. Home received a second and peremptory order to depart. Mr. Roebuck, as you may remember, brought Mr. Home's case before the House of Commons, alleging that he had been unjustly treated by the Papal Government, but there can be no doubt that the latter had a perfect right to order him to leave the papal territory. The Church of Rome, though ranking among its members believers in miracles, performing Madonnas, and the healing power of saintly relics, will not allow Thaumaturgy to be practised by laymen within its dominions; and it is only common justice to the Pope, the Secretary of State, and the Sacred College of Cardinals, to believe that they consider Mr. Home's performances, as related by himself, closely allied to witchcraft. It is also right to add that, when the 'spiritualist' was ordered for the second time to leave Rome, he was requested

to furnish the Papal Government with a statement of the pecuniary loss to which he would be subjected by being banished from the city. In accordance with this request, Mr. Home spent some hours of the night previous to his departure in preparing such an account, which, however, not to the credit of the Papal Government, has not been paid.

On the following day, Mr. Home, escorted by two gensdarmes, shook the dust of Rome from his feet, and will not probably revisit that city while a papal government prevails.

I have noticed this matter, not only because it was a leading incident in our life at Rome last winter, but also because it was dwelt on at considerable length by English newspapers. Now what does all this mean? One of two things. Either the world believes that Mr. Home is honest, and can float in the air, or that he is one of the most expert Thaumaturgists that ever existed.

Nothing, indeed, is more surprising than the manner in which persons of education and keen perception are either deluded by the tricks of jugglers, or are favoured by real spiritual manifestations. I remember well meeting the late Mr. Thackeray at a large dinner-party, shortly after the publication in the Cornhill Magazine, then edited by him, of the

paper entitled 'Stranger than Fiction.' In this paper, as will be remembered by many readers, a detailed account was given of a spiritual séance, at which Mr. Home performed, or caused to be performed, many surprising things; the most astounding being his floating in the air above the heads of persons in the room. There were several scientific men at the dinner-party, all of whom availed themselves of the earliest opportunity to reproach Mr. Thackeray with having permitted the paper in question to appear in a periodical of which he was editor—holding, as he did, the highest rank in the world of letters.

Mr. Thackeray, with that imperturbable calmness which he could so well assume, heard all that was said against him and the paper in question, and thus replied: 'It is all very well for you, who have probably never seen spiritual manifestations, to talk as you do; but, had you seen what I have witnessed, you would hold a different opinion.' He then proceeded to inform us, that when he was in New York at a dinner party, he saw the large and heavy dinner-table, covered with decanters, glasses, dishes, plates—in short, everything appertaining to dessert, rise fully two feet from the ground, the modus operandi being, as he alleged, spiritual force. No possible jugglery,

he declared, was or could have been employed on the occasion; and he felt so convinced that the motive-force was supernatural, that he then and there gave in his adhesion to the truth of spiritualism, and consequently accepted the article on Mr. Home's Séance. Whether Mr. Thackeray thought differently before he died, I cannot say; but this I know, that every possible argument was used by those present, to endeavour to shake his faith in Mr. Home's spiritual manifestations, which were, as they declared, after all but sorry performances compared to the surprising tricks of Houdin or Frikell. And they are right; for, while these, and other masters of Thaumaturgy appear before you in a blaze of light, professing that they intend to mystify you—so-called spiritual mediums, in almost all cases, perform in a sombre light; some, like the Brothers Davenport, in perfect darkness; and all take every possible means to prevent those present exercising their inquisitiveness.

CHAPTER XX.

Annual Exhibition at the Propagandâ—Objects of this Institution—Ordination of Youths—Missionary Strength of the Establishment—The Propagandists—Dr. A. Campbell—Declamatory Gesticulation—Address by a Dane—Musical Performance—Coro di Pastori—The Octave of the Epiphany—Sermons in St. Andrea della Valle—The Rev. F. Neve—Theological Difficulties in England—St. Maria degli Angeli—A grand-looking Monk—Saint Bruno—Michael Angelo—His Works in Rome—His Opinion of Painting and Sculpture—His Poetry—Illustrates Dante's 'Divina Commedia'—Mr. Hay's 'Science of Beauty'—Colonnade of the Parthenon—Cloisters of St. Maria degli Angeli—Inscription over door of Monk's Rooms.

THE famous Annual Exhibition at the Collegio di Propagandâ Fide, in the Piazza di Spagna, in honour of the holy Magi, took place as usual last winter during the Epiphany. There was a great demand for tickets, and a fierce struggle to obtain admission, in which ladies did not participate, for they are not allowed to be present in the body of the church when the exhibition is held. The Propagandâ is one of the great engines of Romanism, causing its influence to be felt in the remotest regions of the

earth. About 180 youths, from various countries, are received in this college. The expenses of their journey are paid, as well as all other expenses incidental to their education and training to the office of the priesthood. On being ordained, they are, almost in all cases, sent abroad as missionaries. On no account are they allowed to remain longer than one month in the college after ordination. Thus, the number of young men who come forward at the annual examinations may be regarded in some manner as indicative of the missionary strength of the College at the time of the annual exhibition. On referring to the lists of previous exhibitions I observe that the average number is fifty, last January there were only thirty-three. The church in which the exhibitions are held is that attached to the college; a platform is erected at the altar end, and seats are provided for visitors in the body of the building. As this is small, and the visitors at the last exhibition were extremely numerous, very inconvenient crowding resulted—inseparable, apparently, in Rome, to every sight patronised by the English.

Who that has sojourned in Rome does not remember meeting youths in that city habited in black robes turned up with red, striding along in companies of three or four, engaged generally in arguing

knotty theological questions? These are the Propagandists, who, under the superintendence of a Jesuit priest, are training the body by severe physical exercise for the hardships they will probably have to undergo when engaged in missionary duties. Fine young men, for the most part full of zeal, and ready to lay down their lives in the cause of the religion they are destined to teach.

On entering the church, I found a band stationed in the gallery, playing music, by no means partaking of a sacred character. When the music ceased, the Rev. Dr. A. Campbell, of Armagh, in Ireland, delivered a discourse in Latin, in which the purposes of the Exhibition were briefly sketched. Then followed the declamations, all of which were well delivered. It was remarkable how the youths from the east outdid those from northern climes in vehement gesticulation. Indeed, this peculiarity increased in an almost constant ascending ratio, as the zone of the country from which the youths came approximated to the equator—Chinese, Arabians, Cingalese, Bengalese, and Africans, far exceeding the natives of more northern countries in vehemence. The performance of two Africans was especially remarkable—for they acted as well as spoke—eliciting loud applause. Indeed, had you seen them without being aware of

their business, you would have supposed that they were the 'bones' in a party of Ethiopian Serenaders. The speeches were generally short. The following translation from the Danish may be taken as a fair specimen.

'My beautiful Denmark, why art thou still walking in darkness? why wilt thou not see the heavenly light that is above thee, and follow in the path that leads to salvation? Be converted, and thy days shall be blessed and thy warriors conquerors!'

The Exhibition was interpolated by a musical performance, entitled 'Coro di Pastori,' bewailing the Massacre of the Innocents, sung by thirty of the students, in a very creditable manner. The music was composed by the Professor of Music in the College. The Exhibition was altogether pleasing, although a Protestant must regret that such pains should be taken to propagate a faith to which he cannot subscribe.

The Octave of the Epiphany is a great season in Rome for religious manifestations. During this period, sermons are preached daily in various languages, in the church of S. Andrea della Valle. I heard that preached by the Rev. F. Neve, Rector of the English College on the Nativity. He expatiated at great length on the necessity of placing

implicit faith on all the events connected with the birth of our Saviour; adding, that, in England, where men are most proud of their intelligence, the greatest falling off from the true faith is found. All the theological difficulties and doubts which perplex members of our Established Church arise, he averred, from England having rejected the Pope's supremacy. Bow implicitly to this infallible authority, and all doubts, misgivings, and difficulties will cease. Granted, but is the Pope infallible? Assuredly not to a man, though tiara-crowned, and attired in gorgeous robes and calling himself the successor of St. Peter, and Vicar of Christ, will the Protestant look for the solution of those high questions which affect the salvation of his soul, but rather to that sacred volume which, in the words of Locke, has 'God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter.'

As usual, when either Dr. Neve or Monsignor Manning preached, the Church was filled by crowds of English, who, however they may have differed in religious matters from those gentlemen, invariably gave them the benefit of a patient hearing.

Great was the contrast between the fashionable crowd gathered in the gaudy church of St. Andrea

della Valle and the group of peasants which I saw in the afternoon, listening to a sermon from a monk in the magnificent interior of St. Maria degli Angeli. While a figure-painter would have turned away from the first in despair, knowing well that nothing before him was adapted for reproduction on canvas, the latter would have filled him with delight—for the grouping of the peasants was most picturesque; and the men and women, mostly from the country, were studies in themselves. 'Nowhere does the plant man grow so well as in Italy,' said Alfieri; the remark holds good, however, as a rule, only among the lower orders of Romans—for the nobles stand apart from the people; and, if more intellectual, are certainly inferior to the peasants around Rome in a physical point of view. The difference, indeed, is so great, that a learned Italian thought, that science would some day detect, by means of a very powerful microscope, a difference between their blood globules and those of the peasants, for he firmly believed that globules of blood differ according to man's physical vigour.*

* This idea will probably recall to the reader, George Stephenson's proposition, made in badinage, to examine the blood of Sir R. Peel, when he was Prime Minister, under a microscope. The wish was expressed at a party one evening at Tamworth, when those present willingly submitted to be slightly punctured; but Sir R. Peel could not be persuaded to be pricked, being unable to bear even the slightest pain without much suffering.

The fine monk who preached, was a living representative of the noble statue of St. Bruno, in the Vestibule; of which Clement XIV. said, 'it would speak if the rule of the Carthusians did not prescribe silence.'

It is satisfactory to see that the choir of this grand edifice is at length in a fair way of being completed. According to a Carthusian who was my cicerone, it will be finished in about a year. The design of Michael Angelo will then be seen in all its imposing grandeur. Nowhere is the genius of this mighty master more conspicuous than in this church. For here, his favourite theory that a Christian temple should be in the form of a Greek Cross, is carried out; and we are enabled to form an idea what St. Peter's would be, had it been built in this form. Originally the Cella Calidaria of the Baths of Diocletian, St. Maria degli Angeli is now only second to St. Peter's in simple grandeur; and, more than any other building designed by Michael Angelo, illustrates his theory that all beauty becomes sublime by unity and simplicity; and that that which is grand in itself, acquires an accession of grandeur by simplicity of execution. The majesty of this interior is singularly in harmony with his lines:

Per fido esempio alla mia vocazione
Nascendo, mi fu data la bellezza,
Che di due arti m'è lucerna e specchio.

It is only in Rome that you become really aware of the greatness of Michael Angelo. Desirous of studying and understanding the works of that great master, I devoted several days to an examination of the sculptures and paintings by him in that city. The impression left on my mind is, that the works of Michael Angelo are stamped with the characteristics of unity of thought, sublimity of conception, and a grandeur of design possessed by the works of no other artist. Goethe observes: 'In design the soul gives utterance to some portion of her inmost being; and the highest mysteries of creation are precisely those which rest entirely on design and modelling; these are the languages in which she reveals them.'

It was Michael Angelo's peculiar gift to be able to seize and give expression to, with a kind of divine power, all that was beautiful in nature. Conscious that great beauty lies in strength, we find his architecture embodying this principle. Equally conscious of the power of sublimity, his statues awe us by their authority, while his paintings combine a grandeur, beauty, and originality entirely their own. 'The Last Judgment,' which, although sadly blurred and indistinct, may yet be studied advantageously with powerful glasses on a bright day, and the compositions on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, are examples,

in existence, of an almost perfect and harmonious union between architecture and decoration. It was always a great object with Michael Angelo to form an harmonious, and therefore beautiful, whole. When young, he held that painting was excellent, in proportion as it approaches relievo, and relievo bad as it approaches painting.* But when his judgment became more matured, he changed his opinion; and, in a letter to his friend Varchi, written at the time when the respective merits of sculpture and painting formed the subject of fierce disputation at the Florentine Academy, he declared: 'If greater judgment and difficulty, impediment and labour, do not constitute greater excellence, painting and sculpture are one and the same thing; and, being so estimated, no painter ought to value sculpture less than painting, nor the sculptor, in like manner, painting less than sculpture. I understand by sculpture, that art which works by removing the superfluous—by painting, that which works by addition.'

The decorations in the Sistine Chapel are eminently illustrative of Michael Angelo's devotion to painting,

* One of Michael Angelo's earliest works was a relievo of the Battle of the Centaurs, and he is understood to have liked it so much in his latter years, as to have regretted that he had not devoted more time to that branch of the fine arts.

just as his statues evince his love and high opinion of sculpture. And visitors to Rome who contemplate his works with reverential wonder and delight, will form even a higher opinion of Michael Angelo, if they bear in mind that he was also a deeply philosophic poet. Varchi justly describes him as 'unico pittore, singolare scultore, perfettissimo architettore ed eccellentissimo poeta;' and Berni, alluding to all his poems, and their depth of feeling, says, in reproving contemporary writers:

Ei dice cose, e voi dite parole.

Mr. John Edward Taylor, who has translated, with singular felicity, several of Michael Angelo's sonnets, observes truly, in his preface, 'The poetry of Michael Angelo is all devoted to the depicturing of feeling, of the passions of the soul. In the course of a long life, troubled by constant vexations, he rallies his affections successively around two objects: first, the love of the beautiful in art; and, finally the preparation for death by the contemplation of eternal truths.' Thus, throughout his existence, he derived consolation, and was supported, during many trials, by a poetic feeling which broke forth into expression on many occasions; and, even when on the verge of the grave, he wrote these touching lines:

L' anima mia, che con la morte parla,
Seco di se medesma si consiglia,
E di nuovi pensieri ognor s' attrista;
E 'l corpo di di in di crede lasciarla
Onde l' immaginato cammin piglia,
Di speranza, e timor confusa e mista.—

Michael Angelo was an intense admirer, as may well be believed, of Dante. From him the great artist borrowed many ideas, which he has made immortal; and how thoroughly he loved the 'Divina Commedia,' appears, by his having with infinite pains illustrated a copy of that poem, by the most exquisite and beautiful marginal designs.*

An ingenious attempt has lately been made by Mr. Hay, in his 'Science of Beauty,' to show that definite ratios, and known proportions, which produce harmony when a string is vibrated, will, if acted upon in architecture, give rise to agreeable feelings to the eye. He adduces an example in the Parthenon, the colonnade of which, he states, bears the same relation to a right angle that the musical ratio of one fifth bears to the fundamental note.

Whether this theory be correct or not, it is certain that simple beauty conveys impressions of pleasure not derived from rich ornamentation. All the great ancient statues are nude. 'Græca res

* This copy was lost, with many other valuable objects, in a shipwreck.

nihil velare.' Even when drapery was introduced, the garments on the model were frequently soaked in water, to make them cling close to the form, and thus reveal the outline of the limbs. As sculptors declined in excellence, they took shelter under copious draperies. Bernini's statues may be said to flutter in marble; and degenerate architects, unable to comprehend the majestic beauty of simplicity, had recourse to rich ornamentation.

If Mr. Hay's theory be correct, the interior of St. Maria degli Angeli must be nearly allied to the sweetest musical harmonies; for assuredly it approaches closely to the ideal beauty of perfection.

Look, too, at those grand, yet simple, cloisters surrounding the huge cypresses planted by Michael Angelo. Where will you see a more beautiful monastic picture? For, without suggesting that ascetic abnegation which makes the cloisters of many convents gloomy, an air of repose pervades these, at once delightful and soothing.

'You are well lodged,' I remarked to the Carthusian, a silver-bearded man, who accompanied me round, and showed the rooms of a monk. 'We are, indeed,' he replied; and, pausing before the entrance to one of the chambers, he drew my attention to these words inscribed over the door:

'Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius'—words pregnant of meaning; thus rendered by Wordsworth:

> Here man more purely lives; less oft doth fall;
> More promptly rises; walks with nicer tread;
> More safely rests; dies happier; is freed
> Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
> A brighter crown.

CHAPTER XXI.

Excessive Cold—Hospital of San Spirito—Its Revenues—Charitable Institutions in Rome—Wards in San Spirito—Suffering of the Patients—Abuse of the Charity—Unwillingness to enter the Hospital—Pope Leo XII. and the Roman Hospitals—'Do not Water the Broth'—Religious Societies—Shaving the Patients—Hospital of Santissima Salvatore—The Dead-Room—Asylum for Lunatics—Foundling Hospital—Manner of depositing Infants—A Young Mother—The Public Cemetery of Rome—The Foundling Hospital of Rome favourable to Profligacy—Few Infants claimed.

BITTER cold still; indeed, during the whole of last January, the temperature was as low in Rome as it generally is in England in mid-winter. But we were assured that the oldest Romans never remembered such a severe winter—a not uncommon remark, by the way, on such occasions in other countries.

On one of these cold days in the above month, I accompanied Dr. Valeri, physician to the great Hospital of San Spirito, through that establishment. It is the largest institution of the kind in Rome, and so liberally endowed, that it is popularly called 'the richest gentleman in Rome.' Established in 728, it has gone on growing in extent and wealth, and now

its revenues, derivable from lands and funded property, are enormous. How large, however, I cannot say; for, in the absence of authentic official information, I am unwilling to cite guide-book statements.

No city in Europe, I may observe, possesses a greater number of charitable institutions, compared to its population, than Rome. So abundant, indeed, are they, that want should never be known by the citizen reduced to penury. Yet, with all these benevolent advantages, very great destitution exists in the city. The fact is, that the funds of these establishments, including that of San Spirito, are in the hands of the priests, who, there is too much reason to apprehend, divert them from their lawful purposes. It is well known, with regard to San Spirito, that the poor prefer undergoing great misery at home in the time of sickness, rather than enter this hospital, although its doors are freely open to all comers, no recommendatory ticket of admission being required.*

Let us take a walk through it. Situated on the right bank of the Tiber, near Ponte St. Angelo, San Spirito extends many hundred feet, comprising within its walls, not only a general hospital, but also an

* An English lady, who has long been in the habit of visiting the poor in Rome, informs me that great distress prevails among the lower classes in that city, and that it is rare to find this relieved by the priests by more than two or three baiocchi at a time.

Asylum for Lunatics, and a Foundling Institution. Males only are admitted into the Hospital. The average number of patients is 620; but, during the malaria season, these increase to about 1,300. The wards are on the ground floor, divided in the centre by a space fitted up as a chapel, which is visible from each ward. Two rows of beds run down the sides—a bad arrangement, as the patients are thus brought into too close contiguity with each other. All the beds in the two longest wards were occupied by patients. It was pitiable, as we passed along, to hear their shuddering cries of '*Freddo, freddo.*' The cold was indeed intense; for, though the wards are provided with stoves, they are too few and small to heat them. Dr. Valeri, who is a kind man, stopped at the beds of several complaining patients, soothing them to the best of his power. He had made his official inspection early in the morning; and was thus enabled to observe, in many cases, whether any amendment had taken place in the interim. One poor fellow, who seemed as if his hours were numbered, moaningly complained to Dr. Valeri, that he was very cold and suffering much pain. The doctor, remembering that he had ordered some meat to be given to him in the morning to keep up his failing strength, asked how he had relished it, and whether

he would fancy a little more. 'What meat?' said the patient. 'Why, the fritta!' replied the doctor. The sick man exclaimed that he had not tasted meat of any kind. Dr. Valeri, conceiving that some mistake had been made, sent for the clinical clerk, and enquired how it came to pass that Number 17 had not had the fritta that he had ordered. 'I obeyed your directions, sir,' replied the clerk, 'so far as to order the fritta to be prepared; but the priore countermanded it—alleging that it was too expensive a luxury, and that such extravagance could not be allowed.' I shall not soon forget Dr. Valeri's expression when he heard this — his remark had probably better be suppressed. Is it surprising that the poor of Rome will not, if they can possibly help it, enter San Spirito? They are familiar, with the outside of the imposing edifice; but, acting on their pithy proverb—

Fidare e un buon uomo,
Non ti fidare e meglio—

won't go into the hospital if they can possibly keep out.* I could not help contrasting this almost brutal conduct, on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities of Rome's chief hospital, with the treatment of our

* It is recorded that Pope Leo XII. was in the habit of visiting the hospitals and convents of Rome; and that, on one occasion, he punished a baker severely for supplying bad bread to San Spirito. I fear that the inmates of this establishment have no such friend now

sick prisoners. These, as is well known, frequently simulate illness, for the purpose of being removed to the prison infirmary, where they obtain more dainty fare. So liberal, indeed, are the authorities, that a prison matron, in her entertaining work, recording her experience of female life in prison, states that on one occasion, when a prisoner longed for grapes, at a time when they were almost worth their weight in gold, the delicacy was purchased for her. No wonder that British prisons are popular institutions.

From the wards of San Spirito, we passed into the kitchen, where sisters of charity were busily engaged over huge steaming cauldrons, which emitted a savoury odour. 'Let us taste your bouillon,' said Dr. Valeri; upon which, a sister ladled us out a cupfull. It was extremely good. 'As you value the salvation of your souls,' said the doctor, addressing the sisters, who had now gathered round us; '*do not water this.*'

Whether the diluting process had commenced, I cannot say, but the startled expression of the sisters was very striking. It is, probably, on account of the privations to which the patients in the Roman hospitals are subjected, that Roman gentlemen form themselves into various religious societies, for the

purpose of visiting and affording relief to the patients. Rooms adjoining the wards are furnished with presses containing the dresses of the members of the 'Confraternità' which they wear when visiting the patients. On Sunday morning, I was informed, many gentlemen may be seen shaving, cutting the hair of the patients, and doing other services for them. Besides the terrible blot on the management of the hospital, to which I have adverted, its dirty condition was very striking—and, making every allowance for Italian habits, San Spirit is not kept as it should be. The same remark applies to the hospital of Santissima Salvatore, near the Lateran, where I saw upwards of six hundred sick women. All this mal-administration arises, in a great measure, from the hospitals being in the hands of priests. The head of San Spirito is always a priest; who, by virtue of his office, will, in the fullness of time, be rewarded by a cardinal's hat.

In all the Roman hospitals, patients, when believed to be dead, are removed to a room destined for their reception, where they are extended on sloping boards; a string, communicating with a bell, being attached to their right hand. The surgeons and physicians have the power of ordering anybody to be dissected that they may think proper.

If you recoil from pages bristling with statistics, you will be pleased to hear that, whatever desire I may have to inflict them upon you, I cannot gratify my inclination. No official tables of the mortality in the Roman hospitals are published.

My inquiries respecting admission to see the Asylum for Lunatics, elicited the answer that the institution is not shown to visitors. Admission to the Foundling Hospital, adjoining San Spirito, was also denied. This building can take in 3,000 children. The average number within the walls is 900. About three infants are received daily. The mortality among the foundlings is fearful. Upwards of fifty per cent. die while they are babies, and scarcely one-tenth reach maturity. The ease with which a woman in Rome can disemburden herself of the cares and duties of maternity is very great. Without the walls of the Foundling Hospital, is an apparatus consisting of a cylinder, similar to a small barrel, made to revolve on its longest axis. Above, in large characters, is the word ROTA. A half revolution of the cylinder rings a bell, and brings to view a crib, occupying the interior, lined with a mattress, which, when I saw it, was foul and most repulsive looking. On this the unhappy infant is placed, and another turn of the cylinder consigns it to unmotherly

humanity. A terrible thought is this, and we cannot envy the feelings of the woman who parts thus with her offspring. The finest part of womanly nature must be, in her case, buried beneath a strong incrustation of insensibility. Sad, most sad, to think how the poor little innocent creatures are cast on the world as nothing worth. It is difficult to think that anything so precious as a gem of immortality is thus treated; and that the link which love and passion creates between man and woman, should ever have such a termination.

Passing one afternoon through the Borgo San Spirito, I saw a young girl advance stealthily to the wheel. Perceiving that she was observed, she passed it; but presently retraced her steps, and stopped opposite the cylinder; then, throwing open her mantle, she gave the wheel a turn, cast a small, dark object within it, and fled precipitately up the street. The whole affair did not occupy a minute. It is the little bodies of these blighted beings that feed the worms in the great public grave-yard of Rome. Each day a vault is opened, and each day a tangled mass of naked humanity is shot into the yawning void. I did not see this repulsive sight in Rome; for, having witnessed, one morning, a similar exhibition in Naples, when no less than twenty-seven men, women,

and children were precipitated naked into a pit, my memory of the revolting sight was too painful to cause me to wish to see such a spectacle again.

As a matter of course, the Foundling Hospital system of Rome must encourage profligacy. According to statistics that I have seen, illegitimate births, in Rome, show a very high percentage of the population. Ecclesiastics, with whom I have conversed on the subject, were in favour of the system, alleging that children of pauper parents are less likely to be destroyed, than if such an institution did not exist. This may be true; for, in England, there is but too much reason to apprehend, that many infants are destroyed by parents who escape punishment; but it is equally certain, that hundreds of deserted infants in Rome, though not killed by their mothers, are nevertheless exposed by them to such treatment as often proves fatal.

It is always possible to reclaim a child from the Foundling Hospital in Rome, provided the infant bears some mark by which it can be identified. All names or marks attached to the child, are carefully registered; but, according to Dr. Valeri, very few infants are claimed.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Cries of Rome—Vegetables in the Streets—The Markets of Rome—Butcher's Stalls—Boars—Porcupines—Frogs—Tortoises—Numerous Birds exposed for Sale—Magpies—A Musical Bird—Thrushes—The Sparrow of Scripture—How Swifts are caught in Rome—Flower Stalls——Manner in which Bouquets are made in Rome—Table Flower Parterres—Bouquets in the Corso—The Pantheon—Its neglected Condition.

FROM a very early hour in the morning, many hand-carts pass under my windows filled with various vegetables, the names of which are screamed in (to me, at least) unintelligible words, by the vendors. Looking out, I see, from many doors, men and women buying these comestibles; for the Romans of the present day are quite as fond of roots and herbs as Horace seems to have been. You may remember how, in his sixth Satire, in which he gives us some account of the manner in which he passed his days in Rome, he states that he bargains for herbs—and, having made an equitable purchase, dines frugally on them and pancakes. And elsewhere, he tells us that, had Aristippus been content, like himself, to dine on pot-herbs, he would have been quite indifferent to

feasting at the tables of nobility. But these perambulating vegetables are only the overflow of the markets and of numerous stalls in the streets, where you will see vegetables and fruits piled high in vast heaps.

The markets in Rome are not creditable to the city; and, if it be true, as an eminent political economist said, that markets reflect the condition of a people, then the inhabitants of Rome cannot be congratulated on their prosperity. The great market of Rome is situated near the Pantheon, the walls of which are disfigured by all manner of refuse cast at their base. In sad and disgusting contrast to the abattoirs, are the butcher's stalls, where meat is sold in as repulsive a form as possible. Miserable mutton and attenuated kid are also here, with hedgehogs, porcupines, frogs, and tortoises. Boars, too, in winter — enormous animals, for the most part—which frequent the wild country near Ostia, and afford extremely good sport to enterprising sportsmen.

I do not pretend to be learned in the mysteries of the butcher's craft, but I fancy I detected, in the Roman shambles near the Pantheon, signs that St. Hilaire's hippophagous advice has found favour in Rome. In other words, I think I saw portions of horse-flesh exposed for sale, though the butchers

assured me the flesh was that of buffalo and not horse. It is, however, certain, that horses are coming into the market—not as saddle, carriage, or cart horses, but in the form of human food. This useful animal has, also, I am sorry to see, been strongly recommended in Paris, by certain scientific men, to be handed over to the butcher when too old for work; and, as horse-flesh is pronounced to be extremely good, even when no longer young, we may reasonably expect, ere long, to see *cotelettes de cheval à selle*, and *fricandeau de jument au cabriolet*, figuring in the *Cartes* of Paris restaurants.* London, it is well known, has long indulged in hippophagy—half the cheap meat pies at the east and other ends of the metropolis being made of horse-flesh from the knackers' yards; and the Roman Coppa, which I am bound to say is extremely good, may consist of other flesh besides that of pigs.

The number and variety of birds in the markets of Rome is very surprising. They are caught, for the most part, at night in the Campagna, by means of nets,

* The Lyonese are also, it appears, desirous to become horse-eaters. According to a document recently drawn up, by several of the leading men in that city, horse-flesh is stated (on experience) to be as good as beef, and more succulent than pork. By using it, no less than 80,000,000 lbs. of flesh would, they state, be added to the meat produce of France.

to which they are attracted by strong artificial light. They include sparrows, thrushes, larks, red-breasts, gold-finches, swifts, and house martins; and, among larger birds, woodcocks, crows, hawks, magpies, and owls.*

Although I have great faith in a clever Chef de Cuisine who, by the adventitious aid of condiments, has the power of rendering almost everything palatable, I greatly question whether hawks, owls, and magpies, are not entirely beyond the most artistic of French cooks. How magpies are appreciated by modern Romans, I cannot say, but this saucy bird did not enjoy high reputation as an article of food in ancient Rome. Martial, contrasting his fare with choice repasts of the wealthy sybarite, Ponticus, says:—

> Aureus immodicis turtur te clunibus implet,
> Ponitur in cavea mortua pica mihi.†

But, indeed, I apprehend that modern Romans prefer treating the magpie as a domestic pet to eating him. And in this they imitate their ancestors; for magpies were frequently kept by the Romans of old, who took great pleasure in cultivating their talking powers. But, according to some ancient writers, they were as famous for their power of imitating musical

* Ornithologists state that, in Central Italy alone, there are 250 species of birds.

† *Epis.* iii. 60.

sounds as words. Here is a story to the purpose, to be found in Plutarch, which I give in the words of the late Mr. Broderip: 'A certain barber at Rome who had a shop before the temple or sacred enclosure, which was called Forum Græcorum, kept a remarkably vocal and garrulous magpie, which repeated words, and imitated the lowing of oxen and the sounds of instruments—not from any training, but from its voluntary and intense study, in order that it might master words and every sort of sound, so as to give them out perfectly. It happened that, in the neighbourhood, a rich man was borne along, with an accompaniment of many trumpets; and as the music of the trumpeters pleased, they were desired to prolong and repeat their flourishes. The magpie listened, and from that day became mute, abstaining even from those sounds by which it made its wants known. This was so much a matter of wonder to those who had been accustomed to the amusement of listening to him, that some of them attributed the silence of the bird to witchcraft, while others thought that the blare of the trumpets had struck it deaf. No such thing; the student was, it seems, conning over in secret the exciting music; and suddenly, one fine day, came out with all the flourishes, without missing a single note or intonation.'

But although magpies may not be esteemed in the kitchens of modern Roman housekeepers, birds in general are certainly extensively patronised by them. Here you may sometimes see the Aziola, which puzzled Shelley; who tells us, when he heard its cry, he thought it was that of a woman, until he ascertained that:

'Twas nothing but a little downy owl.

And, in his poem on this bird, he declares that its sad, sweet cry at eventide, is:

Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
The soul ever stirred.

Horace, you will remember, states that he used to sup on thrushes; and these birds are still in high favour in Rome. So are sparrows; but the Italian sparrow is very unlike his pert English namesake. The name of this bird in Rome is 'Passera Solitaria,' his habit being to spend a considerable part of his life alone on house-tops. It is the bird alluded to by David, in the penitential Psalms: 'I have watched, and am become as a sparrow, all alone upon the house-top.' Mr. Waterton was the first to point out, how that this so-called sparrow is the solitary thrush. It is like the common thrush in size, shape, and song—with this difference, however, that it is remarkable for sitting alone on the habita-

tions of man. You may see the bird leading a lonely existence amidst the ruins of Rome; but though solitary, it is not shy, spending much of its life on buildings in the inhabited parts of the city. Mr. Waterton relates, that when he was in Rome, one of these solitary songsters had its nest in the roof of the Propaganda, only a few yards from the window of his residence in the Via di due Macelli.*

The manner in which the swifts and house-martins are caught, is extremely curious. The captors are generally boys. Taking advantage of the habit of these birds to seize on any materials suitable for lining their nests, the Roman gamins procure a fine string, about fifty feet long, to one end of which they attach a small feather—making, immediately behind it, a running noose in the line. Flying the feather in favourable eddies of wind, which raises it aloft, the poor birds, in their attempt to seize it, get their necks into the noose, and are quickly hauled in and killed. As the time when this species of bird-catching takes place is in May, it is rarely witnessed by English visitors, as they generally leave Rome before the commencement of that month.

A pleasant set-off to the food-stalls, are those where flowers are sold. There is no special flower market

* *Essays on Nat. Hist.*, 2nd series.

in Rome, as there is in Paris; but, throughout the leading thoroughfares, and generally at the corners of streets, flowers arranged in bouquets are exposed for sale. Nowhere will you see more lovely bouquets than in Rome; the colours harmonise with true artistic effect. Great pains are taken in their manufacture; for the making of a Roman bouquet may be regarded in this light. Each flower is tied on a slender twig, in such a manner as to show it to the best advantage. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the bouquets—parterres, rather—of flowers adorning the dinner and supper tables. A lady, pleasantly remembered by many in Rome for the elegance of her parties last winter, was particularly noted for the great beauty and size of the flower parterres at her entertainments. The flowers blended with leaves, maiden hair, and spikes of rare grasses, are, for these purposes, when tied on twigs, planted in moist clay, by which means they can be made to assume any pattern. Frequently, at large parties, I have seen the greater part of the tables radiant with the loveliest exotics. As, however, the stalks of the flowers are very short, and imbibe no moisture from the clay in which they are set, their beauty is evanescent; the loveliness of to-night is faded in the morning; and, if you walk through the streets before breakfast, you will see

large and small bouquets, which graced parties of the previous evening, cast into the gutters with the Immondezza. It is a sad example of the transitory nature of beauty—and I always thought that Roman bouquets, beautiful as they are, are not, from their perishing nature, the most appropriate love-gifts. However, there are many thousand bouquets sold in Rome for this purpose during winter—English ladies who have been woo'd in the Eternal City, have received many such offerings from their admirers. During the Carnival week, the Corso is alive with bouquets from end to end—thrown, for the most part, from gentlemen to ladies in balconies.

Wandering amidst the Roman markets near the Pantheon, you naturally pause in admiration before that matchless structure. Nineteen centuries have rolled over this building; and we now, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, do not seem, with all our science and knowledge, to be able to rear such a structure as this. Sad, very sad, to see it so uncared for as it is. Foul without, and filthy within—no pains seem to be taken to preserve it from corroding influences. I kicked against loose pavement near Raphael's tomb—fragments for the most part composed of porphyry and 'giallo antico,' which pilfering tourists will not be slow to appropriate. We cannot, of

course, but rejoice that the polytheism of the ancients has given place to Christianity; but assuredly the Pagans of old would reverence and cherish such a master-piece of architecture, far more than is done by the Pope and Sacred College, who spend thousands of scudi on ideal portraits of departed Pontiffs, and allow the Pantheon to go to premature ruin.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Catacombs—The Early Christians—Recent Exploration of the Catacombs—Antonio Bosio—His 'Roma Sotteranea'—Great Number of Catacombs around Rome—Their vast Extent—Christian Museum in the Lateran—The Catacombs as Places of Sepulture—Volcanic Tufa around Rome—Inscriptions in the Catacombs—Records of Visitors—Catacomb of St. Calixtus—The Catacombs resorted to during Periods of Danger—The Martyrs—Contrast between Christian and Pagan Inscriptions—Wells in the Catacombs—Mode of depositing the Dead—Manner in which the Graves have been rifled—Discovery of the Body of St. Cecilia—Catacomb of the Ancient Jews—The Shophar—Numerous Bones—Great Interest of the Catacombs—Fulfilment of Scriptural Prophecies—Persecutions of Early Christians—Symbols of Christianity.

WORTHY of deep thought is the fact, that, while ruin has whelmed every vestige of the domicile of the Gods of ancient Rome—the Catacombs, those dark regions where the true God was worshipped in secret, while Pagan temples blazing with splendour existed—are still preserved, presenting almost the same appearance that they did nearly two thousand years ago. In those interminable labyrinths, Christianity may indeed be said to have struck her roots, a feeble plant at first—finding, as it endeavoured to lift its head above ground, many thorns to choke it; but,

though persecution of the most terrific nature assailed it, still persevering, until it became a tree of gigantic dimensions.

Bearing in mind the intense interest of these subterranean passages; it is surprising, that only during comparatively recent years, the Roman Catacombs have been explored—discovered, indeed, we may say; for, during the long period of eight centuries, they remained closed, and the very existence of many of them was unknown. The merit of awakening public interest in them belongs to Antonio Bosio, a man of indefatigable zeal and energy. He may be said indeed to have devoted his life to the exploration of their dark subterranean labyrinths; and well nigh fell a sacrifice to his ardour, for he was more than once lost in their dreary windings. His 'Roma Sotteranea,' published in 1632, aroused the curiosity of Archæologists. We might naturally suppose, that Bosio's labours would have been followed by some systematic and comprehensive plan to explore these interesting memorials of the past; but, after a short time, interest in them seems to have flagged, and it is only as I have said, very recently that this good work has been performed. All works on Rome, excepting those published within the last few years, are entirely silent on the subject. Great credit attaches to Pius IX. for

having instituted measures for the efficient exploration of the Catacombs. They are now under the surveillance of the Commission of Sacred Archæology; and Signor de Rossi, by the Pontiff's direction, is engaged in investigating and publishing every interesting feature in connexion with them. These recent labours and researches have renewed public interest; and no wonder, for around Rome, adjoining the great ancient highways, the ground may be said to be honeycombed by no less than sixty Catacombs, only a portion of which have been explored. How many miles of passages these include is not known, but that their extent must be enormous, is evident, from the fact that Signor de Rossi, the great living authority on the subject, states that the galleries in the Catacombs within three miles of Rome, extend to nearly six hundred miles. Thus, the Catacombs have become one of the great sights of that city; and no visitor, be his time ever so limited, should omit seeing at least one of them. During last winter, I accompanied several parties to the most interesting Catacombs sometimes having the advantage of intelligent cicerones, and sometimes with merely the local guides. As a rule, large parties in the Catacombs are objectionable. For, as you must pass

through the galleries in single file, it is difficult for those who are not near the cicerone, to hear his explanations. The number of visitors should never exceed eight. It is a matter of opinion whether or not you should visit the Christian Museum, in the Lateran Palace, before going to the Catacombs. This Museum, formed by the present Pontiff, contains many thousand inscriptions and drawings removed from the Catacombs. They are all admirably arranged, and throw great light on the history of these early Christian sculptures.

Explorations carried on within the last few years, have confirmed the belief that the Roman Catacombs were, without exception, excavated for the purposes of sepulture, and not for the extract of pozzolana. The entire area of Rome and its vicinity was formerly the seat of active volcanic agency, long before the upheaval of the Sabine hills. All through this area, volcanic tufa of great hardness; and softer tufa, known as tufa granolare; and a still softer and more friable substance, called pozzolana, are found; the latter always underlying the tufa granolare. The volcanic tufa has long furnished materials for building. The foundations of Rome at the base of the Palatine, known as the wall of Romulus, the massive blocks

forming the substructions of the modern Capitol, are volcanic tufa; while, from the friable pozzolana, the famous Roman cement is made. Now it is always in the tufa granolare, which, while being sufficiently soft to render quarrying it easy, yet does not crumble, that the Catacombs are found. In no instance have galleries been discovered, piercing tufa granolare, without niches for sepulture in the sides of the walls. Recent explorations have also led to the conclusion, that the early Christians made more use of these galleries as places of abode, than was generally supposed. It would be difficult to conceive more dreary or soul-depressing dwellings, than the Roman Catacombs; but, dreary as they are, the Christians who took refuge within them, doubtless deemed them havens of rest, compared to the city above them, where they were persecuted in the most terrible manner. Hundreds of inscriptions, found in the Catacombs, touchingly record that the true God could not be publicly worshipped, without incurring the greatest danger; nor was the Christian always safe even in these subterranean labyrinths.

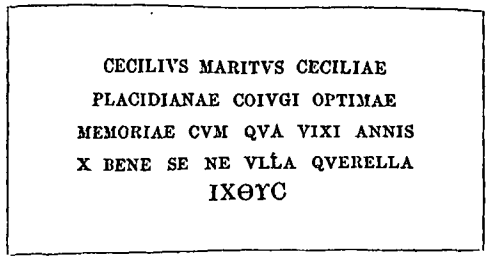
'Here,' says an inscription over a grave in the catacombs of St. Calixtus, 'lies Alexander; who, while on his knees, and about to adore the true God, was

executed. Oh! sad times! when, even dwelling in dark caverns, we are not safe. The man can scarcely be said to have lived, who was born in Christian times.' Very affecting, too, are the traces of visitors to the tombs of their fellow-Christians. The survivors seem to have made frequent pilgrimages to their resting-places. Not unfrequently, the names of those dear to the survivors are scratched rudely on the walls—'*Vivat in* Θ E Ω,' and other expressions of a similar nature being added. In the catacombs of St. Calixtus, I observed the words 'Sophronia, dulcis Sophronia,' frequently written on the walls of various galleries; the last loving remembrance of this person being in the crypt of St. Calixtus, where I read—

Sophronia dulcis Sophroniæ vivis in Deo.

The discovery, during recent years, of a great number of entrances to the Catacombs, long choked by earth, confirm the belief that they were much resorted to as abodes, during periods of danger. For, had the entrances been fewer, they would soon have become known to the Pagan Romans. Authentic records tell us that Popes and bishops who sought refuge in the catacombs were butchered within them; and there is no doubt that, among the noble army of martyrs, many

thousands laid down their lives in these gloomy recesses, preferring death to denying the one true and living God. An inscription informs us that, 'under the reign of the emperor Adrian, Marius, a youthful military officer, meekly resigned his blood for the sake of Christ; and, after much suffering, he at length rests in peace. To his memory, this inscription is set up, with tears, and in fear.' The contrast between the blessed hope and faith of the Christian, even under the most trying circumstances, and the levity of the pagan is very strong. Here are two inscriptions, the first being that over a Christian's grave in the catacombs of St. Calixtus: the second, over a pagan tomb.



Cecilius, the husband of Cecilia
Placidiana. To my wife of cherished memory
With whom I lived ten years without any quarrel.
Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.

V : AN. LVII
D : M.
TI CLAVDI. SECVNDI
HIC SECVM : HABET OMNIA :
BALNEA. VINVM. VENVS
CORRVMPVNT. CORPORA.
NOSTRA : SED VITAM. FACIVNT.
B. V. V.
KARO CONTVBERNALI
FEC : MEROPE CAES :
ET SIBI ET SVIS. P. E.

To the Divine Manes of
Titus Claudius Secundus,
Who lived fifty-seven years.
Here he enjoyed all things,
Baths, wine, women ;
Which, though they destroy the body,
Still make our life.
To her dear chamber fellow
Merope Cæsarea made this,
And for herself and theirs after death.

Numerous wells have been found recently, in the most retired recesses of the galleries, and particularly in those localities where they expand into chambers, and in which divine service was performed. Another noticeable feature with respect to Signor de Rossi's recent labours is the circumstance that, where new explorations are made, disclosing fresh net-works of passages, all the graves, without exception, are found

to have been broken open. It was the custom, as has been observed, to form these graves by excavating horizontal niches in the tufa walls, the opening being invariably closed by marble slabs, or tiles cemented firmly to the edges. In no instance does a grave seem to have been reopened to receive a second corpse, so that the graves in the Catacombs were literally like that of our Lord's: 'a new tomb hewn out of the rock;' or as John tells us, 'a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid.' Now, bearing in mind the great extent of the catacombs, and that all graves hitherto discovered, have been opened; and, moreover, taking into account that the marble slabs or tiles, which closed the graves, cannot be broken without considerable difficulty, it is pretty certain that the barbarians who rifled these graves, must have occasionally found objects to encourage them in their labours. Popes, we know, in defiance of the precept: 'Nemo martyrem distrabat, nemo mercetur,' removed objects, now adored as relics, but the great mass of graves were rifled for purposes of plunder. The discovery of the body of St. Cecilia in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, which was removed to the church in Rome bearing her name, shows that the shrouds were sometimes valuable. The sarcophagus in which she had been placed was opened with

great solemnity in 1599. 'The saint,' says Baronius, 'was found lying within a coffin of cyprus wood, enclosed in a sarcophagus, not in the manner of one dead and buried, that is on her back—but on her right side as one asleep, and in a very modest attitude, covered with taffety, having her head bound with a cloth, and at her feet the remains of the cloth of gold found in her original tomb.'

Recent researches in the catacombs beneath the Vigna Rondanini, entirely confirm the opinion expressed by some archæologists that they were devoted almost exclusively to Jews. This people, who formed a numerous colony in Rome in the early Christian period, appear to have had a catacomb of their own at Monte Verde, contiguous to their abode, which was at that time on the right bank of the Tiber, opposite to the present Ghetto. Bosio partly explored this catacomb, but recent attempts to find it have failed. Another Jewish catacomb was discovered as recently as 1859. I visited this twice; and, on the second occasion, had the good fortune to be accompanied by Dr. Heidenheim, a learned Hebrew scholar, who explained various inscriptions and figures of a very interesting nature. The seven-branched candlestick is frequently depicted on the walls, and it is noteworthy that there is a great similarity between the

representations of it, and that on the arch of Titus. The Shophar is also to be seen, and the drawings of it are in all respects like the instrument preserved in the synagogue at Aldgate in London. Another noticeable feature in this catacomb is, the vast number of bones in the graves, far exceeding those in other catacombs. That the Jews were in the habit of interring their dead in catacombs, anterior to the period that they were used for the same purpose by Christians, is highly probable; and thus, this Jewish catacomb may be considered one of the most ancient burial-places in Rome.

It is given to us to see things in different lights; and, accordingly, there are persons who take no interest whatever in the Roman Catacombs. This may, in some measure, be due to the scepticism yet felt by many in their authenticity, as the burial-places of the early Christians. In sad ignorance, Bishop Burnet, the eminent historian of the Reformation, wrote: 'Those burying-places in Rome, now graced with the pompous title of Catacomb, are no other than the "Puticoli," mentioned by Festus Pompeius, where the meanest Roman slaves were laid; and so, without any further care about them, left to rot.'* To me, I confess that the Catacombs possess an all-absorbing

* *Letters from Italy*, 1685–6.

interest; for, in those long and dreary passages, was fulfilled the prophecy of St. John, 'and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?—and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants, also, and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.'*

The most severe Protestant, while unwilling to endorse the rescript of the Congregation of relics, that, 'whenever a palm and vessel, tinged with blood, are found in a grave within the Roman Catacombs, they are to be considered most certain signs of martyrdom'—cannot deny that here were enacted events foretold by the Apostles, which had great influence on the spread of Christianity. 'They shall lay their hands on you, and persecute *you*, delivering you up to the synagogues, and into prisons, being brought before kings and rulers for my name's sake,'

* *Revelation*, ch. vi. ver. 9–11.

says St. Luke; and St. Paul's account in his Epistle to the Hebrews, of the persecutions of the prophets and saints of old, which they endured, hoping 'that they might obtain a better resurrection,' applies with remarkable force to the sufferings to which the early Christians were subjected.

There is, indeed, every reason to believe that the representations of the horrible atrocities on the walls of St. Stefano Rotondo are veracious. But, terrible as were those cruelties, they had not the effect of quenching the light of Christianity. 'Assemble in the catacombs,' said St. Clement to the faithful band of Christians, undismayed by the horrors passing around them, 'attend to the readings from the sacred books; offer up the Eucharistic mystery acceptable to God; and so, fail not to follow your departed brethren in the faith with chaunting of psalms.'

No wonder that we read in the Apocalypse, in no doubtful words, the terrible future that awaited the great Babylon, drunken with the blood of saints and martyrs.

We must not overlook the fact that the Catacombs possess peculiar interest to Protestants. For, while the walls and roofs of the galleries and cubiculi are covered with figures, always symbolical of the Chris-

tian faith, such as an Anchor, for hope; a Stag, signifying the aspirations of David; a Ship, emblematic of a Church; a Horn, strength in faith; a hunted Hare, persecution; a Fish, in Greek, the anagram of Jesus; a Peacock and Phœnix, resurrection, &c., —no example has been found of those ceremonies which, in the eyes of Protestants, deform the Roman Catholic religion. The early Christians, receiving their faith from the apostles, regarded God as a Spirit, and worshipped him in spirit and in truth; looking to our Lord Jesus Christ as their Redeemer.

CHAPTER XXIV.

My Landlord's Library—Books known by their Coats—The 'Lives of Saints'—Crucifixion of Missionaries in Japan—A Non-reading Family—Roman Newspapers—Dearth of Literature in Rome—Ignorance of Modern Romans—The 'Index Expurgatorius'—Its blighting effect—A muzzled Press—Condemnation of Books—Form of denouncing Books—'Le Maudit'—Its Anti-papal Character—Prayer to Jesus Christ—The Sacred Congregation—Library of the Prussian Archæological Institute—Library of the British Academy—The Barberini Library—Interesting MS. on Public Buildings in Rome—Bad Accommodation for Readers in Public Libraries in Rome—Book-stalls in Piazza Navona—Curious Book on the Dress of Women—Fines for wearing certain Dresses—The Punishment of Vanity.

'PRAY,' said I to my landlord one morning when he came to have a chat with me during my breakfast, 'have you any books that you could lend me?' It was a rainy day, and my limited stock of literary pabulum was running low. 'I will send you all I have,' was the reply; and, accordingly, one of his daughters presently entered my room with some half-dozen volumes. If, dear reader, you have had much to do with books, and belong to the literary craft, you know how often they may be judged by their coats. The volumes placed before me, quarto in size, were

all soberly clad in rusty brown calf; and I felt confident, before I had glanced at the contents of one, that the matter would prove, if not dull, at least heavy and prosaic. And so it turned out. My landlord's library, which, as you see, was extremely small, consisted of 'Lives of Saints,' and on these the minds of his family pastured, whenever they felt an appetite for literature. But, to judge by the condition of the books, this was very seldom; for dust lay thick upon their covers, and their leaves gave no evidence of having been disunited for a long time. Well, it must be confessed that the 'Lives of Saints,' is not very entertaining reading; at least, not to young people; and we cannot be surprised that the Conte's family should have abstained from perusing such works. To be sure, one volume gave an account of the martyrdom of the missionaries sent to Japan; and contained some sensational chapters, with a terrible frontispiece, representing some fifty priests undergoing crucifixion, and other horrors; but, altogether, the books were not lively reading; and this evidently was the opinion of my landlord's family. Did they not, then, read at all? you may ask. No magazines, no newspapers? Nothing, I have every reason to believe. Magazines, there are none; and the same may be almost said with respect to news-

papers. To be sure, there is the 'Giornale di Roma,' and the 'Osservatore Romano,' considered the papal paper; but it is almost a farce to call these newspapers, their size being eighteen inches by twelve inches, the news bald and stale; local intelligence (excepting that connected with the pope) nil—and the advertisments generally limited to two. Nor were my landlord's family at all singular in their abstinence from literature. Romans generally prefer talking to reading; and, whatever knowledge they may attain, rarely flows through the channel of books. Of course there are exceptions, but my remarks apply to the majority of Roman families. If you pay a visit to a Roman, you will scarcely ever find a book on his tables. The natural result of all this is, that Roman minds are very poorly cultivated; the highest classes being deplorably ignorant of matters known to an English charity-school boy. 'Roman nobles,' observed an eminent man, 'are but big babies, fond of sugar plums.' Whether, if books were common, a taste for reading would be formed, I cannot say; but it is certain that at present it does not exist. Let me not be misunderstood. There are many works to be found at the booksellers' in Rome, but nearly all treat of archæology, hagiology, and theology. Many institu-

tions are a sad clog to Rome, but not one more than the 'Index Expurgatorius,' established by Alexander VI., to screen a corrupt government from hostile criticism. This may be said to have blighted all attempts at a Roman literature. Over the Roman press, the authorities have, of course, absolute power; and though the presses of offending printers are no longer burnt, as well as the obnoxious publications issuing from them; no printer dare put his press in motion, without obtaining a license. Foreign literature is not so easy to muzzle, but the sharp eyes of the Sacred Congregation are quick in detecting a work at all inimical to their interests; and scarcely a week elapses that you do not see the noble columns of St. Peter's and other churches defaced by huge placards, denouncing publications. Here is their heading:—

DECRETUM.

Sacra Congregatio eminentissimorum ac reverendissimorum sanctæ romanæ Ecclesiæ Cardinalium a SANCTISSIMO DOMINO NOSTRO PIO PAPA IX. sanctaque Sede apostolica Indici librorum pravæ doctrinæ, eorumdemque proscriptioni, expurgationi, ac permissioni in universa christiana Republica præpositorum et delegatorum, habita in Palatio apostolico vaticanó, damnavit et damnat, proscripsit proscribitque, vel alias damnata atque proscripta in Indicem librorum prohibitorum referri mandavit et mandat Opera quæ sequuntur.

The titles of the works are then enumerated, and the notice thus concludes :—

Itaque nemo cujuscumque gradus et conditionis prædicta Opera damnata atque proscripta, quocumque loco, et quocumque idiomate, aut in posterum edere, aut edita legere vel retinere audeat, sed locorum Ordinariis, aut hæreticæ pravitatis Inquisitoribus ea tradere teneatur, sub pœnis in Indice librorum vetitorum indictis.

Quibus SANCTISSIMO DOMINO NOSTRO PIO PAPÆ IX. per me infrascriptum S. I. C. a Secretis relatis, SANCTITAS SUA Decretum probavit et promulgari præcepit. In quorum fidem, etc.

Among the books singled out, last spring, for special repeated condemnation, was 'Le Maudit, par L'Abbé . . . . The denouncement of this work was so frequent, that author and publisher must have been greatly obliged to the Sacred Congregation for having advertised the work so largely. The book, notwithstanding its having been damned, has reached a ninth edition. It is evident the author anticipated that his book would be proscribed; for he says that the Inquisition would, if possible, burn him 'comme dans le bon vieux temps;' and adds, addressing Monsieur Cousin and others: 'Vous, Monsieur Cousin, tout académicien que vous êtes, vous auriez été traîné au bûcher de Jean Hus; vous, Monsieur Jules Simon, avec vos plus belles pages; vous, Monsieur de Lamartine, qui avez créé dans Jocelyn l'épopée mo-

derne et fabriqué cette touchante hérésie qui place dans une meilleure vie les chiens fidèles auprès de ceux qu'ils ont aimés; vous, George Sand, au génie viril, aux pages brûlantes; vous, Victor Hugo, avec vos sublimes Misérables, vous auriez expié dans ces horribles flammes le crime de ne pas avoir soumis vos écrits à la censure de ces fanatiques. Oh! nous frémissons en le disant, ces hommes de mœurs irréprochables eussent regardé comme l'hommage le plus pur fait à la Divinité, à l'Église et au Pape, l'holocauste de tous ces écrivains qui se sont permis de penser autrement que la théologie.'*

'Le Maudit,' however, I am bound to say, does contain many damning chapters against the papal government, to which those in other proscribed works are weak in comparison. Rénan's 'Vie de Jesus' was another book denounced last winter by the Sacred Congregation; and it was not a little remarkable that, during the time that it was denounced, the walls of Rome were covered with the announcement, that a prayer had been compiled, addressed to our Lord Jesus Christ, calling on Him to avenge the outrages against his Divine Majesty—a strange proceeding, when we remember how little adoration is paid to our Saviour, and how much to the Virgin.

* *Le Maudit*, v. iii. p. 189.

The fifty-seven members of the Sacred Congregation are all Jesuits. They are divided into judges, counsellors, reporters, and a permanent secretary. The former are always cardinals. The author of a work may render himself liable to a sentence of the 'Index' for very trivial causes; many books being prohibited, in which it would be extremely difficult to find matter to render them worthy of being thus noticed. Others are denounced in consequence of the political tendencies of the authors. Thus, though the works of A. Dumas were allowed to circulate freely through the Papal States for many years—the moment that the Sacred Congregation discovered that the eminent novelist was a friend of Garibaldi's, his books were proscribed. Wily and energetic as are the Sacred Congregation in suppressing works inimical to their interest, the great quantity of periodical literature and pamphlets, renders it impossible for them to examine all publications of this nature; and, as it frequently happens that this species of literature has the greatest effect on a people, the press is not entirely deprived of its power by the 'Congregation.'

Well, though my attempt to obtain literary nourishment at home, was, as you see, very unsuccessful; I was more fortunate elsewhere. And, having derived much instruction and enjoyment from the

sources which supplied me with books during my sojourn in Rome, I am led to make grateful mention of them. They were two-fold, and both gratuitous. By the liberality of the Prussian Government, the Archæological Institute, founded by the last king of Prussia, possesses a very good library of standard works, more particularly having reference to the objects of the institution, but still of great interest to the visitor in Rome. Any gentleman provided with an introduction to an officer of the institution, is allowed, not only to read the books in the library, but to take them home—a great advantage, as the day hours of visitors are generally spent from home.

A smaller library, consisting for the most part of works on Art, belongs to the British Academy. By virtue of the Trust, any British subject is at liberty to read in the library of this institution, and to take books home on giving his address. With these wells to draw from, and the auxiliary support of newspapers at Piale's library, I was never at a loss for wholesome literary food. When I brought home illustrated works, it was amusing to witness the enjoyment that the illustrations afforded to the lady members of my landlord's family. But, while their curiosity was gratified, my Italian was improved; so we were mutual gainers by the transaction.

If disposed to be studious, you will find the Barberini Library a mine of great wealth; for, apart from its treasures, duly chronicled in the guide-books, it possesses a good store of standard works. It is worth while visiting this library, to see the admirably constructed winding staircase, the best in Rome, up which you might ride with great facility. The library is in the keeping of a priest, a courteous man, who will, if you evince a love for literature place many curious works before you. Among those that he showed me, was a large MS. folio, on vellum, containing notes and drawings of the most remarkable public buildings in Rome in 1495. The volume also contained a representation of a galley furnished with paddle-wheels, precisely like those of steamers, but worked by windlasses on the deck.*

Should you be a book collector, you will do well to examine the literary stores exposed on stalls in the Piazza Navona every Wednesday. I frequently visited them, and generally found some interesting or curious work. One noteworthy was entitled,

* There are several other libraries in Rome, to which admittance for reading purposes may be procured, but the hours are extremely inconvenient, and the accommodation in all respects bad. At the Vatican Library, with vast space at the disposal of the authorities, there is only very limited accommodation for the examination of the MSS.

'Remedio per curare La Vanità Feminile,' dedicated to the Princess Borghese, and published in Rome, 1680. It appears that the love for dress at that period was so great in that city, as to cause laws to be enacted, strictly defining the manner of dress to be worn by married ladies and maidens.

Under the head of Wives and Maids, it is ordered that they shall not wear artificial flowers, nor feathers, nor handkerchiefs embroidered with gold, nor perfumed gloves, nor more than one skirt trimmed with gold or silver lace, nor shoes with sandals of the same materials. It then goes on to state, that all women transgressing these laws shall be fined one hundred scudi, a large sum at that period; and it gives many relations of how women who dressed showily were visited by demons, who inflicted summary punishment on them for their vanity.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Gay Season of Rome—Balls and Parties—Gaiety last Winter—The Ancient Nobles of Rome—Their Privileges—The Massimi Family—The Pallavicini—Virgil and the Modern Britons—The English Church in Rome—Admiration of Englishwomen by Roman Gentlemen—The Guardia Nobile—Their Slender Pay—Fortune-hunters—Lines suggested by an English Ball in Rome—The Theatres of Rome—The Apollo—The Argentina—Custom of the Governor giving Ices and Sweetmeats—Prices of Seats—Rossini and the Barbiere di Seviglia—Ludicrous Contretemps—Triumph of the Maestro—Private Theatricals in Rome—Theatre in the Via Frattina—Hunting in Rome—The Meet—English Influence in Rome—The Hounds blessed by the Pope—'Bass' and 'Guinness' —Miss Hosmer—Mr. Gibson's advice to her—Riding in the Campagna—Prowess of English Huntresses—Italians in the Hunting Field—Game of Palla—Prince Odescalchi—Hire of Riding Horses in Rome—Hunt Club Ball—Roman Princesses and their Diamonds.

With the Carnival, which commences shortly after New Year's Day, the gay season of Rome sets in. Parties and balls are of nightly occurrence, and the English quarter is a miniature May Fair. Rome, last winter, was unusually full of English; who, having for the most part, long purses, and being supremely indifferent to the ills arising from the bad papal government, hunted pleasure with great diligence

—too much so, I strongly suspect, for the comfort of certain sober Paterfamilias's, who, constrained to go out for the sake of their daughters—felt, if they did not exclaim, that the late Sir George Lewis was not far wrong, when he held that this world would be tolerable, were it not for its pleasures.

If you have a few good introductions, you will soon, if you care for such gaieties, be launched into a sea of parties, which, as the season ripens, assume a maelström form, engulfing you more and more, until your night hours are almost engrossed. These English parties are so very similar to those given in London during the season, that it is extremely difficult to realise that you are in Rome. The Crème de la Crème of high Roman society, consisting of the ancient nobles, do not mix with the English; while those beneath them in rank, do not live in a manner to enable them to exchange hospitalities with our wealthy countrymen. A curious paper might be written on the 'vicissitudes' of the Roman nobility, their titles, privileges, derivation of their names, and the manner in which they were created. Among the higher nobles, there are nice distinctions, such as having the privilege of erecting a baldacchino in their ante-chambers, bearing in state processions a blue silk umbrella, &c. The Massimi boast of being descended

from Fabius Maximus, and bear on their armorial shield, the famous 'Cunctando restituit,' of that valorous Roman.* Some of the titles are highly suggestive, such as the Pallavicini, Flay Neighbours, Male Spini, Evil Thorns, &c.

English parties in Rome are almost entirely confined to English, and the same crowding may be often seen at them, as in London—greater, indeed, if possible, sometimes, for there is no friendly staircase that you can convert into a kind of safety valve, to let off the superfluous pressure. I often thought, when contemplating the English in Rome, who occupy almost exclusively five large first-class hotels' besides hundreds of lodging houses, what Virgil would say, could he revisit the Eternal City; and learn that those well-dressed strangers and beautiful women, come from that small island of which he contemptuously wrote: 'Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.' Throw all the congregations of the upper classes attending the principal Roman Catholic churches together, and they would be out-numbered by the English, who attend the plain English Church with-

* Napoleon I. once asked a Massimo, in his usual brusque manner, 'Is it true that you are descended from Fabius Maximus?' 'I cannot prove it,' was the answer, 'but the report has been in our family for more than a thousand years.'

out the walls. Outdone, too, in aristocratic bearing and in the beauty of the women, for beauty does not exist at present among Roman ladies. During last winter, though the English Church is tolerably capacious, it was necessary to have two morning services, to accommodate the English.* On each Sunday, at the conclusion of the services, many young Roman gentlemen might be seen standing near the outer doors, regarding the English ladies with evident admiration. This is no unfounded assertion; for some Romans with whom I was acquainted, did not scruple to inform me that they made a point of going to our church when the services were over, to see and admire what they were pleased to call the most beautiful women in the world. This attraction, and that of substantial suppers, which contrast pleasantly, in the estimation of Romans, with the slender refreshments provided at their conversaziones, cause English parties to be much run after by Roman gentlemen. Many of low estate, the normal condition of the Roman gentry and second-class nobility, who are numerous in Rome, see, from

* At the first service, the Dean of Canterbury (Alford) preached, and though the service necessarily commenced at an early hour, the great eloquence of the Dean and excellence of his sermons soon drew large congregations.

time to time a Guardia Nobile, or other smart officer, gain the hand of an English lady with a fortune; and as ladies with fortunes are not very uncommon visitors during the winter in Rome, there is a great desire on the part of many Roman gentlemen to be introduced to them. Three hundred pounds a year would entice few gentlemen to marry in England; but a lady with this fortune would be a prize in Rome, and when I state that the pay of a Guardia Nobile is only twenty-five Scudi a month, (5*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*) and that some exist on this slender pay, it is evident that a lady with one hundred Scudi a month is deemed by these gentlemen worth looking after. I do not however wish it to be supposed, that all Roman gentlemen having an eye to matrimony think only of fortunes. Some Romans with whom I became acquainted through my Italian friends, lost their hearts at first sight; and reticence forming no part of their passion, they were generally very communicative on the subject of their admiration for certain English beauties whom they had seen at balls. It was, indeed, in consequence of the havoc made on the hearts of certain young Romans by ladies at a ball given in Rome last winter, that the following lines were composed and sent to the lady hostess:

The time was once, when mighty Rome sent forth
To that small isle, ringed by the Northern Sea—
Britain by name—a land all savage then,
Legions, which 'neath imperial Cæsar drove
The rough barbarians from their wattled homes,
And bound them captives to the Conqueror's car.

But mark the change—that little isle has risen
To be the talk and wonder of the world,
While Rome, her mistress once, has fallen low.
But though no British armèd hosts are here,
To sack the city or to spoil the land,
Yet are invaders yearly at her gates,
Thronging her streets, her palaces and halls.
And if Anacreon, in that ode, sang true,
When praising lovely woman, he declared,
That all a world is weak before her smile—
Then surely Roman youths and Roman men
May tremble for their peace; for here are charms,
Beauty, and grace—fair flowers of Britain's soil;
Such loveliness as no land else can show.
Yes, Cæsar triumphed by his warlike arts,
But English beauty conquers Roman hearts!

At the commencement of the Carnival, the two large theatres, the Apollo and the Argentina open for grand and comic operas. At the first, it has always been the custom for the governor of Rome to present ices and sweetmeats to the occupiers of the first, second, and third tiers of boxes on the opening night. Considerable dissatisfaction was felt last winter, by the governor departing from this custom, for what reason I could not learn. The operas in these houses were unworthy of Rome, being with few ex-

ceptions badly performed. One tenor, Ruggero Sirchia, sang well, but the other singers were very indifferent. Nor was there much novelty, the same operas and ballets being given over and over again until one was weary of them. The prices, however, are so moderate, that it would be unreasonable to expect much novelty or variety. The subscription for a large box on the second tier (the best), for 37 performances, is 198 scudi at the Apollo, and 110 scudi at the Argentina. The price of a good stall at the former is 50 baiocchi, or 2*s.* 1*d.* The ballet was generally better than the opera; that at the Apollo, which ran through the season, entitled Cristofero Colombo, was effectively got up, and creditable in all respects.

It is customary among Romans to share a box among three or four families. Roman ladies are very fond of the opera, and never miss their subscription nights. On these occasions, they receive friends in their box; and as I was informed, are very sensitive, should you, if on visiting terms, forget their opera evenings, of which they take care to give you due notice. An English lady told me, that having accidentally overlooked the opera engagements of a Roman lady, and invited her to a party on one of these evenings, she received a note in reply, refusing the invitation and

expressing great surprise that the English lady should have made such a mistake.

Both the Apollo and Argentina Theatres have seen the birth of some of the most celebrated standard operas. It was at the Argentina, in 1816, that Rossini's Barbiere di Seviglia was first represented. There is an amusing account in an Italian work of Rossini's trepidation on this occasion, caused by a series of *contretemps*.

On his appearance at the piano in the orchestra, wearing a quaintly cut coat of vivid amber colour, a general laugh arose among the audience. Garcia, who played Almaviva, had no sooner struck the strings of his guitar under Rosina's window, than they all gave way with a loud twang. The same accident happened to the mandolin of Zamboni, who undertook the part of Figaro. As soon as Basilio appeared on the stage, he was tripped up by a wire, and fell on his nose, which was quickly deluged with blood. He wore a white robe, and this in his attempts to staunch the blood became besmeared by the crimson stream. At this spectacle, the audience, far from well behaved from the first, broke forth in uproarious convulsions of laughter, amidst which, and a confusion of cat-calls and jeers, poor Rossini rushed from the orchestra, and never drew breath until he arrived at home.

The next evening witnessed a very different state of things. The opera went off admirably, but no persuasion could induce Rossini to leave his room to witness the performance. Towards midnight he heard a great commotion in the street; and presently numerous voices crying 'Rossini, Rossini.' 'Ah,' thought he, 'here are the people determined to let me know that my poor opera has been even more damned to-night than it was last evening.' The story runs that, when the tumult increased, and steps were heard ascending the stairs, the *maestro* hid himself under his bed.

Presently, loud knocks were heard at the door, and Rossini was urged to come forth with shouts *a svegliar i morti*. But, as they had no further effect than causing him to remain perfectly quiet, it was suggested that Rossini had perhaps misinterpreted the intentions of his admirers, and that he was silent from fear. Such indeed was the case, and when the great composer was at length prevailed upon to open the door, he was found half dead from alarm.

To seize Rossini, and bear him in triumph to the theatre was the work of a moment. There he became assured that his opera had signally succeeded; and to crown his triumph, was conducted, through a lane of blazing torches, to a neighbouring osteria,

where a supper had been ordered at which his friends were present who kept up wild mirth and jollity until far into the morning hours.

Private theatricals given by the Roman Amateur Dramatic Society were among the evening amusements last winter in Rome. The society rent a small and elegant theatre in the Via Frattina, well adapted for their purpose. On each night of performance the little theatre was crowded with a highly dressed and fashionable audience. The pieces selected were standard comedies and burlesques, generally extremely well performed.

The great day amusement of the English in Rome during winter is hunting—not that many follow the hounds on horseback, but the meet is always numerously attended. And very pretty is the sight on a bright day in winter, when the Alban hills, crested with snow, stand out against the deep blue sky, and the air is delightfully bracing—to see the gathering of healthy English faces, the girls with nature's roses on their cheeks, at a meet in the Campagna. The distance from Rome is generally sufficiently near to enable pedestrians to be present, and several visitors attend in carriages.

Here again, English influence prevails. At the beginning of the season, it was apprehended that

there would not be any hunting; as, in consequence of a Roman gentleman having been injured by a fall from his horse during the preceding winter, the Pope had interdicted the sport on the ground of its dangerous nature. Think of this, ye Meltonians, who would never more doff leather, if fox hunting were not spiced with danger. Why, it is this element that gives it zest! Did not Assheton Smith 'ride for a fall'? and are there not hundreds of fox hunters who go forth three days a week, during the hunting season, intent on running the risk of breaking their necks? To English interest yielded Pope and Cardinals, and last winter many a happy day was spent following the hounds. But His Holiness did more. Somehow or other, though foxes were abundant, the sport was not good in the early part of the season, runs being few, and brushes fewer still. Was there a jettatura in the hunt; or, worse still, a fair jettatrice, under whose fatal influence scent did not lie, foxes got to earth, and hounds became disheartened and would not work? *Non so!* but thus it was, and so one day a proposition, emanating of course from a Romanist, was made that the Pope should be requested to bless the hounds. The Pontiff's blessing could do no harm, and might be productive of benefit. No objection was made by the master of the hounds, and an opportunity soon

offered to put the question to His Holiness, whether he would give his benediction to the animals. Consent being accorded, the hounds were assembled beneath his carriage windows, when he was driving in the Campagna, and the ten couples were duly blessed. Whether sport improved after this I am unable to say.

The Roman Hunt partakes largely of a picnic gathering: Spillman, the restaurant of the Via Condotti, is in the habit of pitching a marquee at the locality of the meet, filled with comestibles, conveyed from Rome in an omnibus like van, including an abundance of Bass's bitter ale, and Guinness's porter. These beverages are greatly approved by the Romans, who indeed patronise Spillman on these occasions far more extensively than the English.

A well known figure at the Roman hunt is that of Miss Hosmer, the clever American sculptor, who rides so well that it is a pity the Campagna has no stiff fences to try her prowess. Gibson, who is a great friend of Miss Hosmer, is reported to have said to her, 'you will never excel in your profession if you hunt so much.' 'Mr. Gibson,' was her reply, 'if you could ride as well as I do, you would hunt too.' I am not at all sure that the great sculptor would be tempted, rode he ever so well, to turn Nimrod now,

or to leave his studio for the fairest scene in the Campagna; but, notwithstanding his remark to Miss Hosmer, most persons will agree that she is quite right to hunt, and that her skill is not at all likely to suffer by this wholesome exercise.

If active on your legs, you may easily see a great portion of the hunt in the Campagna. For generally, when foxes are numerous, they rarely run far, betaking themselves, like wise animals as they are, to the numerous holes honeycombing the country. These holes which generally adjoin ruins, cannot be stopped; indeed they communicate sometimes with the Catacombs, for the English of the nineteenth century gallop over the dust of martyrs. By cutting across the Campagna, climbing grass-grown mounds or ancient tombs, you will, if at all experienced in the course hounds are likely to take, see probably more of the run than those who are mounted. For, although the Campagna is hedgeless, it consists of so many undulations, fissures and ravines that equestrians have frequently to make long détours to avoid these. Bold riders often come to grief at these localities, and more than one gentleman last winter was injured by falls, arising from the dangerous nature of the ground. The lady huntresses are confined, with the exception of some American ladies, to our countrywomen. Among those

last winter, were some ladies who would, had they been well mounted, have been in the van in Leicestershire. Italian ladies do not hunt; at least, I never saw one in the field. Among the many features of English life in Rome that amazed my landlord's daughters, none surprised them more than hearing of English girls, riding furiously across a country after a fox, at the infinite risk, as they believed, of breaking their necks.* Woman, in Italy, is brought up to shrink from the public gaze and the free air of heaven; and to ride or handle the reins forms no part of her education. My landlord's daughters were not, however, singular in their astonishment, that risks should be run by women or men, for the sake alone, as they imagined, of obtaining a fox's tail; I heard several Roman gentlemen express almost equal astonishment. It is true, you occasionally see a few Italian gentlemen at the meet, including one or two Cavalry officers in their uniforms; but you will rarely find

*The prowess and daring deeds of some Englishwomen in the hunting-field is well known, and sometimes elicits the admiration of those who might not be expected to appreciate them. A lady celebrated in the North of England for her hunting feats, on one occasion, during a bitter day when snow and sleet were driving fast, swam her horse across the Tees. When midway, she was seen by a countryman, who happened to be rowing down the river. Unable to suppress his admiration, he exclaimed—'Hey, but thou 'rt a bonny lass, I'd loike to have thee for my wife!'

them riding to hounds, a low wall or fence acting as insuperable barriers. Not thus chicken hearted were their forefathers; but we need not go back to the days of Rome's greatness, to find manliness among her citizens, that unhappily no longer exists. The fine games of Pilotta or Palla,* Trucco, &c., were formerly played by Roman youths, the very nature of which is unknown to the majority of the present generation.

The Roman hunt last winter was principally managed by Prince Odescalchi and Miss Hosmer. The hounds, numbering, as I have said, ten couples, were in good working condition. Horses adapted for hunting now cost thirty scudi a month. All the best are hired early in the season. The demand at present greatly exceeds the supply. Indeed, it would, I believe, pay an English gentleman fond of hunting to import a couple of hunters, which might be sold very advantageously at the end of the season.

We were indebted to the Hunt Club for one of the best balls given in Rome last winter. All the

* The Piazza of this name in Rome is called from this game, which Moroni in his *Dizionario di Erudizione Storico Ecclesiastica*, states was very much played by the Roman Nobles in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

arrangements were on a most liberal scale, and the affair went off with great eclat.

Not, however, at the English balls will you see the jewelled glory of the Roman ladies. The Roman princesses blazing with diamonds is a sight well worth seeing; and should you have a weakness for these things, you may gratify it by attending one of the great charity balls which the high Roman families patronise. You may also see them at the receptions of the Ambassadors, which are open to all attired in proper costume. At one of these, given by the French Ambassador, there sat, during the greater part of the evening, six ladies side by side, literally cuirassed in diamonds—diamonds, too, flashed from their heads, which seemed radiant with a nimbus-like glory; there was a fascination in the brilliancy though the eyes ached from the splendour. The possessors of these gems were Roman princesses, in whose families the jewels have been preserved for many centuries.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Palatine—Its former Architectural Splendour—Milton's Vision of it—Palace of the Cæsars—Present Appearance of the Palatine —Emperor of the French—The Excavations—Roman 'Navvies'— Relics of the Past—Temple of Jupiter Propugnator—Nymphœum of Vespasian's Palace—Gorgeous Chamber—Gold Coins—Fashionable Promenade—Excavations in the Via Latina—Signor Fortunati—Basilica of St. Stephen—The 'Painted Tomb'—Columbaria —Archæological Treasures—Temple of Jupiter Latialis.

AMONG the many localities in Rome which stir our thoughts to their innermost depths, not one possesses a greater interest than the Palatine. On this hill, Rome may be said to have been born; and here the Cæsars reared structures, the baldest description of which fills us with amazement. Temples and palaces, baths, and theatres, academies and libraries, corridors of marvellous length and design, and terraces covered with statues, were here; and now, though they were constructed of titanic strength, their very site is but a tumbled heap of ruins: made up of broken columns and fragments of friezes, statues, and masonry. A more impressive picture of fallen greatness cannot be conceived, and we are

perplexed to imagine how such complete ruin could have been wrought. Not fanciful is Milton's vision of the glorious edifices which formerly crowned this far-famed hill:

> —— On Mount Palatine
> The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
> The structure, skill of noblest architects,
> With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
> Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires:
> Many a fair edifice besides, more like
> Houses of Gods (so well I have disposed
> My airy microscope) thou mayest behold
> Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
> Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
> In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.*

Ruins, too, upon ruins; for not one, but several structures have disappeared. In the early part of the fifteenth century, there was not a single building standing on the Palatine, excepting the Church built by Calixtus. Later, a splendid villa was erected by the Farnese. Michael Angelo designed it, Raphael adorned it, and some of the choicest sculptures from the baths of Caracalla were stolen to beautify it. But this too, became ruined, though the Farnese gardens remain.

Amidst these, on each Thursday, you will see during the winter, crowds of English; for the Palace of the Cæsars has become a fashionable promenade.

* *Paradise Regained.*

No longer, as in the days when Gibbon meditated among the neighbouring ruins, is the Palatine the abode of foxes; and though at night you may still hear

> —— From out the Cæsar's palace
> The owl's long cry,

the greater part of the Palatine consists of trim walks and flower-beds, terraces garlanded by creeping plants and roses, gushing fountains, and all the accessories of pleasure grounds. To the Emperor of the French is this change due. The Palatine is his property, and under his orders the present excavations are carried on.*

Do not imagine when you read of excavations in Rome, that the excavators are like those stalwart British Navvies, who work with surprising will and energy, due to good wages and plenty of beef and beer: your Italian labourer is a very different animal. *Piano, piano,* is his motto, and so daintily does he handle the mattock that you might suppose he was a dillettante antiquary. In keeping with this performance, reminding you strongly of children with

* The Palatine is of a rhomboid form, and nearly one mile-and-a-half in circuit. Its height above the sea is 172 feet. The height of the other hills in Rome is as follows: —Pincian, 216; Capitoline, 162; Esquiline, the most extensive of the seven hills, 180; Quirinal, 145; Cœlian, 146; Aventine, 148.

their tiny spades on the sea-shore, are the small carts drawn by impotent mules, in which the rubbish is conveyed away. Slow and lazy as it all seems, there is this advantage in the method, that the labourers are not likely to injure, by violent and hasty digging, any fragments of sculpture, or other antiquities, on which they come; and so abundant are these remains, that the entire hill, one mile and a half in circumference, seems sown, as it were, with them. Very interesting indeed is it to watch the workmen. Every few minutes you see fragments of marble, or portions of fresco, the colours as bright as the day they were laid on, or a delicate piece of sculpture, or a fragment of oxidised glass, radiant as a gem, brought to light. The most profound archæologists are unable to assign names to the various chambers, &c., discovered, generally underlying a fragmentary stratum, twenty feet deep, made up of crumbled masonry. Names, it is true, are attached to them, but they are for the most part but feeble guesses at truth. What has been discovered renders it probable that the Palatine was covered by buildings, with spaces between them laid out in gardens. The remains of the majority of these buildings will, doubtless, some day be laid bare, but this hill can never be

effectually excavated until the Villa Palatina, now occupied by nuns, is removed.

The most recent excavations are those on the site of the building erected by Domitian and Vespasian over the palace of Augustus. In the course of last winter a portion of the Temple of Jupiter Propugnator was disinterred. This was one of the original structures erected on the Palatine. It adjoins the Nymphæum of Vespasian's Palace, and its existence, even as a fragment, can only be due to the circumstance of its having been a religious edifice; otherwise it would, in all probability, have been pulled down to make room for the Emperor's Palace. When all the rubbish now encumbering the Palatine is cleared away, the visitor will be enabled to enjoy a comprehensive view of an imposing mass of the remains of the palaces of various emperors, who vied with each other in raising edifices of amazing achitectural grandeur.

For, though clouded in obscurity, there is sufficient evidence to confirm all that has come down to us respecting the gorgeous magnificence of the structures on this hill. A glimpse of the glory of one imperial palace has been seen by persons living in comparatively modern times. Bartoli tells us, in his Memoirs, that a vast chamber discovered during the

pontificate of Innocent X. (1649) was covered with a species of gold brocade originally apparently of great richness and still extremely beautiful; but as those who had the good fortune to see the dazzling sight looked on in wonder, it faded away before their eyes, and soon entirely disappeared. The walls of another apartment were found inlaid with silver, and a third room was lined with sheets of lead, a space being left between the lead and the walls, within which an enormous quantity of gold coins were found. No 'finds' like these have recently rewarded the excavators, but the discoveries made are still sufficiently valuable and interesting to encourage further researches.

Happily, although the Palatine is a fashionable promenade, the area is sufficiently large to enable you to wander through arched corridors and along terraces without encountering crinoline at every step, and if you desire to be influenced by the locality, you must be beyond ear-shot of the frivolous chatter of visitors, who come here merely to lounge away a few hours. Alone, or with a sympathising friend, an afternoon spent amidst the ruins on the Palatine is most enjoyable. Then you will see the Colosseum standing aloft like a Titanic creation, backed by the Alban hills, rosy beneath the western

sun, and you will realise the feelings of the graceful poet, who tells us that he loved to

> . . . . climb the Palatine,
> Dreaming of old Evander and his guest,
> Dreaming and lost on that proud eminence,
> Long while the seat of Rome, hereafter found
> Less than enough (so monstrous was the brood
> Engendered there, so Titan-like) to lodge
> One in his madness.*

Second only in interest to the ruins on this most classical mount, are the recent excavations on the Via Latina. Few localities around Rome exceed this in interest, and it is indeed most surprising that this great ancient highway should have been only laid open within the last few years. Fully as surprising, too, is the circumstance that the discoveries should have been made, not by the Papal Government, but by a private individual. The fact is the more astonishing, when it is borne in mind that the Via Latina was known to have been lined with sepulchral monuments, this great highway having been a favourite locality for the tombs of illustrious persons. The conservative power of the earth under which old Rome is buried, made it highly probable that researches carried on here would lead to interesting results; but, though the attention of the

* Rogers' *Italy*.

Papal Government was called to the subject at various times, no action was taken.

It was not until 1859 that Signor Fortunati, an antiquary of great eminence, in the course of archæological researches in this district, discovered the Basilica of St. Stephen, founded in the pontificate of Leo the Great (A.D. 440). Encouraged by this discovery, he continued his labours, undertaken entirely at his own cost, and was rewarded by finding the original pavement of the Via Latina and several sepulchres. Some of these contain exquisite paintings. That called *par excellence* 'The Painted Tomb' is a marvel of art, the stucco ornaments being of cameo fineness, and the paintings of miniature-like delicacy. The tombs are supposed not to date from an earlier period than the reign of the Antonines. Signor Fortunati's labours were followed by some works undertaken by Government, which resulted in the discovery of various Columbaria, but of no tombs at all comparable in beauty or elegance to those previously disinterred. This circumstance seems to have deterred the Papal Government from continuing the excavations. At all events, no works are now in progress; but you have only to look at the configuration of the yet undisturbed ground beneath which the Via Latina runs, to feel persuaded that mines of

archæological treasure lie beneath your feet.* Indeed, there is no part of ancient Rome that would, probably, reward archæological researches more than this, but there is no prospect of anything more being done during the present pontificate.

It is interesting to note that the vista of the Via Latina is terminated as you look beyond Rome by Monte Cavo, on the crest of which stood the famous Temple of Jupiter Latialis, while the vista looking citywards is bounded by the glorious dome of St. Peter's. The pagan temple has entirely disappeared, while the cross of Christ crowns the Christian fane.

* Those who may be desirous of investigating the topography of the Via Latina, will be greatly assisted by consulting *Gli Edifizi antichi dei Contorni di Roma cogniti per alcune Reliquie. Roma*, 1856-64. This great and most valuable work, commenced by L. Canina, is now completed, the fifth and sixth volumes having lately been published by Spithöver, at Rome. The last volume contains plans, &c., of the discoveries on the Via Latina.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Villa Livia—Statues from Volsinii—Villa Cæsarum—Charming Situation of the Villa Livia—Remarkable Discovery—Beautiful Frescoes—Livia's Garden Bower—Probable Period at which the Frescoes were executed—Ludius—Exquisite Stucco Work—Discovery of the Statue of Augustus—Torchlight View of it—Description of Objects on the Cuirass—How Canova showed his Statues—Lines by Moore on Canova—Augustus represented as a Beggar—The Empress Livia—A Dutiful Wife.

To the numerous and interesting localities in Rome, which make intimate acquaintance with that city the business of a life, has now to be added the Villa Livia. The discovery of this villa is another confirmation of the opinion advanced by Roman archæologists, that you have only to probe undisturbed ground in the vicinity of Rome, to come upon relics of this wonderful city's former greatness and splendour. Many ancient disentombed statues and fragments of sculptures adorn the halls of the Vatican and other galleries, and many more are still buried in the ground, and will some day reward the zeal and enterprise of antiquaries. The number of sculptures which Rome obtained from conquered

provinces is amazing. From the Etruscan city of Volsinii, Pliny tells us, upwards of 2000 statues alone, many of them of great excellence and beauty, were removed to Rome; and hundreds of other cities and towns were laid under contribution to adorn their powerful mistress.

The Villa Livia, alluded to by Pliny as Villa Cæsarum,* ranks among the most interesting recent discoveries in or near Rome. It is situated at Prima Porta, about eight miles from the city, to the right of the road leading from Rome to La Storta. The remains of the foundations, which have been laid bare, show that it was of great extent. The Villa was built on the brow of a slight eminence above the Tiber, which winds beneath, and overlooked what is now the lone Campagna, whose grassy waves roll in loftier ridges as they approach the Alban hills. The view of these hills, crowned by grand Monte Cavo, is extremely beautiful. A more charming site for a villa near Rome could not have been selected, and there is little doubt that it was a favourite retreat of Livia. Above ground nothing now remains but a few crumbling walls, and vast fragmentary masses of masonry, including marble and alabaster. Beneath, however, a great discovery has been made. In the

* *Hist. Nat.*, xv. 40.

course of the explorations, under the direction of Signor Gagliardi, the workmen came, in May 1863, on a flight of steps, which led to two apartments about twenty feet under ground, one vaulted, divided by a wall, the other about thirty-five feet square, adorned with perhaps the most beautiful ancient frescoes hitherto brought to light. The ceiling of this exquisite apartment was principally composed of marble. When discovered, the centre was filled with marble fragments and rubbish, but so little damp existed, that, with the exception of two or three places of insignificant extent, all the frescoes were as fresh as if they had just been painted. It is supposed that this part of the villa was situated in the midst of a plantation or garden, and that this painted room was intended to be in harmony with the objects around. Be this as it may, it is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful than the ornamentation of the apartment. The lower portion of the walls, to the height of about four feet from the floor, represents trellis-work, from which spring the most exquisitely painted trees, shrubs, and plants. These are loaded with fruit and flowers, among which a variety of birds and insects are feeding, fluttering, or reposing. The vegetation is for the most part tropical, and the painter has been careful to introduce amidst this,

those animals only which are natives of tropical regions. The grace and exquisite delicacy of the foliage and fruit are worthy of Raphael's happiest efforts; indeed, it may be doubted whether any part of the famous paintings by that artist in the Loggie of the Vatican are more beautiful than these. Amidst the foliage is the representation of an elegant cage suspended from a bough, containing a goldfinch; the bird being in all respects most life-like. The artist evidently bestowed very great pains on the adornment of this chamber, which antiquaries are disposed to believe was the garden bower of the voluptuous Livia. And so beautiful are the paintings, that these gentlemen, who are in all countries noted for their inquiring spirit, have spent a considerable time in endeavouring to throw light on the probable date of the frescoes, and the name of the artist. The result of their inquiries appears in a brochure, which, being printed for private circulation only,* leads me to transfer a portion of it to these pages. After dwelling at considerable length on the exquisite beauty of the frescoes, the writer adds: 'It now remains to be seen what is the artistic era of these paintings. Let

* Illustration de la Statue de César Auguste récemment trouvée dans les fouilles faites à Prima Porta.

us first recall to mind that passage in Vitruvius (vii. 5) where he says that the *ambulationes* are painted, *portus, promontoria, littora, flumina, fontes, euripi, fana, luci, montes, pecora, pastores per topia, ceteraque quæ sunt eorum similibus rationibus a rerum natura procreata.* Another passage in Pliny may be cited that Ludius "*divi Augusti ætate . . . . primus instituit amœnissimam parietum picturam, villas et porticus ac topiaria opera, lucos, nemora . . . . blandissimo aspectu minimoque impendio.*" It is true that Pliny seemed to attach great importance to *argutiæ facetissimi salis*, expressed by various groups of figures in their connexion with landscapes. Nor must we take as exactly literal the expression *primus instituit.* Under any circumstances, however, it is certain that in the hands of Ludius this kind of painting acquired new features, and became at the same time highly developed; and as the paintings in question are in a villa built for Livia by Augustus, it is but reasonable to conclude that they are of that period, and were painted by Ludius. They are in all respects worthy of that artist; for they far surpass paintings of a similar nature hitherto found at Pompeii. No feature is neglected, every portion is painted in a manner exhibiting the most intimate acquaintance

with the trees and flowers represented, and the same may be said of the various birds and insects which are introduced. In short, all points to the conclusion that the artist of these exquisite paintings was no other than Ludius, whose fame as a fresco painter is greatly exalted by the discovery of these chefs-d'œuvre.'

You see that Roman antiquaries are, like their brethren generally, quick at arriving at conclusions. Without attempting to disprove these, we can fortunately admire the frescoes, whether painted by Ludius or another cunning hand. It is difficult by artificial light to see these frescoes properly. They require daylight to do them justice, and it is to be hoped that when the explorations are renewed, and more chambers are laid open—for probably others are contiguous to those already discovered—they may be effectively lighted, so as to permit the paintings being seen during the day. It is believed that they were originally lighted from openings in the ceiling.

Besides these frescoes, there are several exquisite fragments of stucco work, in the form of arabesques, scrolls, &c., which, I am sorry to see, are fast disappearing; as the custode of the villa, whether rightly or not I cannot say, sells them to visitors.

Two gentlemen on the day of my visit carried off nearly a carriageful of these relics, which they had purchased for a few pauls.

Although the paintings, of the beauty of which I have given but a faint idea, constitute the great charm of the Villa Livia, we must not forget that it was amidst the ruined walls of the upper portion of the villa that the famous statue of Augustus, now in the Vatican, was found.

Among the numerous masterpieces of sculpture which arrest your steps, as you pace the halls in that treasure-house of art, this statue holds the highest rank. It represents Augustus as he has been made familiar to us by history, the type of a man who possessed the rare tact of exercising absolute power over a people who, though jealous of their freedom, became not only his willing but also his grateful subjects. Psychologically similar in many respects to the first Napoleon, who had the power of moulding multitudes to his will, the countenances of these men bear a great similarity, especially in the prominence of their chins, and the massiveness of their foreheads.

Ancient sculptors were always extremely careful to embody whatever attributes appertained to the subjects of their statues, and which were at all likely to

identify them. Thus, the statue of Augustus is highly emblematic of the man, but the various insignia with which it is covered, and its great artistic merit, can be only properly seen and appreciated by viewing it by torchlight. I saw it twice by this light, and on the last occasion was even more struck by its excellence than when I first examined it. And I have entertained a higher idea of the æsthetic taste of the Pope, since hearing that His Holiness spent an hour before the statue last winter, seated at a small table, on which was placed hot coffee—a great luxury on a winter's evening in the Vatican—an attendant meanwhile exhibiting all the excellences of the statue by means of a small light properly screened.*

This statue, of fine Greek marble, is not only

* Canova's favourite mode of showing statues was by the light of a *small* taper. Thomas Moore relates that he was present when Canova showed Chantrey by this light his famous statue of the Princess Pauline Borghese as Venere Vincitrice in the Villa Borghese, at Rome. Or rather commenced exhibiting it, for Chantrey snatched the light out of his hand, desirous of paying Canova the compliment of illumining it himself. This graceful act led Moore to write these lines:—

When he, thy peer in art and fame,
Hung o'er the marble with delight;
And while his ling'ring hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays,
Gave thee, with all the generous zeal
Such master spirits only feel,
The best of fame—a rival's praise!

highly valuable as being one of the finest examples of ancient sculpture in Rome, but because it embodies a very interesting history. Of colossal size, the emperor is represented in a cuirass, the right arm elevated, the left holding a sceptre. The cuirass is covered with elaborate sculptures, all of which have distinct reference to the principal military events in the life of Augustus. In the middle of the cuirass is the representation of a Parthian presenting his eagle-headed lance to Augustus, symbolical of the reconquest by the latter of the Roman ensigns captured by Orodes and Fraates in the reverses experienced by M. Crassus and Mark Antony. The youth who is represented receiving the lance from the Parthian is Tiberius, at that period twenty-two years of age; and the sculptor, in order to testify how faithfully the latter carried out Augustus' orders, has placed a dog at his feet.

Above these figures is a symbolical representation of the birth of Augustus, foreshadowing his brilliant career. On one side of the front of the cuirass Apollo is seen, on the other, Diana, tutelar goddess of Sicily; the figure of Apollo being supposed to allude to Augustus's great victory of Actium, Apollo having been held in particular veneration in that city; and that of Diana, to the emperor's conquest

of Sicily. Beneath these figures are representations of two prisoners, symbolical of the conquest of Spain and Dalmatia. The two sphinxes on the shoulders of the cuirass are in like manner emblematical of Augustus's conquests in Egypt.* At the bottom of the cuirass, in a recumbent attitude, a woman is represented, clothed in a long flowing robe, crowned with a wreath of corn, holding a cornucopiæ, and having two children at her side. This figure is typical of the earth at rest, enjoying the fruits of the conquests of Augustus. The two children are supposed to represent Caius and Lucius, nephews of Octavius, who were adopted by Augustus in their infancy. Finally, the dolphin at the feet of Augustus, on which a child is riding, is symbolical of the divine origin of Augustus, who was supposed to have sprung from Venus, goddess of the sea. Horace refers to this in the words *Clarus Anchisæ Venerisque sanguis*, and this accounts satisfactorily for the figure of Cupid riding on the dolphin. The cuirass and other parts of the statue bear distinct traces of having been coloured.

It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than is presented by this statue of the great Augustus and that of this Emperor in the Villa Borghese, representing

* Augustus sometimes sealed his imperial despatches with a sphinx.

him in the supplicatory attitude of a beggar. It was indeed long believed that this was a statue of Belisarius, but Winkelmann rectified the mistake. We cannot, however, wonder at such a misapprehension having existed, because our knowledge of Augustus does not at all accord with any idea of him as a beggar. The fact is, that Augustus had a vision, in which he was warned to humble himself, and sit as a beggar before his palace, in order to appease Nemesis, and in this attitude he is represented in the statue in question.

With regard to the statue found in the Villa Livia, it is extremely probable that it was often contemplated by that empress. What Augustus's affection for Livia was, is well known. 'Preserve the remembrance of a husband who has loved you very tenderly,' were the last words of the emperor, as he lay on his death-bed. And when asked how she contrived to retain his affection, Dion Cassius tells us that she replied, 'My secret is very simple. I have made it the study of my life to please him, and I have never manifested any indiscreet curiosity with respect to his public or private affairs.' A pattern wife this, you would say from this speech; but, although the widow Livia duly mourned her lord, and kept watch over his ashes, her character as an exemplary woman will not, it is apprehended, bear too strict an investigation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Tiber—Artistic Treasures concealed in its Bed—Proposal to the Papal Government to search for these—Submitted to Cardinal Antonelli—How entertained by him—Bed of Tiber cleaned by Augustus—The Bateau Plongeur—Probable Results of searching the Bed of this River.

WHILE looking one day at the excavations on the Palatine, and seeing the ground render up curious fragments of the long past, I thought of the tawny Tiber, which winds not far from the base of that hill, and of the numerous treasures buried, in all probability, in its bed. It has always been the habit of besieged citizens to cast valuable property into rivers; and when pressed by foes from without or from other causes, vast hoards of treasure and sculptures have doubtless been from time to time thrown into the Tiber. The golden spoils from the Temple of Jerusalem, including the famous seven-branched candlestick and the gold table, fell, we are told, into the Tiber from the Milvian bridge, when Maxentius fled before Constantine; and there is a general belief that these precious relics are still in the bed of that river. Without, however, insisting on this, no one at all

conversant with the history of Rome can hesitate to believe that the Tiber contains many statues, bronzes, and other artistic objects. Often, when hanging over the Ponte Rotto, on the site of the Pons Æmilius, from whence you enjoy one of the most picturesque views of Rome, including the Isola di San Bartolomeo, I speculated on the antiquities lying, in all probability, beneath me. We know that many valuable objects of art are lost in the sewers of great cities. May not the Cloaca Maxima, whose cavern-like mouth is seen from this bridge, have been the depository of numberless treasures which have passed into the Tiber, when floods flushed this gigantic sewer?

Thinking of these things, and taking counsel with some friends, I was induced to draw up a proposal for searching the bed of the Tiber, with the view of bringing to light some of its hidden treasures. I took considerable pains to show that the undertaking would, in all probability, be successful, and argued that if the scheme did not produce the expected results, something would be gained by ascertaining that the Tiber did not contain the treasures believed to be buried in its bed. I proposed, moreover, that the undertaking should be confided to a small public company, on the understanding that the Papal Government would grant a concession of the right

to search the river bed for a certain number of years; the Government to be at no expense whatever, but to receive a royalty on whatever objects of value were found.

My next step was to cause the proposition to be laid before the Papal Government, and as this may be said to be represented by Antonelli, I requested a friend, who is well acquainted with that cardinal, to place the document that I had drawn up in his hands, and to obtain an interview with him on the subject. The latter was granted, and as this was not an occasion for the cardinal to conceal his thoughts in diplomatic verbiage, after hearing all that my friend had to say in favour of the scheme, he stated that he had perused the document, and had given it his most attentive consideration; that he did not question the statements to the effect that the Tiber did contain many objects of great artistic value, besides gold and silver treasure, but that any derangement of the bed of the river would be so certain to engender malaria, that he could not entertain any scheme that would lead to such a result.

I confess that I did not expect a favourable answer, though I was not exactly prepared for the objections raised by the Secretary of State. The Roman emperors, we know, were at especial pains to keep

the bed of the Tiber as free as possible, in order to enable ships to ascend the river to Rome. Augustus, we read, cleared the bed of the river without prejudicial results to the population, then greatly larger than it is now, and in these days of high engineering science, the Tiber might be searched without danger to the population. Indeed, by means of the Bateau Plongeur, invented by Mougel Bey, the bed might be effectively examined during winter without even incurring any risk of producing malaria.

I may mention, that in the course of conversation with Cardinal Antonelli, he stated to my friend that a kind of Società, as he called it, had some years ago been empowered to search the Tiber for treasures. The apparatus employed was a species of iron plunger, furnished with hooks which closed on any objects that it grasped. With this rude contrivance, several fragments of statues, &c., were recovered. Nearly all the great ancient statues in the Vatican, and other galleries in Rome, were found dismembered, the heads frequently having been constructed of a separate piece of marble, and inserted, socket fashion, into the body. Thus it became easier to cast such statues into the Tiber than if they had been entire, and that hundreds are still reposing in the embraces of its mud is highly probable.

In these days when every scheme, in the least likely to be profitable, is brought forward in the form of a Public Company, such an undertaking as this would, in all probability, find supporters; for, apart from the probable pecuniary gain, there are many gentlemen of fortune so deeply interested in the question that they would, I am quite sure, embark a little money in the venture, if only for the sake of ascertaining whether the treasures supposed to be concealed in the Tiber are really there. If they are, and that even moderate success attended the undertaking, the profits arising would be large. For at no period have such high prices been given for works of art as at present, and when these are authentic antiques, their value is enormously enhanced.

The present time, I am well aware, is not precisely the fittest for the initiation of any undertaking in Rome; for even should concessions be made to a public company for any object, no dependence could be placed on the stability of any contracts entered into with the Papal Government. But *le bon temps viendra*, and when Rome is an integral part of Italy, it is quite possible that her new governors may be inclined to entertain a proposition which would, in all probability, yield valuable and interesting results.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Sabbath in Rome—How it is kept—Early Italian Academies—The Accademia de' Lincei—Its History—Difficulty in finding it—Attend a Meeting of the Academy—Professor Volpicelli—Curious Fall of a Gray Powder—Low State of Science in Rome—The Instituto Archeologico—Observatory of the Collegio di Sapienza—Fine View from the Roof—Ascent of the Capitol Tower—no longer allowed—The Colours of Italy and France.

Among the many anomalies in Rome, a city professing to be at the head of the Christian religion, none is more striking than that those who, by their position, might be expected to set an example of propriety and consistency, should pay little respect to the commandment to abstain from labour on the sabbath. We know that Roman Catholics take strange, and, as Protestants believe, unwarrantable liberties with the commandments, but still I am not aware that they repudiate that which orders the sabbath to be a day of rest.*

* The *Dottrina Cristiana* allows that there are ten commandments; but as the second is omitted for saintly reasons, the ten are made up by dividing the tenth into two portions. But, with strange inconsistency, Ireland is provided by the Infallible Church with the ten commandments of our rubric, including the second. Who can say that the Vatican, at least, does not do justice to Ireland?

We have seen how the good Father Jesuits of the Collegio Romano throw open their Museum and Observatory on Sunday, and if we desire to know how science is cultivated in Rome, we shall only find her halls open on this day.

On the first Sunday in each month, during winter, the Accademia de' Lincei meet. The hour is one o'clock, and the meetings are public. I felt considerable curiosity to attend a meeting of this society, because it is the oldest scientific institution in Europe, having been founded in 1603.

The pontificate of Leo X. was highly distinguished by the encouragement given to the arts and literature. The Roman Academy flourished under his protection, and in 1514 above one hundred professors attached to it received salaries. 'Those were happy days,' says Sadolet, writing, in 1529, to Angelo Colocci, 'when in your suburban gardens, or mine on the Quirinal, or in the Circus, or by the banks of the Tiber, we held those meetings of learned men. Then it was, after a repast which the wit of the guests rendered exquisite, we heard poems or orations recited, to our great delight.' *

While art and literature were thus patronised and cultivated, science was not dormant; and among the

* *Epist.*, p. 225, ed. 1554.

numerous associations established in the sixteenth century, for the advancement of knowledge, science, and particularly physical science, was not neglected. Tiraboschi * gives a list of no less than one hundred and seventy-one academies and societies founded in Italy about this period. Many bore highly fantastic names, which, however absurd they may now seem to us, were strictly in keeping with the spirit of the age. Thus, among these bodies were, The Inflammable, the Sympathetic, the Intrepid, the Unripe, the Fiery, the Intricate, the Valiant, the Ætherial, the Undeceived, the Bran or Della Crusca,† the Arcadians,‡ and the Humourists. The latter institution, strange as it appears, was devoted to philosophy, the members under this name having cultivated physical

* *Storia della Lett. Ital.*

† The object of the Della Crusca Society was the cultivation and improvement of the Tuscan dialect. The members declared that they would separate the bran (Crusca) of their language from the fine flour, and all their devices are in accordance. Their *motto* was—

Il più bel fior' ne coglie.

‡ The Arcadian Academy, still existing in Rome, was originally established for the improvement and refinement of literature. But, although at one time more than 2,000 members were on its books, the association became notorious only for its imitation of Arcadian conceits and follies. Every member assumed an Arcadian name. Goethe was enrolled as an Arcadian in 1788, by the title of Megalio Melpomenio, and received a paper grant of lands sacred to poetry. The Academy continues to hold meetings in Rome, but the business transacted is, as I am informed, of a most unliterary nature.

science. The distinctive symbol of the society was rain dropping from a cloud, with the motto—'*Redit agmine dulci.*'

But all these academies and societies were short lived, the majority enjoying only a very ephemeral existence. On their ruins, in some measure, rose the *Accademia de' Lincei* of Rome, the most famous scientific institution in Italy, which, although more than once suppressed during political disturbances, still exists.* The founder of this remarkable society was Federigo Cesi, a young Roman noble, whose devotion to science has not been as highly appreciated as it deserves to be. Influenced to some extent by the temper of the times in which he lived, he proposed that the new society should be entitled the Lynx, with reference to the piercing vision and watchfulness which that animal is supposed to possess. At the period of its establishment (1603), Cesi was only eighteen years of age. His father, the Duke d'Acquasparta, who had no sympathy with philosophy, conceived that his son's dignity as a noble was lowered by addicting himself to scientific pursuits; and, his influence being great, he so far

* The first society instituted for the investigation of physical science was that established at Naples in 1560, under the name of *Accademia Secretorum Naturæ.*

succeeded in opposing his son, that the young institution was temporarily broken up, and his associates and himself, apprehending that the Inquisition would lay hands on them, fled from Rome. By degrees, however, the opposition of the elder Cesi diminished, and in 1609 the academy became fairly organised. It was Cesi's wish that the Lincei society should be a central institution, having branch societies in various towns throughout Italy; but the time was not ripe for the realisation of such a scheme. The early history of the Lincei is very interesting in connection with science. Among the rules laid down for the observance of the members, are distinct declarations that they are not to follow the example of other societies, in reciting poetical effusions, but to act as 'becometh philosophers eager for real knowledge, and willing to give themselves up to the study of nature and mathematics.' At the same time the members are enjoined 'not to neglect the ornaments of elegant literature and philology, which, like a graceful garment, adorn the whole body of science.'

Shortly after the establishment of the society, Galileo joined it, and it is probable that his association with a body of men who were banded together for the avowed purpose of cultivating science, hastened the persecution which embittered the latter years of

that eminent man, and brought eternal infamy on his oppressors.

At the period of Galileo's arrest and appearance before the Holy Office in Rome (February 1633), the power of Rome was supreme. How Galileo's mind so far succumbed beneath the terrors of the Inquisition as to give in his adhesion to their dogma of the immovability of the earth, is well known; and though the faintly muttered 'E pur si muove!' may have in some measure relieved his burdened conscience, he yet must have keenly felt that he had wronged science. But Galileo was not the only member of the Lyncean society who was persecuted in Rome. Hecke, an eminent Flemish physician, who had been associated with Cesi in founding the society, was obliged to leave Italy altogether; and Cesi himself, who had devoted a great part of his life to the cultivation of natural history, was so maligned and harassed, as to have died of a broken heart. This event, which occurred in 1632, had a fatal effect on the Lincei; for, although its existence was prolonged for some years under the patronage of Urban VIII., it gradually decayed, until, by the death of its leading members and dispersion of the rest, it became entirely extinct. Subsequently, however, it was re-established, and, with intervals of non-existence, has

endured to the present time. Beset by difficulties, it would be unreasonable to expect much from the society; however, notwithstanding the persecution by which it was assailed, the members performed some good scientific work. Perhaps the most important was the publication of 'Phytobasanos,' an account of the natural history of Mexico; a very remarkable work, taking into consideration the period when it was published. It was written by a Spaniard named Hernandez, and enriched by numerous notes and emendations by Cesi and other members of the Lyncean society.

To this society is also due the credit of having first made Bacon's works known in Italy; and so great was the admiration felt by the society for that philosopher, that some members strongly recommended that he should be elected a member of the society.

Thus, the Accademia de' Lincei, from its antiquity and renown, should be known, if not honoured, by the Romans. Being assured by Padre Secchi, of the Collegio Romano, that I should have no difficulty in finding its locale in the Capitol, I went to that building, expecting to obtain ready access to it. But all my attempts to discover the academy by the use of my eyes failed, and so I addressed myself to various persons for the necessary topographical information. But

here again I was foiled. For although I asked all manner of persons, including even the custodes of the neighbouring Palace of the Conservators, and of the Museum of the Capitol, no one had even heard of the academy. At length good fortune directed me to a woman who I saw coming out of an adjoining house, and from her I acquired such information as enabled me, after climbing long flights of stairs, winding in a very erratic manner to the summit of the Capitol, to arrive at the door of the academy.

I could not help thinking, during this hunt, of poor Buckle, who, in the only lecture that he gave, declared that whenever he lost his way in a strange town, he always applied to women to set him right. Well, it is evident that the members of the Accademia de' Lincei make no parade of their light, and that, if it be a burning light, its rays do not extend far.

The academy is located in three rooms: in the outer or antechamber hangs a large painting, representing a very red lynx, which glares at you with keen eyes as you pass before it. Within this apartment is the library, containing about 5,000 volumes; and beyond this the hall of meeting. The academy consists, at present, of thirty resident and sixty corresponding members, with the usual officers. Professor Volpicelli, eminent for his researches in Physics,

is the permanent secretary. I attended two meetings of the academy. On the first occasion, among the presents announced, was an autograph of Galileo's, which was ordered to be suspended under his bust in the meeting-room. A long paper was read by Monsignor Nardi on the recent Nile discoveries, followed by a discussion. At my second visit, considerable interest was excited by the exhibition of specimens of a fine gray powder, found on the object glass of the telescope and other instruments of the observatory in the Collegio Romano. It had also fallen in large quantities over a great part of Rome during the night, and was generally believed to have been blown by violent winds from Africa. Some persons present conceived it to be of volcanic origin, and even thought that it might have come from Vesuvius; but this volcano was quiescent when it fell, and it was subsequently ascertained that there was no foundation for this hypothesis. A lively discussion took place respecting it, which, though abounding in theories, did not originate one likely to be true. It was eventually decided that a specimen of the powder should be sent to Ehrenberg, for microscopic examination.

At the conclusion of the first meeting that I attended, I was introduced by Padre Secchi to Professor Volpicelli, the Duke of Massima—eminent

among the Roman nobles for his scientific acquirements, who long presided over the academy—and to Prince Boncampagni, author of various scientific works. With these I had a long conversation on the state of science in Rome. They did not affect to conceal that it is at a very low ebb. And how can it be otherwise? A Galileo or a Cesi would not now, it is true, be persecuted by the Inquisition; but there is no freedom of thought, espionage exists, and men's motives are questioned. Any money granted by Government for scientific purposes is placed in the hands of the Jesuits; and thus science, which in England and France progresses, if not quickly, at all events steadily, in Rome is nearly at a standstill.

An apt illustration is at hand. The Instituto Archeologico confines its labours and researches entirely to Pagan archæology, apprehending that if it entered the field of Christian archæology the members would speedily find themselves in hot water. The interpretation of Christian records by German philologists and antiquaries would assuredly often jar with Papal infallibility, and thus the Prussian Instituto Archeologico wisely avoids this dangerous ground.

Above the rooms occupied by the Lynceans is the

observatory in connection with the Collegio di Sapienza. It possesses a good equatorial, though not equal to that in the observatory of the Collegio Romano. Here again priesthood reigns supreme. The present director of the observatory is an ecclesiastic, so old and infirm, that when I visited the observatory one day with some friends, the ancient gentleman gave me the keys of the room containing the telescopes, and kindly allowed me to act as cicerone, stating frankly that he was too infirm to climb the observatory stairs. From the roof of this observatory there is a grand panoramic view of Rome and the Alban hills, not equal of course to that from the summit of the adjoining tower of the Capitol, but since an enthusiastic visitor waved a handkerchief with the Italian colours from that lofty eyrie, the Government no longer allow visitors to ascend it. Colours in Rome, if at all like those of the Italian nation, are regarded with great suspicion.

A lady who gave a ball last winter ordered an awning to be erected over the doorway of her house in the Corso; a portion of the canvas was blue and white. The blue at night appearing like green, immediately attracted attention. A crowd assembled

at the entrance of the lady's house, and she was advised to have the colours removed as soon as possible; for, though they were highly popular in consequence of their resembling the Italian colours, they found no favour in the eyes of the Papalini.

CHAPTER XXX.

Conversation with Revolutionists—Their hatred of the Papal Government—Courts of Law—The Papal Police—Crime in Rome—Murder of a Money-changer's Clerks—Escape of the Assassins—Impunity with which Murders may be committed in Rome—A new Illustration of Shutting the Door when the Steed is Stolen—Story of the Robbery of an English Lady's Jewels—French Troops in Rome no security for Property—Past and Present Area of Papal States—Former Opinion of Napoleon III. respecting Occupation of Rome by French Troops—The Pope's Allocution—Priestcraft in Rome—Monsignor Liverani's Revelations.

Among the letters of introduction with which I was furnished, were some to two gentlemen well known in Rome, whose names, however, cannot appear here. I the more regret the necessity of this reticence, because I received great kindness from them, and it would have gratified me to connect the mention of it here with their names.

I had not been long in Rome before they put me in possession of their political sentiments and aspirations. Revolutionists to the extent of striving by all legal means to gain their country's freedom, they chafed under the wretched Papal Government, longing to see a change now evidently not remote. It

gave them great pleasure to converse upon their political grievances. They also placed publications in my hands which bore the seal of the National Committee, and political caricatures, some of which were of so violent a nature that I was rather uneasy as long as they remained in my possession. These publications they informed me are delivered sécurely sealed, generally late in the evening, by trustworthy agents, their authenticity being guaranteed by their being stamped with the seal of the National Committee, and it is customary when the publications are read to burn them—a prudent measure; for assuredly, if found in the possession of Romans, they would speedily become acquainted with the interior of St. Michel or other prisons, while Englishmen would probably be sent out of the country.

The result of my conversation with these and other Roman gentlemen was to impress me forcibly that the present Papal Government is greatly abhorred; that the same abhorrence is felt for the priesthood as a body; that the French are almost equally disliked, and that Garibaldi and Mazzini are idolised. It is quite unnecessary, I consider, to enter here on the reasons why the Papal Government is odious to Romans generally: abuses are

so numerous, corruption among officials so common, that justice is a mere farce. Should a man be suspected of any political offence, though he may be allowed to choose his own advocate to defend him, he cannot be sure that his choice will be sanctioned; for the criminal code says: 'Si communica il processo col ristretto a Monsignor Avvocato, o il difensore nominato dall' accusato, quante volte la scelta del medesimo venga approvata dal capo del Tribunale Supremo.' But worse remains, for the prisoner is not even allowed to cross-examine witnesses brought forward against him, nor indeed to see them. Here is the clause: 'Nei suddetti delitti non si ammette confronto personale coi testimoni.'

The terrible mystery shrouding the so-called courts of justice in Rome causes them to be justly dreaded.

Under the French in the First Napoleon's reign, Italy enjoyed the incalculable advantage of a criminal code which allowed the cross-examination of witnesses, and gave publicity to all the proceedings of justice. In no country is the system of secret pleadings and closed courts so mischievous as it is in Italy, for the ingenuity and cunning of an Italian enables him to dress up a story on paper, whereas

his passionate temperament invariably leads him to contradictions on cross-examination.*

Generally, from the moment that a man falls into the hands of the Papal police he disappears from his relatives and friends. An eminent sculptor in Rome was thus deprived last winter of the services of one of his most skilful carvers. The poor man was carried off during the night by the police, and all attempts to ascertain what had become of him failed. The city prisons have long been filled by political prisoners; others in the country are now used. While political offenders, real or assumed, are punished with frightful severity, persons guilty of deep social crimes often escape with impunity. Scarcely a day passed last winter that we did not hear of robberies and assassinations, but never of the criminals being arrested and punished. One case was of so flagrant a nature, and so strongly illustrates the police system where grave crimes are involved, as to deserve special mention.

A money-changer of the name of Boldini, carrying

* The late Mr. Henry Lushington, a man of rare abilities and discernment, was instructed by the Colonial Office, when Chief Government Secretary at Malta, to make inquiries into the local and municipal administration of Italy. Respecting the Papal States he says: 'The general result of all my inquiries is much what one might anticipate. Find out the law supposed to be in force if you can, then assume the direct opposite, and you will be pretty near the practice.'

on business in the Corso, opposite the Piazza Colonna, was in the habit of sending his money, bills, &c., to his house every night for security, in the custody of two of his clerks. The custom became known, and accordingly on the evening of the 20th of February, between seven and eight o'clock, as the clerks were proceeding in a carriage through the Via in Lucina to their master's house, they were set upon by six men, who stabbed them furiously, and made off with the booty, amounting to 10,800 scudi, no attempt even having been made to arrest them. One of the clerks died immediately; the other, who had been carried to an hospital in the Corso, in the course of the night. He was sufficiently conscious to describe the terrible incidents of the murder, and stated that the assassins did not appear to be of the lower class. To add to the catastrophe, the wife of one of the murdered men died from the shock to her mind occasioned by her husband's death. Now, when the reader learns that the Via in Lucina is a short street leading from the Corso to the Largo dell' Impresa, a great thoroughfare, and, moreover, that the murder was committed within thirty yards of the Corso, at a time, too, when the streets are full of people, and that French and Papal troops and gendarmes were patrolling as usual within very short distances of each

other, two deductions must arise—that there was no safety whatever last winter for property or person in even the leading streets of Rome, and that when outrages were committed the perpetrators almost invariably escaped. For here was a deed of singular atrocity and violence committed in the evening close to the greatest thoroughfare in Rome, within hearing and probably sight of many persons, including soldiers and police, and yet the villains escaped. Why, it may be asked, if civilians were at hand, was no attempt made by them to arrest the murderers? Because there are few things more dreaded by Romans than to be summoned to give evidence in the courts—I will not call them of justice—but law. They know that all proceedings in those chambers closed to the public are venal; that they may be made to attend, day after day, during even long months, losing valuable time, perhaps, for which they receive no compensation, and, more than all, are well aware that they become marked men, and consequently liable at any moment to fall by the assassin's knife.

Thus, whenever a street outrage is committed in Rome, passers-by hurry from the locality, and the robbers or assassins are allowed to work their deeds of darkness with impunity. In vain did the money-changer's unfortunate clerks cry aloud for help in

their agony; help was near, but no hand was held out to save them.

But the reader, ignorant of Rome, may again ask; Were not the perpetrators of this brutal murder and robbery ultimately arrested, seeing that Rome is strong in her police machinery, and that a large reward was offered by the money-changer for the apprehension of the murderers? Not so: reports were rife from time to time that the assassins had been arrested—now in Rome, now at Frascati, now at Grotta Ferrata, Tivoli, &c.; but they proved to have no foundation in fact, and the villains were at large for many months—not, however, as I firmly believe, without the knowledge and sanction of the police, who in all probability found it more to their advantage to share the booty of the murderers than to arrest them for the reward offered by the money-changer: and yet there was an appearance of vigilance put on, perhaps to deceive the inhabitants. For, night after night, precisely where the murder was committed, within a recess formed by the projection of a house into the Via in Lucina, six gendarmes were ensconced, whose business apparently consisted in examining every passer-by during the night-hours. I well remember these gentry; for, as my way home from parties generally

lay through the Via in Lucina, I always saw them huddled in the shadow cast by the projecting house. On the first night that I made their acquaintance they startled me not a little; for, walking in an abstracted mood near the wall, instead of, as was my usual custom, in the middle of the street, just when I had arrived opposite the recess a cloaked figure stepped before me across my path. It was one of those occasions when you seem to live hours in a moment. Deeds of dark assassination rushed through my brain; a glittering weapon in the gendarme's hand appeared to me an assassin's knife, and I expected to see an arm raised to strike, when, to my great relief, the gendarme made himself and his business known. Frequently after that night I paused to talk to these watchers. Forcibly illustrating, as it appeared to me, the proverb of shutting the door when the steed is stolen, they were placed where I have described in expectation, as they stated, of arresting the murderers! To this end they were perfectly useless; but I took some comfort, living as I did at the end of the Via in Lucina, that no more murders or robberies would be in all probability committed in that street while they remained there.

Let me add another story, the facts of which came under my own cognisance. An English officer and

his wife leaving Rome, found on their arrival at the railway station that their handbag was missing. Besides travelling articles, it contained all the lady's jewels, valued at 300*l.* The bag was believed to have been put into the carriage conveying the officer and his wife to the station: strict search was accordingly made for it, but in vain. The officer's leave of absence having nearly expired, he was obliged to continue his journey, but, before starting in the train, he gave directions that a reward should be offered for the bag. The sum was small, and, as I expected, the bag was not forthcoming; but on the reward being increased the police immediately came forward with the property. According to them, a woman had offered one of the lady's rings to a jeweller for sale, stating that she had been requested by a ballerina of the Apollo opera-house to dispose of it. The danseuse, they added, asserted that she had received the ring as a gage d'amour from a gentleman. The bag, with all the contents, was restored to the officer's relatives in Rome on payment of the reward. No hint was even given that the woman who was stated to have had the bag in her possession, or the ballerina, would be prosecuted.

Nothing connected with law in Rome is, or can be, done without a system of fees and rewards. A friend

of mine, desirous of photographing the ancient buildings, had brought a photographic apparatus to Rome. As usual, it was seized at the custom-house, the gentleman being informed that his property would be restored to him on his complying with the necessary legal conditions empowering an amateur to practise photography. On the last occasion that I saw my friend, he had been no less than thirty-two times to the custom-house and police-office on this business; had filled up and answered innumerable forms and questions, but had not succeeded in recovering his apparatus. He had not, however, feed the officers.

Can we wonder that a government like this should arouse hatred, wrath, and indignation? And these feelings rage all the more strongly, seeing that the government is in the hands of the priests. Fearful indeed will be that day should the contemplated changes in Rome fail to satisfy the legitimate expectations of the people, and an opportunity be afforded them of avenging the injuries that they have received from the Vatican!

'Of what avail is it,' said the National Committee, in a remonstrance addressed to the French general of the forces in Rome, 'that our streets are full of your soldiers, when we have no security for person or property?' During the whole of last winter patrols

consisting of six French cavalry soldiers occupied the streets—a melancholy spectacle in the so-called capital of the Christian world; but their presence seemed to be of no avail. Robbers still walked abroad, assassins still struck their terrible blows. Not surprising, therefore, is the fact that the French occupation is greatly disliked in Rome—so much so, that it is highly dangerous for a single French soldier to walk the streets. Collisions were constantly taking place between them and the Papal troops; and, in short, although the presence of the French has hitherto prevented a general rising, yet it is a fertile element of quarrels and broils. Even French officers find the houses of nearly all the Roman families closed against them.

Nothing indeed can be more anomalous than that the 'Vicar of Christ' should require foreign soldiers to keep him on his throne. French bayonets since 1848 have usurped the freewill and love of his subjects; for assuredly, if the Papal Government gave satisfaction, foreign troops would not be wanted in the Papal States, reduced in extent as they now are.*

* Before the annexation of Romagna, &c., the Papal States comprised twenty provinces, forming an area of 75,259 square miles, and a population of 3,124,668; the present area of the States is 21,440 square miles, the population 700,000. I may add here that a census recently taken by the Italian Government gives the population of

Rome may be said to have long been surrounded by a mighty wave of liberalism, but French soldiers have hitherto acted as a barrier to its advance. It is, however, due to that strong monarch across the water to state that, although his troops have occupied Rome for many years, he was originally opposed to their presence in the Papal dominions.

On December 2, 1848, Napoleon III., then a member of the National Assembly, addressed the following letter to the editor of the 'Constitutionnel':

'Monsieur,—Sachant qu'on a remarqué mon absence au vote pour l'expédition de Civita-Vecchia, je crois devoir déclarer, que bien que résolu à appuyer toutes les dispositions propres à garantir la liberté et l'autorité du Souverain-Pontife, je n'ai pu néanmoins approuver, par mon vote, une démonstration militaire qui me semblait périlleuse, même pour les intérêts sacrés que l'on veut protéger, et faite pour compromettre la paix européenne.

(Signed) L. N. Bonaparte.

'Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis,' the Emperor may have said when he gave his Imperial consent to the French occupation of Rome; but seeing that circumstances have now led him to bring about the gradual withdrawal of his soldiers from that city, he may look back with satisfaction to the course

their territories at 21,777,334 souls, the fifth population in Europe. If all Italy were united, the population would be 27,000,000.

he adopted when a member of the National Assembly.

I have alluded to the strong feeling entertained by the Romans against their clergy. They cannot tolerate the idea even of being governed by priests. The Secretary of State is a cardinal, the Minister of War is a priest, the head of the police is a priest,—priests everywhere filling all offices, and wielding all power. Among the books placed in my hands by my friends was one entitled 'Il Papato, l'Impero, e il Regno d'Italia,' by Monsignor Francesco Liverani, Prelato Domestico, Protonotario Apostolico participante, &c. This work, published in 1862, contains several astounding disclosures relative to the clergy of Rome. M. Liverani had many opportunities from his position of seeing the working of priestcraft in that city. Under the head 'Present Condition of the Priests in Rome,' he says: 'I had the honour during my sojourn in Rome of frequently assisting in the services of St. Maria Maggiore. Everyone who has visited Rome is acquainted with that magnificent church, calculated in all respects to inspire religious sentiments and devotion. But what are the facts? At the ringing of a bell you will see eight or ten persons wearing priestly vestments proceeding to one of the chapels, from the sacristy, in order to perform the daily services ordered

by the Church. You doubtless imagine that they are intent on their religious duties and observances. By no means. While ostensibly chanting litanies, they are conversing on the revelations of the "*Libro dei Sogni dell' estrazione del Lotto*," on which they make calculations in conjunction with dates in their breviaries and the church calendar. If they assemble subsequently for vespers, they do not fail meeting after the service in one of Bacchus' temples, and their purple and flushed faces on leaving these shrines testify that they have been offering ample libations to that god. Nothing, in short, can be more irreverent than the conduct of these priests during the church services. It has been my fate to hear a canon more than once intoning a ritual with much mock solemnity (*molto goffamente*), while the deacon responded in a manner I dare not describe.' *

M. Liverani goes on to say, that he was so scandalised by what he saw and heard during his ministry at Rome that he presented a remonstrance to the 'Sacred Congregation,' and that, finding no attention whatever was paid to it, he next addressed the Pope, representing what he had witnessed; but although

* It is due to M. Liverani to state that the Dean of Canterbury (Alford), in his interesting *Letters from Abroad*, published in *Good Words*, declares that he has verified 'with his own eyes' M. Liverani's account of the conduct of the canons of St. Maria Maggiore.

his letters were acknowledged, no action was taken upon them.

But a worse relation remains.

'When,' says M. Liverani, 'I was governor of a religious body in Rome (1853), I had frequent duties to perform in Santa Maria in Via Lata, in the Corso. Beneath this is another church, containing a spring of water, which, according to church legends, sprang up when St. Paul lodged in the house of the centurion, which occupied the site of the present church. On one occasion this subterranean and holy church was the scene of a fearful orgy, in which women as well as men participated.' *

In his chapter on the 'black militia of Ignatius,' the Jesuits, M. Liverani represents them as not only fanatics, but meddlers and intriguers, ever doing mischief, and retarding all progress. The receipts arising from l'Obolo di San Pietro, he declares, are with few exceptions sadly misapplied. On one side the hand is held forth begging; on the other, thousands and hundreds of thousands of scudi are squandered on building new vestibules to useless

* These ribald priests, according to the decree of the Second Council of Carthage, ought to have been anathematised. The decree declares—'Si quis clericus, aut monachus, verba joculatoria risum moventia serat, anathemata est.'

churches, erecting monuments to commemorate the dogma of the 'Immaculate Conception,' gilding St. Paul's, and, in short, doing everything but what should be done with the money.

Finally, M. Liverani contends, that there is such an influence for evil in Papacy, that Rome can never be the capital of a King of Italy while a Pope occupies the Vatican.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Severity of the Winter of 1863-4 in Rome—The Spring Flowers of Rome—*Violet*-gathering—The Colosseum by Moonlight—An *Unruly Englishman*—A Ride round the Arena—The Evening Hymn in the Colosseum—Fontana di Trevi—Curious Belief respecting its Waters—Political Caricatures—L'Amico di Casa.

THOUGH the severity of last winter in Rome was unusually great and prolonged,* yet it was brief compared to the winter of our more northern latitude, and long before February closed the earth smiled with flowers. On the 15th of that month crocuses, bluebells, jonquils, and anemones gemmed the grounds of the Villa Pamfili Doria, under the great solemn stone pines—

> Religious once, and always green,
> That yet dream out their stories of old Rome.

A little later and the air became balmy, the sun

* I was reminded by the cold in Rome last winter of Forsyth's complaint of similar weather when he was in Italy, and the peculiar reason given for it by a priest. 'It is,' the latter observed, 'sent to us as a mortification, and will continue until Easter, because it was cold when Peter sat at the High Priest's fire, on the eve of the crucifixion.'

waxed strong at noon, the peach and almond orchards were flushed with roseate hues, and rich-scented violets made the ground purple, strewing the green lap of spring.

The violets of Italy have been the theme of many poets; their great loveliness did not escape Byron's quick eye. A song by that poet, supposed to be sung by Italian peasants, alludes especially to the spring violets in the country around Rome:

> The virgin, virgin violet,
> The firstborn child of the early sun,
> With us she is but a winter's flower,
> The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower;
> And she lifts her dewy eye of blue
> To the youngest sky of the selfsame hue.

The advent of these lovely visitants drew hundreds of visitors to the Borghese and Pamfili Doria villas—Romans, too, as well as strangers; and for many days groups of men, women, and children might be seen gathering vast quantities of these delicious-smelling flowers, which gave out their odour in rooms until the air was heavy with their perfume. More than one fair figure, who had come to Rome for her health, might be seen engaged in this pleasant occupation, her friends gathering hopes, as the sun warmed and brought colour into the cheeks of the invalid, while she, animated by the beauty around, doubtless

thought what Mrs. Tighe has so elegantly expressed:

Odours of Spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature;
And, mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
The sunny gales and showers.

How vainly in many cases such hopes are cherished, the graves in the Protestant cemetery at Rome attest.*

Now commence on favourable moonlight nights those visits to the Colosseum when half the English in Rome seem to throng the mighty arena. The entrance to this ruin is guarded at night by French soldiers. Accompanying a party one evening we found a sentinel opposing the passage of an Englishman, who, unprovided with the necessary order of admis-

* I am more and more impressed, as my acquaintance with the Continent increases, by the fallacy it may be almost said, in the majority of cases, of expatriating unfortunate consumptive patients abroad during the winter months. Apart from the sad and depressing effect resulting from exchanging a comfortable home in England for very generally an uncomfortable residence abroad, vital statistics show that the rate of mortality in our southern counties is far lower than that on the Continent. The excessive arctic-like cold experienced last winter in Rome was not felt at Bournemouth or Torquay. Nearly all our watering-places are on good sites; and there is little doubt that they will be more resorted to than they are by invalids, now that it has been ascertained that the rate of mortality in Torquay and the Isle of Wight is only 15 per 1,000, in Eastbourne 17, and in Worthing 18.

sion, was endeavouring to force his way into the arena. Our countryman, with unwise and ungentlemanly obstinacy, had evidently little respect for the soldier, and was for pushing him aside. But the latter, though physically small, had a great sense of his importance, and after warning the Englishman that he would not allow him to pass without an order, endorsed his words by putting his bayonet to his breast. The sight of the glittering steel quickly subdued the Briton's bluster, for there was no doubt the Frenchman was in earnest.* Bearing in mind that orders for admission to the Colosseum are obtainable with the greatest ease, it is, to say the least, highly improper on the part of our countrymen to set regulations at defiance, established for the benefit of visitors to these ruins; for in the present unsettled state of Rome, it would be extremely dangerous to wander at night through the broken arches of the Colosseum, affording as they do innumerable lurking-places for the assassin, if visitors were not protected by the military.

'La lune c'est l'étoile des ruines,' said Madame de Stäel. Nowhere will you be more impressed with

* This unruly Englishman was not, however, as bad as another countryman of ours, who, in defiance of sentinels and custodes, rode into the arena of the Colosseum and round it at full gallop, to the imminent danger of those who were within it.

the truth of this remark than in the mighty amphitheatre of Rome, provided you are fortunate in the night that you visit it. When the huge ellipse is partly filled with silver light, and partly obscure, it is indeed a witching place, and so picturesque that you can hardly regret that it has been ruined as we see it;* but to thoroughly enjoy the wondrous scene you must be alone, or at least not with a party composed of fast young ladies and faster men, whose flippant remarks will probably jar considerably with your mental ideas.

One of my pleasantest memories of the Colosseum by moonlight was an hour that I spent within it on one of the loftiest arches alone. As I sat musing on the scene, sweet voices from a party in the arena sang the evening hymn; the strains came floating up in happy mental contrast to the maddening shouts that once filled that space, when those awful words: 'Ave Cæsar Imperator! morituri te salutant!' heralded fresh scenes of butchery.

A common conclusion to moonlight rambles in

* '*Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecere Barberini*,' has often been said with reference to the supposed spoliation of the Flavian amphitheatre by the Barberini family. But the vast palace in Rome bearing this name was not built from the spoils of the Colosseum, whereas the Palazzo di Venezia and the Palazzo Farnese are mainly composed of blocks abstracted from the great work of Vespasian and Titus.

Rome is a visit to the Fontana di Trevi, where Madame de Stäel makes Corinne see her lover's image reflected in the water. This is a poetical licence not precisely borne out by the laws of reflection, and therefore as unsound as is the belief that if you drink the water of this beautiful fountain from the hollow of your hand and desire to return to Rome, your wish will be gratified.

On returning to my lodgings, I found a packet carefully sealed lying on the table bearing my name. It contained two publications, one a political caricature representing the Pope and his ministers being tossed in a blanket held by representatives of the nations of Europe. As usual, the Pope was getting the worst of it, though it was evident that Cardinal Antonelli and M. de Merode were also coming to grief.

The other publication was a small book entitled 'L'Amico di Casa,' which, under the form of a popular almanack, disseminates Protestantism and censures Papacy, and exposes many abuses in the Roman Catholic Church. The preface states that the almanack, now in its eleventh year, enjoys a very extensive circulation in Italy, 80,000 copies being printed, and that it has made Bible truths known to hundreds of families. The Scripture stories contained

in the number of this year are extremely well related, and calculated by their interest to send readers to the Bible itself. It is also gratifying to find that this little publication raises its voice against labouring on Sunday, the general practice throughout Italy. This picture of the Sabbath-day in the chief towns of Italy is very truthful: 'The manner in which the majority of our operatives pass Sunday is extremely disgraceful. They work a considerable portion of the day, and spend the evening in dissipation. Thus the day, instead of being a blessing to them, as God ordained that it should, is a curse. From henceforth resolve not to perform any work on the Sabbath. Let the day be to you a season of rest, and be assured that you and your families will be all the better for this salutary change.'

As a matter of course, this almanack is not allowed to be sold by any bookseller in Rome. I have reason to believe, however, that it is nevertheless circulated in that city to a greater extent than the sacred congregation are aware of.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Festa of San Antonio—Origin of the term Festa—The Protector of Italian Animals—His Fame at Padua—Church of San Antonio in Rome—Life of the Saint—Introduces Monastic Life into Rome—St. Tony's Pig—Blessing Animals in Rome—Forms observed by the Peasantry—A Smart Donkey—Blessing a Donkey and a Dog—Fee paid—The Saint's Sermon to Animals—Brigands and their Horses.

AMONG the many festas in the Roman calendar, that of San Antonio is one of the most popular, and it differs from the majority of Church festas* in this respect, that while they generally only last one day

* The term festa is probably derived from the *dies nefasti* of the Romans, when it was ordered no public business should be transacted. These days, which originally had no religious significance, became subsequently dedicated to the gods, and were most strictly observed. Latterly they were so numerous as to entail a great loss to the State, and accordingly Claudius abridged their number. The example might be followed with advantage by the Roman Catholic Church, for festa days occur so frequently as to seriously affect public business; and it is worthy of remark that, while the Roman mechanic is allowed to work on the Sabbath-day, he is severely punished if known to work on a festa. Being on one of these days in the studio of a sculptor friend, he had occasion to send one of his men on a message. Before going out the latter changed his dress, being well aware that if he had been seen in his working-clothes he would be fined.

the Festival of San Antonio continues for eight days, to the great comfort, and benefit it may be added, of the priests attached to the Saint's church. This is a short distance from Santa Maria Maggiore, and annually, on the 17th of January, the interior of this edifice is dressed in draperies of flaunting colours, the altars blaze with lights, box-leaves strew the floor, a vile plaster bust of San Antonio is placed on a table between two lighted candles, and a priest sits behind it at the receipt of custom. And very good custom is that enjoyed by these gentlemen, though of late years it has somewhat fallen off.

San Antonio is the protector of Italian animals, as St. Cornelius is of French, that is of four-footed creatures; and as the Romans place great faith in the power of their saint, his church is extensively patronised during his festa. But it is at Padua that Saint Anthony is especially honoured. That town is his true religious habitat, and there you must go to become fully aware of this 'prodigiorum patratori potentissimo,' as an inscription in his church alliteratively styles him. There, too, you may buy an 'authentic' copy of the famous sermon which he preached to a congregation of fishes, and which must, it is to be presumed, have been taken down by a learned *phoca* as a *shorthand* reporter.

The history of St. Antonio is interesting. He lived on Mount Colzim in Egypt, and led so exemplary and holy a life, that he soon gathered round him a vast number of followers, amounting, say his biographers, to no less than 30,000. In the year 341 he introduced monastic life into Rome, created the order of San Antonio, which, among various privileges, enjoyed that of keeping consecrated pigs fed at the public expense. To steal one of these holy animals was considered a heinous sin; and as they fed well and became sleek, the proverb arose 'as fat as a pig of St. Tony.'

San Antonio early acquired a reputation in Italy for his animal-protecting powers, and although faith in him has somewhat waned during recent years, the Roman peasant still clings to the pleasant belief that the Saint has power to keep his horse from harm. 'O San Antonio, prego te d'avere pietà sopra il mio cavallo!' you will hear a peasant sometimes exclaim; and it is to get their animals blessed by the priests in San Antonio's name that causes his festa at Rome to be a busy scene. All day long horses, mules, and donkeys are led up before a porch adjoining the church, where stands a priest, who delivers in bad Latin the following blessing: 'May this (or those) animal (or animals) receive thy benediction, through

which they may be preserved bodily, and be freed from all evil, through the intercession of blessed San Antonio!' At the conclusion of the blessing, the beast or beasts are sprinkled with holy water, and led away.

Devout peasants, previous to having their animals blessed, enter the church to offer up a prayer before the shrine of San Antonio, kiss the cheeks of his plaster bust, and make an oblation to the attendant priest. In all cases it is customary, though not obligatory, to make an offering to the priest who blesses the animals and sprinkles them with holy water, and who in return presents the owner of the animal with a portrait of San Antonio and a small metal cross. *

Driving one day during the festa in a friend's carriage, the coachman to whom the horses belonged begged that he might be allowed to have the animals blessed. 'Do you believe,' we asked, 'that they will really be benefited by the act?' 'Certainly,' he replied. Of course no objection was made, and the animals were liberally sprinkled with holy water, while the

* Copies of these are before me. The saint is represented with a pig at his feet, signifying his dominion over evil spirits; fire in his hand, in reference to the disease popularly known as St. Anthony's fire; the letter T on his left breast, the Egyptian sign of the cross; and a bell, to show that he went about soliciting alms for the poor.

priest pronounced a benediction. It was amusing to witness the contrast between the manner in which the rich and poor man's horses were blessed. When the dashing equipage of a Roman prince or noble appeared, the priest came forth from the porch, delivered the blessing loudly and plainly, and gave the horses an abundant share of holy water; but when a poor man's horse was seen, the priest did not advance beyond the threshold of the porch, mumbled the blessing in a very unintelligible manner, and cast the holy water with so weak a hand that scarcely a drop touched the animal.

Peasants are in the habit of decorating their animals for this ceremony with artificial flowers and ribbons. Great merriment was created among the crowd one day, by a donkey being led up to be blessed. The animal was decorated with a wreath of flowers encircling its neck, and made to look as smart as possible, but all this was lost upon the priest, who gabbled the prayer, and appeared to take especial care that not a drop of holy water should touch the donkey. Perhaps the priest was irritated by the owner of the donkey, who, when the water was about being thrown, clapped his dog on the animal's rump, in order that it might participate in the blessing, an act which the donkey resented by kicking up its

heels. The peasant may have thought with the Indian that as the dog is man's faithful companion in this world he will continue with him in that to come:

> And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company.

The owner of the donkey told me that he paid the priest ten baiocchi for this double blessing.

It would be interesting to know the average annual sum arising from this church benefit; it must be considerable, for it lasts eight days, on each of which many animals are brought to be blessed, the owners of which give more or less to the officiating priests. There is a very quaint picture in the Borghese gallery, representing San Antonio preaching to a great variety of animals, and if you are curious to know what the saint said, you will find his sermon in 'Addison's Travels in Italy,' or rather the discourse which Addison supposes the saint delivered on the above occasion.

May we receive the fact, that the Festa of San Antonio is diminishing in estimation, as evidence that the light of truth is breaking through Papal darkness? We are told that formerly all the Roman nobles sent their horses to be blessed; now there are but few at the festa from aristocratic stables, the great number being the property of the middle classes,

farmers, peasants, and it is said of brigands. The brigand doubtless believes that his horse having been sprinkled with holy water can no longer be influenced by the evil eye of a gendarme, but brigands we know are superstitious rascals!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Midnight Apparition—Bringing in a Corpse from the Country—Confraternita della Morte—Objects of the Association—Penitential Work done by Roman Nobles—Begging Expeditions—Result of a Begging Tour—Superstitious Feelings respecting Dead Bodies—The most terrible Malediction—The Papal Lottery—San Andrea Avellino—The protecting Saint against sudden Death—The Lottery Handbook—Manner in which it is used—Nature of the Roman Lottery—Origin of the Institution—Drawing of the Lottery—Lottery Prophecies—A Lottery Ticket—Revenue derived from the Lottery—The Roman Lottery and English Horse-racing and Betting—Ruinous Consequence of the latter.

I WAS sitting late at night in my rooms writing, by the not very brilliant light of my Roman lamp, when the curtain before my door was pushed aside, and, looking up, I beheld a draped figure, the head enveloped in a hood, through two slits in which I saw gleaming eyes, while from the waist depended a large rosary, terminated by the representation in ivory of a death's head and cross bones—not a pleasant apparition at any time, and now, towards midnight, invested with more than ordinary mystery. Was it a brain fancy? had a ghost been manufactured à la Polytechnic fashion to startle me? or was the

cloaked figure real flesh? Lengthened speculation was, however, cut short as the hood, being thrown back, disclosed the face of my landlord. He had just returned from conveying a corpse into Rome—a business which he is sometimes called upon to perform;—not singly, however, but in companionship with the members of a society to which he belongs, the Confraternità della Morte. This association consists principally of noblemen, who in a religious spirit undertake, whenever called upon, to go at all hours of day and night, within a certain distance of Rome, and convey bodies of persons found dead and unclaimed to some church in the city. When these are deposited within consecrated walls, they have done their business, the church does the rest. There are several of these societies in Rome. Each has a locality for meeting, where the robes of the members are kept, and from whence the summonses are issued, calling them to 'take up' * dead bodies and convey them to a church, or to walk in procession on the occasion of the corpse of a relative or friend being conveyed from the place of his death to a church. The latter is the business on which they are usually summoned; you cannot be in Rome more than a few hours without seeing members of

* Literally peck up, the term in Italian being *beccare*, to peck.

these confraternitas, cloaked and hooded, following in the long train of priests and monks behind a coffin, while another coffin, or what appears very like one, is carried in the rear.* Every person is provided with a wax candle, which if large is sure to be attended by a satellite in the form of a Roman gamin, holding aloft a paper horn to catch the dripping wax. The entrance fee paid by the members of these confraternitas is one scudo. Occasionally, when there is a 'fat' funeral, as it is called, the members come in for several large wax candles, equivalent in Italy to the voluminous scarves and hat-bands given at English funerals—a custom now, however, happily more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Is it that Roman nobles have heavy sins to answer for, and uneasy consciences, that so many of them belong to the above and other confraternitas? for they all partake more or less of a penitential character. Be this as it may, the fact remains that there is a great amount of penitential work done in Rome by the higher classes. English ladies, who are often startled by a cloaked and hooded figure rattling a brass money-box in their faces when they are intent on admiring the elegant jewellery in the Roman

* That in front contains the corpse, and that in the rear is used to hold wax candles.

shops, are little aware that the searching eyes glaring on them through the eye-holes may be the same perhaps that met theirs the previous night at a conversazione or ball. A nobleman with whom I was acquainted, and who I frequently met at parties, was in the habit of going forth on begging expeditions among the English last winter. On these occasions, when confining his walk to the Corso, Piazza di Spagna, and connecting streets, he generally obtained about eighteen pauls, nearly nine shillings.

My landlord did not belong to one of the begging confraternitas, but he attached great importance to the duties and labours connected with the association of which he was a member, and never hesitated responding to a summons to bring in a corpse from the Campagna at whatever hour he received his notice.*

What a picture, however, does this system convey of municipal organisation, which leaves work like this to be done by private hands! Fancy London gentlemen leaving their fire-side on a winter's night to bring in a corpse from Plaistow marshes, or Wimbledon Common to a city church. Yet police are not wanting

* The present Pope accorded the Confraternità della Morte the privilege of releasing two criminals annually from capital punishment, provided they are not political offenders.

in Rome; but their business lies more in the way of apprehending living political offenders than finding dead bodies in the Campagna or deserted streets.

In any country the spectacle of death shrouded in mystery is awful, but in Rome, where the people believe firmly in the power of the evil eye, accidents, and above all sudden deaths, give rise to very superstitious feelings. The most terrible malediction that a Roman can utter is *accidente*, meaning thereby sudden death from apoplexy or other cause: and thus the discovery of a dead body in the Campagna or elsewhere, particularly when bearing marks of violence, is sure to occasion great excitement.* But

* Among the legions of saints famous for their specialities is S. Andrea Avellino, the protecting saint against sudden death from apoplexy. I possess a small book entitled *Obblighi de' Fedeli concorsi alla Divozione di S. Andrea Avellino per esser liberati dalla Morte improvisa*; and here are the three prayers which the faithful are enjoined to say to glorioso S. Andrea Avellino, as he is called.

Gloriosissimo Santo, che specia protettore siete stato destinato da Dio contro le apoplesie, per essere stato da quella assalito, instantemente vi preghiamo di preservarci da un male così pericoloso, e frequente.

Gloriosissimo Santo, se mai per li suoi giusti giudizi volesse il Cielo colpirci con qualche accidente apopletico, instantemente vi preghiamo di attenerci almeno tempo da poter recevere i Santi Sacrimenti, ed a morire in grazia di Dio.

Gloriosissimo Santo, che patiste prima di morire per gli assalti del Demonio così fiera agonia, da cui vi liberarono la Beatissima Vergine e S. Michele Arcangelo, instantemente vi preghiamo di ajutarci nel punto tremendo della morte nostra.

it does more: it is made subservient to a passion deeply-rooted in the breast of Romans—the love of gambling—and every possible means are taken to acquire information respecting the cause of death, age of the deceased, &c., in order to play the numbers corresponding to these circumstances in the lottery.

Gambling in the State Papal Lottery is indeed a national vice. All classes more or less engage in it. My landlord played weekly, obtaining for a small outlay a little pleasant excitement; and I knew other Roman nobles who did not consider it derogatory to their dignity to invest a few pauls on the chance of obtaining a lottery prize. Among the books in the limited library of my friend the Conte I omitted mentioning a work which I fancied he was somewhat ashamed of letting me see that he possessed. It was entitled 'Il Rinomato Metodo per vincere al Lotto,' published in Rome, and from the state of the pages gave evidence of having been much used. In this publication, a copy of which is before me, numbers are attached to a great variety of substantives and proper names. Thus, supposing that the corpse of a man was found in the Campagna, covered with

The 10th of November is the day set apart for the festa of this saint. The *Année Liturgique* says under this date—'St. André Avellin de l'ordre des Théatins mort l'an 1608. On l'invoque contre la mort subite.

wounds, implying a violent and quick death, on referring to the book we see that to sudden death the number 52 is attached, to Campagna 9, and to mortal wounds 49, forming the terno, 52, 9, 49. The Roman lottery consists of 90 numbers, from 1 to 90 inclusive; only 5 are drawn. Should you have the luck to select tickets bearing the five numbers in sequence as drawn, your gain, provided you even staked only a few scudi, would be very large. A terno, or the three first numbers drawn in sequence, is a less rare event, and, as the prize is also large compared to the stake, a great number of players take tickets for this issue.

When the very rare good luck of holding a quinquina, or the five numbers drawn, occurs, it becomes the talk of Rome, and the shop of a fortunate tradesman in the Corso is still pointed out, which was established many years ago by winning a quinquina in the lottery. This is indeed the great public institution in Rome; and while the Church professes to teach morality, she encourages this description of gambling in every possible way. The head of the Roman lottery is a Reverend Monsignor, who on each Saturday when the lottery is drawn in the Piazza Madama, officiates in his ecclesiastical robes, and the sign of the cross is made over the glass barrel

previous to the tickets being drawn by a boy. According to the Rinomato Metodo, the Roman lottery owes its origin to the private speculation of a Genoese named Patrizio, who set up a lottery in that city in 1550. The institution speedily found favour; lotteries multiplied throughout Italy; and although some Popes endeavoured to suppress them, others shrewdly saw that they might be made to yield a large revenue to government, and accordingly the lottery was established by law. The first public drawing took place in 1732 in the capital, since which period it has always existed.

The weekly drawing is one of the sights of Rome; the proceedings, often described, are soon over, but the student of humanity will find much to interest him, observing the populace who gather in the piazza, and witnessing the excitement as the numbers are drawn, and, indeed for a considerable time after the wheel of fortune has ceased to revolve. I was frequently present, and always witnessed curious scenes. On one occasion a young man and woman had a fierce altercation, arising from the circumstance that they missed a terno by one, the numbers of their tickets being 11, 42, 61, while those drawn were 11, 42, 62. The young man held a paper covered with quaint drawings and signs, opposite to which

were numbers. He argued, and endeavoured to persuade the girl that he had played these according to the true laws of divination. The girl, however, differed from this, alleging that if he had played otherwise, fortune would have smiled upon them—by no means a logical sequitur. There are many offices in Rome where they sell lottery prophecies: a famous wizard is known as the Barba Nera, who must, I apprehend, make a large sum by pandering to the gullibility of the Romans. On the occurrence of any great local event a terno is immediately concocted, and the numbers demanded at the ticket offices by thousands of persons; and as, of course, it is possible that the terno may be drawn, in which case the government would have an enormous sum to pay as prizes, a limit under these circumstances is placed on the issue of the tickets referring to the particular terno.

You may always know in Rome, on Saturdays, when noon is at hand. Shortly before that hour, the lottery offices are besieged by crowds waiting to know the numbers drawn, which are communicated to the offices with great celerity, and exhibited conspicuously. As may be supposed, the usual result attends the great majority of ticket holders. You may be sure that fortune has not smiled upon

them by their countenances, which are as blank as their tickets. Disappointment does not, however, damp their ardour. Week after week thousands stake their baiocchi, pauls, or scudi, encouraged by seeing occasionally that somebody has been made suddenly rich by drawing a large lottery prize.

The lottery tickets may be had all over Rome, offices for their sale being in almost every street. They are headed 'Lotteria Pontificia,' have a water-mark representing the pontifical arms, and a rude engraving of Fortune standing on a wheel casting showers of gold coins from a bag. The revenue derived by the Papal government from the lottery is variously stated, and in the absence of official returns not easy to arrive at with precision. Probably the amount is about 1,500,000 scudi annually, the greater portion of which is derived from the middle and lower classes. It is impossible to witness the working of the Roman lottery, its pseudo-religious formalities, and observe the pernicious effects arising from it, without deprecating such a mode of filling the Papal coffers. But let us beware how we cast stones. We have, it is true, abolished state lotteries, but is there not among us a social evil even more demoralising than the Roman lottery, in the form of betting on horse-races? For what are our horse-

races but gigantic lotteries, tempting alike the lord and the clown? The difference is but this: the lord bets his pounds at the 'corner,' the so-called lower classes their shillings on the pavé of the Haymarket or in Farringdon Street, and in all our large towns, amongst ill-looking blacklegs and swindlers, who make books, frequently to the ruin of clerks, shop-boys, and apprentices. Look, too, at the sporting newspapers. With a few honourable exceptions their columns abound with advertisements, setting forth certain methods of winning on horses; and just as in Rome, by the payment of a few pauls to Barba Nera or some other knave, you are put in possession of the infallible numbers that will win a terno, so by tips of from pounds to shillings, the 'Derby and other prophets' declare that they will give you the names of the winning horses in forthcoming races. It is all very well to talk of horse-racing improving the breed of horses, but if it does, which is extremely doubtful in these horse-racing days of 'light weights,' it is destructive to public morality. For English horse-racing, with its complicated system of knavery, is now nothing but a great national lottery, possessing this disadvantage over the lottery in Rome, that, while the latter is conducted fairly, betting on horse-racing is gigantic gambling, open, to say the least, to

very grave imputations of unfairness. Its consequences, too, are often fearful. As I write, a case appears in the public papers of a gentleman who committed suicide under very distressing circumstances. The inheritor of a large fortune, considerably augmented by subsequent legacies, he lost all by betting on the turf. When this demon entered his soul, and he became depressed by heavy losses, to an enquiry from his wife whether any business misfortunes had overtaken him, he replied, 'It is a business you do not understand.' No, nor did he. When he was discovered dead in one of the public parks in London, a bottle labelled 'poison' was found in one pocket, and in another a document purporting to give the names of the winning horses at recent races. This was the real poison of which he died, which indeed is

Worse poison to men's souls

than they are well aware of. Bad as is the Papal lottery, it does not lead to such tragedies as this.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Roman Carnival—Past and Present—Circular respecting it issued by the National Committee—Effect of the Circular—The Carnival of 1864—Regulations respecting it—Throwing Confetti from Horns—The Ex-King of Naples—The Mocoletti—Spirit of Fun among the Romans—Similarity of the Carnival to the Ancient Pagan Saturnalia—The Asinine Festival—Hymn to the Ass—The Masked Balls—Throwing a Sneezing Powder—Its Effects—Family Suppers—Inordinate Eating—Elia's Edax—A Monster Cake—The Capranica Theatre—Pulcinella's Ninety-ninth Disgrace.

ALTHOUGH the Roman Carnival nominally commences, as I have stated, immediately after New-Year's Day, the week when Rome was wont to go mad is that preceding Lent. But during recent years you might look in vain in that city for the scenes made famous by Pinelli's clever and spirited etchings. The Papal priestly government, though often assuming the mask, will not allow masks to be worn during the Carnival week excepting at the masked balls, and I greatly doubt, if the interdict were removed, whether one hundred Romans would be found to wear them. The truth is, that the political state of Rome has so broken the spirit of the inhabitants

that they have no heart for gaiety, and thus the Carnival, that used to be a season of boisterous merriment, has degenerated into a very commonplace spectacle.

We were prepared for this collapse, and reports reached us that the National Committee had taken active measures to prevent the Romans, as far as they could, from sharing in the gaieties.

It was probably from the circumstance that I was living in the house of a Roman, that I received a circular from the above committee a few days before the Carnival commenced, and as the document was not circulated among the English, and throws considerable light on the modus operandi of the party who are labouring to free Rome from her bondage, I reproduce it.

It is headed by the seal of the National Committee, and runs thus:

Monsieur,—Le Comité soussigné, au moyen d'un avis imprimé, a invité les Romains à s'abstenir, comme dans les années précédentes, de prendre part aux fêtes du Carnival. Le Comité, en vous remettant copie de cette avis, a l'honneur, Monsieur, de prier vous et vos amis de vouloir bien vous y conformer afin de respecter l'opinion du pays.

Rome: *le 27th Janvier*, 1864.

Le Comité National Romain.

The 'Avis' referred to is in Italian, and as this

language is not as generally known as French, I subjoin a translation of it.

ROMANS.

During this momentous period, when high aspirations are entertained for the freedom of our country, the priests, always hypocritical and designing, invite you to partake in the orgies of the Carnival. To insult they desire to add injury; for would it not injure you in the eyes of Europe were you seen as mummers at a time when your country is oppressed by the yoke of priests and of strangers? ROMANS, you will, we feel assured, respond to such conduct by your habitual contempt for the Carnival. Horse-races and fêtes of all kinds may amuse Bourbons, Papal officers, women belonging to their party, and the refuse of nations who happen to be in Rome doing the work of the priests, but such amusements are not for you, and we depend on your heroism and patriotism for steadily declining to take part in them.

Be emulous of the proud Venetians, your brethren in misfortune, who religiously abstain from all demonstrations calculated to give their oppressors any hold over them.

Bear in mind that patient calmness and union will go far to make up what may be wanting in force, and that you are descendants of those valiant Romans who conquered under Fabius Massimus. Energies wasted in useless complaints and juvenile impatience can be productive of no good, and by irritating our oppressors will only rivet our chains more strongly, injure the cause of Italy, and complicate our position.

The Roman people will, we feel assured, spend the forthcoming hours in dignified solitude, and be especially careful

to avoid all scenes of gaiety or dissipation. By this conduct they will help the great cause which has for its objects a national king and parliament, and will, not only terminate their sufferings speedily, but also see their city what it should be—viz. the capital of Italy.

Long live the King and Italy.

ROME: *January* 25, 1864.
The National Roman Committee.

The circular, and enclosed document were posted in Rome, but neither, as may be supposed, bore any manifestation of the precise locality in the city from whence they emanated.

I heard that the effect of this circular on some Romans was to prevent them attending the Carnival, apprehending that if seen in the Corso they would become marked men, and might suffer retribution should a rising take place, when it is said the Tiber is expected to run crimson with the blood of oppressors from St. Angelo to the Ripa Grande. Be this as it may, the Roman Carnival of 1864 was a sorry affair as compared with the Carnivals of bygone years. Indeed, whatever fun and gaiety prevailed arose from the English, who may be said to have had a little carnival of their own. The walls on the morning of the opening day were covered with long official notices, setting forth the regulations for the week, and rigorous punishment was threatened to all

who infringed them even in the slightest degree. So determined, indeed, was the government to suppress all possible inducement to create an émeute, that it was contemplated forbidding the throwing of confetti. No notice, however, was issued to this effect, but strict orders were given that they should not be thrown from horns, and at a balcony where I happened to be, a gentleman, who had been seen using a horn for this purpose, was pounced on by a Papal gendarme and quickly relieved of the offending instrument.*

To describe a Roman carnival, were it even as Roman carnivals were wont to be, would be very superfluous; that of 1864 may be dismissed in a few words. Almost all the balconies were occupied by English, who certainly in a great measure made up by the vigour of their confetti assaults what was wanting in numbers. Here and there you saw Romans, Papalists for the most part, and the only vehicle conspicuous for its decorations was filled by Papalini, who kept up a hot fire as they flaunted up and down the Corso under the yellow Papal flags.

* The horns in question are made of tin, and enable you to throw the confetti, small balls of lime about the size of a large pea, with greater force than when they are propelled from the hand.

The ex-king of Naples and his party occupied a large balcony nearly opposite the Caffé Nuovo, and, to judge by the volleys of confetti and clouds of flour and lime discharged from it, and the merriment that prevailed, you would not have imagined that care weighed heavily on the deposed monarch. English money, always abounding in Rome, caused the bouquets to exchange hands with great rapidity, thousands being thrown every day from the promenaders in the Corso to ladies in the balconies, and by the latter to gentlemen. On the last day of the Carnival, to many of the bouquets, cardinelli, or goldfinches, were attached, and thrown up with the flowers to ladies—a rather cruel diversion, for the poor birds incur considerable risk of being injured in the transit.

The usual horse-races concluded each day's amusement, the same horses (eight in number) running, and always, as it seemed to me, with the same result; so after the first day there would not have been much excitement in betting on the issue. Probably the best, or at all events least disappointing, portion of the Carnival was the exhibition of the Mocoletti, or small wax tapers. They lighted the entire Corso, and the effect of this long and very picturesque thoroughfare, illuminated by many thousand lights

in perpetual motion, is one of the prettiest sights that can be well imagined. But this part of the entertainment has the disadvantage of being dangerous, for while showers of confetti can do you no harm if your eyes are properly protected by a wire mask, the latter is insufficient to guard the eye from the thrust of the long sticks, having rags attached to them, with which everyone endeavours to extinguish his neighbour's light.

The spirit of fun, and I may add mischief, latent in the Romans broke out on this occasion. There was ample evidence on the part of those who participated in the excitement of the Mocoletti, that if circumstances permitted they would exhibit as much folly as their predecessors did at this season of mirth. Under the cover of darkness, many wild excesses were committed which would not have found favour with the National Committee.

Observing Romans in this mood, you cannot fail being struck by the similarity of their character to that of their forefathers, as described to us when they were celebrating their notorious Saturnalia. The Roman Carnival may indeed be traced to that Pagan festival. As late as the fourteenth century the great feast of the Ass was observed. On this occasion a King of Buffoons, popularly called the Pope of Fools,

crowned with grapes, was mounted on an ass, and while the animal was paraded through the streets, a hymn in Latin was sung, of which the following is a translation made for this work by one of our living poets:—

FESTA ASINARIA.

From the regions of the East
Came an Ass, a goodly beast,
Fair to see, and very stout,
Fit to bear great loads about.

On the hills of Sichem fed,
Under Reuben train'd and bred,
Straight he jump'd old Jordan's stream,
Bounding on to Bethlehem.

In his leaping he could clear
More than horse, or kid, or deer;
Madian's dromedary's stride
Went for nothing by his side.

Gifts from Araby he bore,
Incense, myrrh, and golden ore,
All of them the church to dower,
Tributes from the great Ass-power.

Signor Ass, he never flags,
Tho' the stiffest loads he drags,
While his patient jaws discuss,
Fare too tough for horse or us;

Barley tops he doth discuss
With the prickly carduus;
Tho', to give us our life-staff,
He treads the bread-corn from the chaff.

Say Amen, O Signor Ass!
Then, for this feed of festal-grass,
Bray a duplicate Amen,
And spurn the forage thou hadst then.

This asinine festival became ultimately the occasion of so much licentiousness that it was suppressed, but it had taken so great a hold of the people that, long after it was put down, it was customary among many families to celebrate it privately, one of their number being chosen King of Fools.

On the same principle that whatever gaiety may have been dormant among the Romans during the Carnival of this year was most conspicuous at the evening fun of the Mocoletti, so the masked balls exhibited the Italian character in its lightest aspect. Those given at the Apollo and Argentina Theatres, notwithstanding the influence of the National Committee, were well attended, and, masks being allowed, it was not of course easy to detect those who were present. At each of the four balls attempts were made to spoil the fun by throwing an extremely fine powder about the theatres. It was usually flung

from the upper boxes and fell among the maskers, who were soon made aware of its presence by being seized with violent fits of sneezing, accompanied by a running from the eyes, and considerable irritation in the throat. The effect was indeed so unpleasant as to cause many ladies to leave the theatre. At one ball a large quantity of the powder was thrown in the middle of a numerous quadrille party, and, although there were many Papal gendarmes and soldiers in the vicinity, the perpetrators of the extremely unpleasant practical joke escaped detection. The only means to alleviate the annoyance was to keep the floor of the theatre, which extended over the pit, well watered, which was by no means agreeable to ladies who wore thin satin boots or shoes.

But, although the masked balls were attended by some Romans, they were principally indebted for their success to the English, who mustered strongly, and derived great amusement by mystifying friends. And as, happily, masked balls in Italy are so well conducted (political sneezing powder excepted) that no lady need be under any apprehension of being scandalised or annoyed by the behaviour of rude or drunken men, those in Rome last spring were attended by the majority of English ladies, who experienced no other inconvenience than that re-

sulting from the powder to which I have alluded, and its watery antidote.

It is de rigueur among Roman families to celebrate the last evening of the Carnival by a supper of more than usual magnitude. My landlord gave a liberal entertainment to a party of friends, which was remarkable for the number of heaped-up dishes, all of which found favour with the guests. Oh the appetite of these Romans! I wonder whether their 'arrow-root and pappish days' are marked by similar exorbitances. They always, when eating, reminded me of that Edax, so graphically described by Elia, whose inordinate appetite caused him, as he states, to be 'pelted with phrases from Graduses' by his school-fellows. 'Ventri deditus, Vesana gula, Escæ gurges, Dapibus indulgens, Ventri natus.' But these 'double-meal' Italians are fortunate in one respect—no gluttony seems to induce aldermanic proportions.

The supper was crowned by an enormous cake, about two feet in diameter, covered with flowers made of sugar. Roman confectioners excel in these productions, which are deemed as good to eat as they are artistically beautiful. But, although strongly pressed to taste the cake and a saccharine rose, I could not touch the compound, which seemed as lusciously nasty as can well be imagined.

Supper over, we went to the Capranica Theatre, where we found Pulcinella in his glory, convulsing a crowded house with laughter. The piece was entitled 'Pulcinella's Ninety-ninth Disgrace,' and if any one of the preceding ninety-eight disgraces brought on him such condign punishment as he received on this occasion, the wonder is that he survived to get into fresh scrapes.

CHAPTER XXXV.

'Remember that you are but Dust'—Ash-Wednesday in Rome—How celebrated—Fasting regulations—Dispensation from the Pope to Officers of the Guardia Nobile—Derivation of the word Carnival—Religious Service in the Sistine Chapel—Strewing of ashes on the Cardinals' heads—English Custom on Ash-Wednesday—Indulgences granted on Ash-Wednesday—Confession during Lent obligatory in the Roman Catholic Church—Numerous Confessionals—Ex votos in Santa Maria in Trastevere—Licence allowed to the English by the Papal Government during Lent—Private Theatricals—Sermons during the Quadragesima—Dr. Manning's Discourses—Proposition to build a New Church in Rome—Churches 'Retired from Business'—The English College—Church formerly attached to this Institution dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury destroyed by fire—Sermon by Dr. Manning on St. Thomas à Becket—Views of the Pope on the rebuilding of St. Thomas' Church in Rome—The Collegio Pio—Church of San Giorgio in Velabro—Its dilapidated condition—St. George—His Life—Number of Churches dedicated to St. George in England—Frescoes representing various events in his Life.

'MEMENTO, homo, quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris.' Such are the words spoken by the Pontiff to all those privileged to bend their knee before him on Ash-Wednesday. Formerly the Pontiff walked on this day in procession barefoot; but, though this practice is discontinued, the church still does all in

her power, by ceremonies and ordinances, to draw the faithful from the paths of folly incident to the Carnival, into her fold.

The cardinals assume their purple robes, that colour being the mourning of the Romish Church, and the usual edicts are promulgated respecting the observance of Lent. Principal of these is fasting, or rather abstinence from meat.* Being aware of this, I was surprised that no difference was made at the dinner of my landlord. Asking the reason, the Conte told me that, in consequence of his being an officer of the Guardia Nobile, he had a dispensation from the Pope to eat meat, which with great liberality was extended to his family. So you see, fair lady maiden, should you go to Rome and marry a Guardia Nobile, you will not be obliged, though you change your religion, to fast during Lent.†

My landlord's daughters were very anxious to see the ceremony of strewing ashes on the cardinals' heads by the Pope; and on expressing my surprise that they had never witnessed it, they stated that

* The precise words of the Church are: 'Le jeûne est obligatoire chaque jour de carême, le dimanche excepté. Un édit du Cardinal Vicaire régle ce qui concerne l'abstinence et l'usage des aliments gras.'

† Although Muratori and others derive the word Carnival from *carnis-levamen*, alluding to the great consumption of meat at this season, some etymologists conceive that it is derived from *carne vale*, or the farewell to flesh following the period of gaiety.

they had not the courage to struggle through the crowds of English surrounding the entrance to the Sistine Chapel. 'We always hope to go,' they added, 'but English visitors become more numerous every year, and thus really we do not now expect ever to see the ceremony.'

Through streets deep in snow I drove with the Conte, who was on duty, to the Sistine, and, favoured by being well placed, I saw the Pope sprinkle ashes on the venerable heads of the Sacred College. Some cardinals, having perhaps irritable skins, did not appear to like the ashes on their bald pates. At all events they rubbed them vigorously after the ceremony.

You may remember how an ambassador from Turkey declared, on his return from Rome, that before Lent the Romans were mad with excitement, and that to cure them it was customary to rub ashes on their heads. Certainly, if the people were formerly as grave as their chief priests appeared when ash-bestrewn in the Sistine Chapel, the ambassador was not far wrong in his conclusion. And if we regard the ceremony in its proper light, as an act of humiliation on the part of sinful man before the throne of his Maker, we cannot fail to be struck by its significance. Sober practical English eat salt fish

on Ash Wednesday—surely it is quite as rational to receive a few ashes on the bowed head.

Much more to be deprecated is the great number of indulgences that may be obtained on this day at various churches in Rome. These are so numerous that you might, if moderately active, run up a score of many thousand years in a very short time by hastening from church to church. But you must be careful not to visit any one church twice on the same day; for 'l'Année Liturgique' says: 'Quoique la station ait lieu simultanément dans plusieurs églises, on ne peut gagner l'indulgence qu'une fois en visitant une des églises indiquées. Ces églises restent ouvertes toute la journée.'

Every facility, indeed, is given to enable the penitent sinner, during the season of Quadragesima Quaresima, or Lent, to make his peace with God; and those not spiritually moved to observe the ceremonies are, under any circumstances, obliged to confess during this season. To fail in this most important duty incurs the risk of being excommunicated—a severe penalty to the Romanist, involving as it does the prospect, should death occur, of being buried in unconsecrated ground.

This, then, is the period of the year when the numerous confessionals in the churches are resorted to

by the people, and, in order to meet the wants of all visitors, confessionals are appropriated to different nations, each having inscribed over it the language in which the priest enshrined within is prepared to hear confession.

Pro lingua Hispanica, pro lingua Gallica, pro lingua Francesca, pro lingua Anglicana, &c.; all tongues are here represented, and the pilgrim from every country has no difficulty in finding a spiritual home in the Eternal City.

That the season of Lent possesses great influence over Italians is certain. Visiting St. Maria in Trastevere during this period, I was greatly struck by the number of Romans, principally of the lower orders, engaged in acts of devotion in that fine old church. Assassins, too, must have lately sought to wipe out old scores, for the number of knives suspended around the image of the Madonna in the nave had considerably increased during the past few weeks.

With an inconsistency by no means singular in the Papal Government, while ordering religious matters thus sternly, licence is extended to the English, which must go far to neutralise the effect of their ordinances on the minds of Romans. For, while the public theatres during Lent are rigorously closed,

and balls are interdicted, the English last Lent obtained leave to open the theatre in the Via Frattina for private theatricals, and it was at this season that the performances were most fashionable. Dancing, too, was permitted, for, though invitations to balls were not issued, many parties at which I was present concluded with a dance.

Lent in Rome is a favourite season for sermons. Discourses in Latin, French, English and German, are given in various churches. Dr. Manning favoured us with several sermons, judiciously selecting for his preachings the church at the angle in the Piazza del Popolo, between the Corso and the Via del Babuino, and for hour the time when the English were dismissed from the afternoon service in the Protestant Church outside the Porto del Popolo. Dr. Manning always commanded crowded audiences, and especially on the occasion of preaching a sermon in favour of building a new church in Rome. What! probably exclaims the Protestant reader, a new church in Rome, which already possesses more than three hundred parish churches, many of which have 'retired from business,' besides the Basilicas? Even so, and this was the occasion.

There formerly existed, attached to the English college at Rome, a church dedicated to St. Thomas

of Canterbury. This church was destroyed in the first great revolution, and has never been rebuilt. It possessed considerable interest, having been erected by Egbert on the site of a church founded in 775, by Offa, king of the East Saxons. When Thomas à Becket visited Rome, he lived in the hospital attached to the church, and on his canonization the sacred edifice was dedicated to him. The chapel made use of at present by the members of the English college is in the building, and having attended service in it, I can attest that it is not sufficiently large for the college; but as there are many churches in Rome of which no use whatever is made, it is a question whether one of them might not be handed over to the English college. Such, however, is not the opinion of the Pope, and His Holiness and the Sacred College having resolved to rebuild the church, Dr. Manning was requested to appeal to the charity and piety of the Roman Catholics of England, and of all other nations, to assist in the undertaking.

The announcement that Dr. Manning would deliver a discourse on the great English saint completely filled the large church of San Carlo. He gave a masterly and eloquent sketch of the life of St. Thomas, dwelling at considerable length on the cir-

cumstance that he was a martyr for the liberties of the Catholic Church, and stating that it was a reflection on the latter that England should be without a church in Rome.

He added that it was his firm conviction that Great Britain was now undergoing punishment for having, through Henry II. and subsequent kings, repudiated the saintship of Becket, her punishment being, great and increasing wealth and luxury, and an arrogance of intellectuality which would assuredly be fatal to her as a nation. For, though possessing enormous wealth, not one half of the population attend any description of church, and are little better than heathens; and those that do attend a place of Protestant worship have no faith in what they hear. Under the fostering and fatherly protection of the Holy See can salvation only be found, and if nations when armed and eager for war would only, as of old, have recourse to the Pope as an arbitrator, all dissensions would be healed. Possessing a silver voice, exquisitely modulated, and using the best language, Dr. Manning was listened to with great attention, but, judging from remarks that I heard on leaving the church, it is doubtful whether he succeeded in impressing his hearers that, with scores of churches lying spiritually fallow, there is any neces-

sity for building another. The hat was not sent round after the discourse, but a paper was placed in our hands, setting forth the views of the Pope on the subject, and adding the localities where subscriptions would be received. The document in question contains some interesting passages. After stating that the proposed undertaking had received the full approbation of the Holy Father, and his benediction, it adds: 'The moment for such an undertaking could not be more suitable, when the sacred rights of the Holy See are violated on every side; when the immunities of the church are trampled under foot; when for fifteen years the temporal power of the Holy See has been assailed; when cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, are exiled and cast into prison; at such a moment it seems especially fitting to erect in Rome a church in honour of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, who was exiled and martyred in defending the rights of the church, and has therefore been declared by the Holy See the defender of its immunities, so that the sacred congregation of the immunities, every year on his festival, holds a cappella in the small chapel within the precincts of the English college.

'The Holy See has always approved of the erection of national churches in Rome, under the shadow of

St. Peter, and the special protection of the Vicar of Christ.

'France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Poland, Sclavonia, Greece, Ireland, Scotland, Naples, Sicily, Lombardy, Venice, Lucca, and Genoa, the United States, the Armenians, the Maronites, the Copts and the Ruthenians, and others, all possess churches in Rome, mostly dedicated to their patron saints.

'Now, therefore, that His Holiness Pius IX. has re-united England in a special manner to the universal church by restoring the hierarchy, it would seem to reflect upon the faith and the devotion of the Catholics of England to the Holy See, if they were the only nation in Europe which has not a church in Rome dedicated to their great saint and martyr.

'This appeal is not limited to the Catholics of England, because, since the erection of the hierarchy, the church has made so great a progress that the charity of the faithful has been heavily and continually burdened in the founding of churches, colleges, seminaries, schools, and other charitable institutions, it would therefore be hardly just to cast on them the whole effort of defraying the expenses needed for erecting a church in honour of a saint

declared by the Holy See to be the defender of the rights of the church throughout the world.'

The document is signed 'George Talbot, protonotary, apostolic and private chamberlain of His Holiness, delegate pro-protector of the English college.'

Bearing in mind what the Pope has done for the church of which he is head, and the sums expended on the restoration of the basilica of St. Paul, we may be sure that, even should subscriptions fall short, the English college will not be long without a church of its own, provided always that His Holiness remains on his throne; and there is the greater reason for coming to this conclusion, because an institution called the Collegio Pio has been recently added to the English college, the purpose of which is to receive converts to Romanism, and to train them to the priesthood.

Though not disposed to contribute to the re-erection of Becket's church, there is one in Rome which I should like to see restored, or at least put into something like decent condition. This is the church of San Giorgio in Velabro.

How many Englishmen, I wonder, who rap out St. George's name as an emphatic adjunct to their speech, are aware that the head of England's patron

saint, is preserved in a church in Rome. The edifice containing this relic is so dilapidated that you might suppose the ecclesiastical authorities, remembering rather the early deeds of George the Cappadocian, whose employment, says Gibbon, 'being mean, he rendered it infamous,' * than his meritorious death, were ashamed of allowing any church to stand dedicated to him.

I confess that the condition of his church pained me. For accustomed as we are to esteem, and in some degree at least reverence, our tutelary saint, it is somewhat humiliating to an Englishman to see the building containing a portion of St. George's body fast falling to decay.

The situation of San Giorgio is certainly far from attractive, the roads adjoining the church being as neglected and ruinous as the church itself. It was with great difficulty that we found the custode, an ancient crone who seemed to wonder what motive could have led us to visit the tottering fabric of which she held the keys; and yet San Giorgio, the patron saint of soldiers and armourers as well as of England—'le très loyal Chevalier de la Chrétienneté;' Der Heilige Georgius of Germany, one of the fourteen

* In allusion to his having been brought up as a fuller.

saints whose memory is cherished in that country as *Noth-helfers*—is not wholly forgotten in Rome, for he has his festa day (April 23). On this occasion, says the 'Année Liturgique,' his skull, lance, and banner of red silk, are exhibited in his church, and the senate make their annual offering of two torches and a small barrel of oil for the supply of the lamp before the altar.

It is certainly curious that the church of a saint thus honoured in the calendar should be suffered to fall to ruin. There are, according to Parker's Calendar of the Anglican Church,' no less than one hundred and sixty-two churches in England dedicated to St. George, not one of which, I apprehend, is so desecrated as that bearing his name in Rome. Stern Gibbon, it is true, declares St. George's life to have been bad in all respects; but he is nevertheless a very popular saint, the Greeks, indeed, style him the great martyr and captain of the noble army of martyrs, and devotional representations of him are to be found in many churches throughout Europe.

It is sad to think that the tribune of his church in Rome was once covered by exquisite frescoes by Giotto, representing various events in the life of the 'fiera pronta e vivace' warrior, as Vasari styles him, and that all these paintings have perished.

Especially beautiful we are told was that fresco where he appeared

> Clad in mighty arms and silver shield,
> As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit,

doing battle with the dragon about to devour the fair Cleodolinda.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Oratorios in Rome during Lent—San Maria in Vallicella—San Filippo Neri—Life of this Saint—Founds Order of the Oratorians—Reputed Miracle—Portrait of the Saint—The Oratory—Nature of the Musical Performances—Litanies in honour of the Virgin—Sermonettas by Children—Oratorio of San Atanasio—Legend respecting him—Women not admitted to the Oratorios in Rome—Concerts in Rome—Monster Concert for the Benefit of St. Peter's Pence Fund—Performance by Lizt—Amount received for the Peter's Pence Fund—England's Contribution to Pope Leo IV.

THE English who make Rome their dwelling-place during winter are not, I apprehend, generally aware that extremely good oratorios are performed in that city during Lent, and that admission to them is gratuitous. The fact, it is true, is mentioned by 'Murray,' but only incidentally, in connexion with the church of San Maria in Vallicella. This edifice, one of the finest of its kind in Rome, was built by San Filippo Neri, under the patronage of Gregory XIII., and the adjoining convent is occupied by the oratorians, whose order was founded by the above saint.

San Filippo Neri was a very remarkable person. He was the son of a Florentine lawyer, and was born in Florence in 1515. In early youth he went to Rome

in search of employment. There he became tutor to a nobleman's son, through whose patronage he was placed in an independent position, and enabled to perform various charitable works. Among these was his establishment of a society for visiting the poor, the members of which met in a small oratory, built by Neri, and, increasing in numbers and importance, eventually took the name Oratorians from their place of meeting. Having had a taste for music from his earliest years, he cultivated it for religious purposes, and invented those sacred compositions, which, originally performed in the oratory resorted to by the religious community established by him, became known as oratorios, and now under this name enjoy a world-wide reputation.

Although the sect founded by Neri were bound by no vows, they soon became celebrated for their pious deeds, while their head acquired so great a renown for sanctity that miracles were attributed to him. The special miracle received by the Romish Church, and which led to his canonization, was that of raising from the dead young Paolo Massimi, son of Fabrizio, lord of Arsoli. In commemoration of this act, which is said to have taken place on the 16th March, 1583, it is customary for the Pope to attend on this day, annually, in the chapel of the palace of the Massimi

family, where a service is performed commemorative of the occasion.

Protestants cannot endorse this reputed miracle, but there is no doubt that San Filippo Neri was a very good man; and if one half of the 'Maxims and Sayings'* attributed to him were his utterances, he must have also been a very learned Christian philosopher.

The church contains a portrait of the saint,† and several of his relics are preserved in the adjoining convent. But the great monuments to his memory are the various hospitals that he founded, and the oratory built on the site of the former structure. This is a large and handsome hall, the master-piece of Borromini, combining great elegance, with perfect aptitude for its purposes. At one end is a small altar, surmounted by a singing gallery, and at the side a larger gallery for the orchestra and singers.

The oratorios commence in Advent, and are con-

* An edition of these, arranged for every day in the year has been published in Italian and translated by the Rev. J. D. Faber.

† The best, and indeed only authentic, portrait of Neri is in the Trinità de' Pellegrini. The saint would never allow his likeness to be taken. It happened, however, that among the inmates of the above hospital was a painter, who, in gratitude for kindness received from the saint, painted him surreptitiously. When Neri discovered that his portrait had been thus painted, he mildly rebuked the artist by saying, 'You should not have stolen me unawares.'

tinued, with a few intermissions, on each Sunday until Easter. They commence half an hour after Ave Maria, but to secure a seat you must be at the doors at least half an hour previously, as, admission being gratuitous, there are crowds at each performance. As a rule, the oratorios during Lent are the best, the closing of the opera houses at this period enabling the most eminent singers and instrumentalists to be engaged.

The oratorios are always preceded by litanies in honour of the Virgin, and by a short sermon, or sermonettas as they are called, delivered by children, perched very puppet-like in a high, quaint stone pulpit. The effect of the infantine treble in the vast hall, is almost ludicrous, and as the matter delivered is of the most commonplace kind, this part of the performance would be far better honoured in the breach than the observance.

I attended several of these oratorios last Lent, and derived, with few exceptions, more gratification from them than from all the other religious music that I heard in Rome. Small books containing the words of the oratorios are sold at the doors. Perhaps, the best last winter was one entitled Sant' Atanasio azione sacra in due parti di G. M. Marini, posta in musica da F. Capocci, professor in the Academy of St. Cecilia.

The subject is taken from the Roman breviary. Sant' Atanasio, patriarch of Alexandria, is accused before a council of bishops of having cut off the arm of a child for magical purposes, and brought about the death of the Bishop Arsenio. But just when the enemies of Athanasius conceive that they have prevailed by means of false witnesses in inculpating the saint, the dead bishop appears in the flesh before the council, and Athanasius is, of course, triumphantly acquitted.

Lady readers fond of this description of music, who may contemplate wintering in Rome, will be disappointed to hear that women are not allowed to be present at these performances. The Oratory is unfortunately within the precincts of the convent, and therefore the fair sex are excluded. If ever there was an occasion to make an exception to this rule, it should be in the case of these oratorios; but the Oratorians hold to their order, and close their doors against womankind, unless provided with a pass from the Pope.

Lent in Rome is a great season for concerts, many of which partake of a religious character. A monster concert was given last spring by Liszt, at which recitations by him on the piano, and religious discourses alternated. The programme set forth that the con-

cert was 'in onore della Croce per l'obolo di S. Pietro,' and as the tickets were two scudi each, double the usual price, and the attendance very large, a considerable sum must have been collected for the representative of St. Peter. For English, who in all probability would have sternly refused making oblations to St. Peter's pence fund, had no scruple in coming forward with their money when it procured them the gratification of hearing the once great pianist.

Very curious are the means employed to swell this fund, which I believe is much larger than is generally supposed.* From all countries where Romanism is professed, the pence come, and even poor Ireland contributes largely. How much may flow from rich England I cannot say, but the Pope, if he ever passes through the Stanze of Raphael in the Vatican, must regard a fresco in the hall of the Incendio del Borgo with feelings of regret. I allude to that representing King Ethelwolf carrying a vase heaped up with gold coins, destined as the monarch's offering on the part of England to Pope Leo IV. Ethelwolf, was the first English sovereign who agreed to pay tribute to the Vatican. He made a pilgrimage to Rome in 854, remained there a year, which he passed

* The *Diario Romano* states the fund to have amounted in 1863 to 35,483,580 francs.

in exercises of devotion, and undertook to pay three hundred crowns annually, to be devoted partly to supplying oil for the lamps in the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, and partly to the maintenance of the Pope's establishment. Ethelwolf's example was long followed, and the offerings often amounted to enormous sums, when it was thought by trembling kings that the wrath of angry pontiffs might be averted, or their favour gained, by such oblations. Indeed the soul-stirring words which Shakspeare makes King John put back the pretensions of a Roman bishop to 'tithe or toll' in his dominions, shows how the spirit of national independence chafed in the poet's mind when thinking of the spiritual rule of the chief priest of Rome over some of England's kings.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Abbé Gerbet's 'Rome Chrétienne'—The Eternal City asserted to be favourable for Contemplation—Not the case last Winter—Explosion of a bomb in the Piazza di Spagna—Fatal Effect—Commotion occasioned by the Explosion—Nature of the bomb—Another bomb discovered in the Corso—Intended destruction of Papalini—'Garibaldi é in Caprera'—The throwing of bombs in Rome a sign of great sense of Oppression—Political Caricatures—Blowing up the Pope—Affray between Papal and French Troops—Death of Papal Soldiers—The Pope's orders respecting side-arms—Patrols in Rome.

Among the numerous advantages of Rome held out by the Abbé Gerbet, in his 'Rome Chrétienne,' is one to which he makes frequent allusion, returning to it with evident affection. This is, the peculiar aptitude, as he affirms, of the Eternal City and its vicinity for quiet contemplation. Uncommercial, the seat of art, and the head quarters of the 'Infallible Church,' the very desolation of Rome is, in his opinion, eminently favourable for religious meditation and studies. To Rome, in the language of one of Michael Angelo's most beautiful sonnets, he advises all oppressed by

> a cumbrous load,
> To shun like shatter'd barks the storm, and flee
> To her protection for a safe abode.

Nor is the Abbé singular. For it has ever been the boast of the clergy of his persuasion that in Rome, and Rome only, can man have that complete peace for which the soul often yearneth. For while in other cities

> The crowd, the hum, the shock of men,

war with mental repose, in Rome, says the church, the most vexed spirit may be at rest.

Not so—at least such was not the calm inspiring influence of Rome last winter. I was spending an evening in February with a friend occupying apartments on the second story over Spithöver's book shop in the Piazza di Spagna, when a bomb that had been placed at dusk near the entrance of the shop, exploded, and blew in several windows. Fortunately, the fragments inflicted no injury on those inside the shop, nor on passers by; but the explosion was so terrific as to bring the majority of the inhabitants of the Piazza and adjoining streets out of their houses, all of whom were greatly terrified, one lady, who was ill, so much so that she died.

The locality of the explosion was immediately surrounded by an excited crowd, anxious to glean information, difficult under the circumstances, as the wildest and most absurd rumours were flying about. In a few moments the mass was riven by a posse of

gensdarmes—never far distant in Rome—who gathered up the débris of the bomb and tied them carefully in a cloth, for minute examination at the police office. The carcase was a vicious-looking affair, and had evidently contained a large quantity of powder and many missiles, intended to do much more mischief than shattering windows, but, some how or other, bombs, and particularly those exploded by revolutionists, generally signally fail to carry into effect the wicked intentions of their constructors. Another, placed a few evenings before at the door of a café in the Corso, was happily discovered before the fuse had burnt down to the powder, and speedily rendered innocuous.

These, it will be admitted, are by no means pleasant companions in the streets; and even sedate and philosophical Gibbon would probably have been scared from that musing mood amidst the ruins of Rome to which he touchingly alludes in his great work, had such a bomb as alarmed us at Spithöver's exploded near him.

By whom these bombs were laid we never knew; for not the slightest allusion was made to them in the journals, which, while Rome was in the most unsettled condition, continued to publish their usual milksop articles. That one object desired was the

destruction of the Papalini is pretty certain, for a very large infernal machine was planted at the entrance of the café frequented by them.

It is worthy of remark that, from the crowd gathered round Spithöver's shop after the explosion of the bomb, a voice was heard faintly singing

Garibaldi é in Caprera
Sperando la primavéra—

two lines of a song which goes on to say that the enemies of Italy cannot resist this man, sent specially by Jesus Christ to free Rome from her enemies.

Under any circumstances, the throwing of bombs in a city among the inhabitants is a dastardly act, and cannot possibly be justified. The existence of such a practice, however, carries with it the convic tion that a great sense of oppression must be felt by those who, unable to take arms against oppressors in a manful and open manner, resort to this mode of revenge. Whether the manufacture of the bombs in question was known to the National Committee I cannot say, but, just at the period when they were thrown, several political caricatures, two of which were surreptitiously delivered at nightfall at my lodgings, made their appearance, and as some of these productions had a very close relation to the bombs, I am

inclined to think that they emanated, if not from the same party, at all events with their cognisance.

One of the caricatures represents the Pope blown up by a bomb, the fragments of which have killed Antonelli and De Merode, while under are the words, 'E cosi finira—la gloriosa istoria.'

Another represents the Pope dying, surrounded by his ministers in a state of great grief, while above the Papal couch are portraits of celebrated Neapolitan banditti, who have usurped the place of the Virgin.

These manifestations, and others of less note, had, however, one unmistakeable meaning, overwhelming hatred against the Papal Government, and a desire to foment revolution. For this, indeed, the Romans as a body were and are well prepared, but in the absence of sufficient force, and a Garibaldi to lead them, their efforts would hitherto have been utterly unavailing in the face of the eighteen thousand French bayonets at their breasts. True their forefathers

> Spared neither lands nor gold,
> Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
> In those brave times of old—

but the odds have been too much against them. Whether, when opportunity offers by a reduction in the number of French troops, they will take arms 'against their sea of troubles,' or quietly await the

issue of the proposed two years for the French evacuation, remains to be seen.

A circumstance happened at the period when Rome was startled by the bomb explosions, so illustrative of the working of French dominion and power in that city, as to be well worth recording.

A squadron of Papal dragoons, commanded by the Count de St. Nac, was quartered at Castel-Gandolfo, in the barracks adjoining the Pope's palace. Some of the soldiers took a walk one day to Albano, where there is a French garrison, and entering a café, a dispute about a very trivial matter arose between the soldiers and persons in the café. The French troops, hearing the altercation, entered the café, and ordered the dragoons to depart in a very peremptory manner. This they refused to do, declaring that they were in no way amenable to the French soldiers. Eventually, however, they were persuaded to leave the café, in consequence of the friendly mediation of a Pontifical gendarme, and they left Albano quietly. At the gate of the town it appears that one of the men unbuckled his sabre and laid it aside for a few moments, when it was instantly seized by some French soldiers who were in the vicinity, and carried by them to their barracks. The Papal dragoons, naturally indignant at such a proceeding, wished to re-enter Albano

to rescue their comrade's sword. The Papal police now interfered, and pledging their word that they would cause it to be returned the following morning, induced the dragoons to proceed on their way home. But on the road between Albano and Castel-Gandolfo, they were pursued and overtaken by seventy French soldiers, forming part of the Albano garrison, who insulted and menaced them. The Italians, whose temper it must be acknowledged had been very severely tried, now faced round, drew their sabres, and drove back their pursuers. But the latter being reinforced by a second body of their comrades, commanded by a captain; succeeded in driving the dragoons to the gates of Castel-Gandolfo, where they made a stand, and refused to allow the French soldiers to pass. The captain of the latter, who seems to have been a hot headed man, quite unfit for a command, forthwith drew his revolver in the most deliberate manner, fired at the dragoon near him, wounded him mortally, and then ordered his men to fire. The order was promptly obeyed. The French soldiers killed four dragoons and wounded seven others. The scene that followed may be conceived. The Papal garrison rushed to arms, backed by the inhabitants of Castel-Gandolfo, and the Count de St. Nac had the greatest difficulty in preventing his

men returning the fire. The French captain was ordered to be tried, but with what result I cannot say. It was, moreover, reported that the Pope was greatly affected when he heard the particulars of this very disgraceful affray, and said to the French general, 'Pray spare my troops, for I have but very few left.' *

Can we wonder, in the face of the foregoing incidents, which are authentic, that a strong feeling has prevailed on the part of the Romans against the French occupation, or that they should have felt powerless to act, though galled by oppression and wrong.

We constantly heard, during winter and spring, of altercations and fights between the French and Papal troops; they generally occurred near the Colosseum, and I believe that the object of the patrols met with in all parts of the city was more to prevent and suppress these outbreaks than to guard the inhabitants against robbers and assassins.

* With the view of preventing fatal results arising from quarrels between French and Papal soldiers, His Holiness has ordered that the latter, when off duty, are not to wear their side arms.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Political degradation of Rome—Niebuhr's observation on modern Romans—The Gardens of Rome—Ancient and modern—A Fairy Garden—Lovely Bouquets—An elegant Entertainment—Vespasian's retreat—The Roman in Villegiatura—The Vigna Codina—Columbaria—Advantages of Cremation—Ashes of a Dog—Great variety of Antiquities—A pilfering Visitor.

It will probably be as pleasant to the reader as it was to the writer, to pass from scenes and events like those described in the preceding chapter to others of a more cheerful nature.

Indeed the state of Rome, her political degradation, and the cheerless gloomy air of the people, had frequently so depressing an influence on me, that I sometimes contemplated leaving the city; but the kindness of friends, and of one in particular, whose house was to me as a home, interposed between thought and action. For, as Niebuhr says in his account of Rome in 1830, 'How can a man, who feels himself made happy only by the human soul and the human heart, find compensation from statues, paintings, and architecture. The Romans, as a nation, are walking dead men.'

And it is when seeing the art wonders of the

Eternal City with a friend possessing sympathetic tastes, that we forget bad government, dirty streets, foul smells, and even the chance of being blown up by a bomb.

With the friend to whom allusion has been made, I visited, not under cicerone coercion, but leisurely, the greater portion of the interesting monuments of Rome; and to the same friend I was indebted for several extremely agreeable acquaintances. Especially remembered is a gentleman who possesses one of the most beautiful gardens in Rome, in which, when spring came round, he loved to receive his English friends.

The vast space within the walls of Rome unbuilt upon enables several families to have gardens, to which they resort in evening hours, and in which they grow a great variety of lovely flowers. Indeed the demand, I was told, for gardens has lately become so great that high prices are asked and obtained for one of even very small dimensions. For the modern Roman is satisfied with a very modest garden retreat compared to the gardens of the ancients. The old Roman garden was a splendid creation. That of Sallust, we are told, was replete with all manner of luxuries, and abounded with exquisite statues. Never, however, were more lovely flowers cultivated,

even in the gardens of the Cæsars, than now grow within the walls of Rome.

The garden belonging to the gentleman—who will be recognised by many readers of this book who have lately resided in Rome—though small, is certainly one of the most fairy-like creations that I have seen. Within its narrow bounds are a casino, diningroom, conservatory, rockery, fernery, a tiny lake, parterres, and walks so artfully winding amidst the shrubs that the area of the garden appears doubled. Never assuredly was so much made out of so little. 'Parva, sed apta mihi,' you may remember Ariosto inscribed over the door of his house in Ferrara, and my Roman friend might well set up a similar inscription over his garden entrance, for though small, he contrives to make it yield very great enjoyment. In one sense, indeed, he might desire it to be larger. Socrates, when found fault with for building so diminutive a house as he had done, replied, 'Small as it is, I fear I cannot fill it with friends.' The gentleman—whose name I should like to mention, but whose retiring nature might be averse to such publicity—could have, I am certain, filled a much larger garden that he possesses with friends last spring. His lady friends alone would have mustered strongly; and no wonder, for to him were many ladies indebted for the finest

bouquets that graced ball or opera in Rome last season.

One entertainment given by him, to which he kindly invited me, was so perfect in its way as to merit special mention. All present, with one exception, were English. The garden was arrayed in the greatest beauty. Tree-like camellias glowed with flowers—orange trees bent beneath their golden fruit—a vast variety of plants were coming into bloom in the parterres, while the conservatory was radiant with many colours of others in full flower. Creepers of great beauty and luxuriousness climbed and masked the walls; and the whole scene was so lovely that I was almost led to exclaim, in the words of the garden loving poet,

> Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines
> Curl me about, ye gadding vines;
> And oh! so close your circles lace,
> That I may never leave this place.

The poet, you may remember, fearing that the graceful fetters might prove too weak, entreats the brambles and briars to chain him too; but in this wish, as applied to my friend's garden, I cannot follow him—for no brambles or briars are there.

It was a breakfast party, for my friend, out of compliment to the English, had done so much violence to

his good sense as to call an afternoon's repast by this name. Well, called by any other name it could not have been better. Assembling in and around a tent pitched in the middle of the garden, the ladies elegantly but not over dressed, the gentlemen happily not, as the Romans say,

Martiri in guanti gialli,

we filed off to the salon. The walls of this large room were covered with frescoes, and the room itself literally garlanded with flowers, while before every lady was a splendid bouquet, and before every gentleman three camellias in glasses. The breakfast—a substantial dinner—was composed of a great number of delicacies, and the wines included varieties which I had never before tasted.

After the breakfast we adjourned to the roof of the casino, where coffee and liqueurs were served, and from which we enjoyed delightful views of the Alban and Sabine hills.

Vespasian, we are told by Suetonius, even when at the pinnacle of imperial greatness, passed a great portion of his time in the small villa near Reate, where he was born, preferring the limited and modest extent of its accommodation to the grandeur of his palaces; and there are several Romans who, though possessing vast palaces, prefer spending the greater

part of the year in *villegiatura* as it is called, where the gloomy grandeur of slenderly furnished apartments is exchanged for the snugger, if not more comfortable, villa.

My friend's charming casino in his lovely garden would go far to make you in love with Rome, for it was difficult, when within the latter, to think of the many désagrémens within that city, and it possesses the great advantage of being literally rus in urbe.

There is another garden, or, more properly speaking, vineyard, within the walls of Rome, in which I spent many hours. It is known to visitors as the Vigna Codini, and is situated near the tomb of the Scipios. I became acquainted with the proprietor through Signor Rossetti, the distinguished sculptor, and frequently spent a portion of the afternoon with the latter in the loggia of the casino overlooking Rome, when Signor Codini regaled us with a bottle of his best wine, the growth of the surrounding vineyards.

Within this vineyard, are the most perfect Columbaria in Rome; one recently discovered abounds with vases and urns, surmounted, in many instances, by extremely interesting inscriptions. Here, within a space little larger than an ordinary sitting-room, are the ashes of more than two thousand bodies which have undergone cremation. Many of the ollae,

or urns, are of elegant design, displaying great taste on the part of the relatives or friends of the deceased, while the inscriptions certify that they were not only cared for, but mourned.

It has always appeared to me that cremation is an admirable mode of disposing of the dead. Purified by this process, you can cherish the ashes of those most loved, and a very small space, as you may see by the Roman Columbaria, suffices for the remains of many thousand human beings.*

The Columbaria in the Via Codini belonged almost entirely to the freedmen of the Cæsars and great Romans, and thus more than ordinary elegance is displayed on the vases containing the ashes, and the frescoes decorating the walls.

It would, I fear, shock the feelings of rigid Christians to see among the urns one containing the ashes of a favourite dog. The urn is surmounted by a portrait of the animal, which seems to have been of the spaniel species, and the inscription informs us that the dog was the much-loved pet of his mistress, Synoris Glauconia. But those who have

* The Romans adopted the custom of burning their dead from the Greeks. Under the emperors cremation became almost universal, but was afterwards gradually discontinued on the introduction of Christianity, and had fallen into disuse about the end of the fourth century.

been made happy by the affection of a dog—that affection which knows no change during life—will look at this canine monument with interest, and we may be sure that the lady was a loveable being who thus cherished the memory of her little friend.

Signor Codini has accumulated an extraordinary variety of antiquities, many obtained from the neighbouring Columbaria. The walls around the casino are covered with fragments of sculptures, and others lie in heaps on the ground. One afternoon, when lounging over the balcony in the loggia, an English party made their appearance. They had come to see the Columbaria, the keys of which are kept in the casino. While the necessary permission was being applied for, one of the gentlemen, not of course supposing that he was overlooked, was quietly proceeding to pocket a fragment of sculpture, when, greatly to his astonishment and mortification, Signor Codini exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, 'Monsieur, il ne faut pas prendre ça!' The celerity with which the covetous man dropped the marble was amusing to witness, nor could any persuasion on the part of Signor Codini induce him and his party to carry out the principal object of their visit.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Rome a manufacturing City—The Studios—Copyists of old Pictures—Manufacture of spurious ancient Pictures—Notice respecting authenticity of copies from the old Masters—Story of the 'real original' Transfiguration of Raphael—Roman Tradesmen—Bronzes—Marble Ornaments—Jewellery—Castellani's Establishment—Mr. Gibson and his Studio—His new Statue of Psyche—Colouring Statues—Mr. Gibson's opinion on this subject—Permanence of the Colour—Washing a Venus—Mr. Gibson's great popularity—Canova's life in Rome—Artists in Rome—The English Art Academy—The Italian Academy—Its Objects—Manufactory of Contadinas—Stella—Story respecting her—Pascuccio—Romans not celebrated as Artists—Photography in Rome—The photographic Deceit and Nuisance.

ACCORDING to the strict meaning of the word, Rome is entitled to be called one of the largest manufacturing towns in Europe, for if by 'manufacture' is understood articles made by hand, then the vast number and variety of art objects annually produced in Rome entitles that city to preeminence as a manufacturing town.

The studios of Rome are one of its chief attractions; and many visitors who profess utter indifference respecting antiquities, spend half their time in artists' studios and shops devoted to the sale of

artistic objects. The number and value of these produced annually in Rome, specifying the number sold to visitors, would be a curious and interesting statistical return. 'How many copies do you suppose,' I asked one of the best-known copyists of the old masters, 'have you made of Guido's Beatrice Cenci?' 'Upwards of five hundred,' he replied. Now, as the studio of this copyist contains copies of all the celebrated pictures in Rome, and of many in Naples, Bologna, Florence, and Venice, most of which he *and his assistants** have produced over and over again, some idea may be formed of the manufacturing process going on in this speciality. Then, again, look at the manufacture of spurious 'ancient pictures,' which is carried on in Rome to an immense extent. A veritable manufacture this, for the picture passes through many operations and processes before it is submitted to the hoped-for dupe.

The effrontery of some of the Roman dealers in ancient pictures is amazing. One, imagining probably that I was a rich and gullible Englishman, was

* I add, assistants, because, as the reader must see, it would be manifestly impossible for any one hand to reproduce all the copies attributed to eminent Roman copyists. The diluting process of copying copies is, indeed, so well known to the proprietors of the great masterpieces in Rome, that some affix notices in their picture-galleries to the effect that no copy can be considered genuine that has not the seal of the proprietor of the original attached to it.

at great pains to impress upon me that he had acquired the real original Transfiguration of Raphael. Curious to see to what lengths he would go, I was reticent respecting the state of my finances, and accordingly he proceeded to relate a long story of how he had lent money to a nobleman on the security of this picture, which had always been in the nobleman's family; that, in consequence of the nobleman's inability to repay the loan, the picture had come into his possession, with documents showing on the most incontestable evidence that the work had been executed by Raphael in a year agreeing with the date (in shining gold) on the picture, and that it was, moreover, the original design of the famous painting in the Vatican, and indeed superior to it in all respects. 'And pray,' said I, when he had come to the end of his story, 'what is the price of the picture?' 'Five thousand pounds; I will not take a Paul less.' I should have been sorry to have offered him 500*l.*

Then, again, with respect to bronzes; how many copies of the Temples of Tivoli and Vesta, the Pantheon, &c., are made, of all sizes, annually? How many in marble of Scipio's famous Tomb; of the Columns in the Forum, &c.? Many hundreds, for no visitor leaves Rome without purchasing one or

more art-souvenirs of that city. Look, too, at the trade in mosaics and cameos. Few visitors are probably aware of the great number of artists following these elegant arts, who are toiling all day long, and often far into the night, in garret-like rooms, wearing out their eyes.*

Then, if we turn to jewellery, who visits Rome without buying a specimen of the elegant and unique Roman gold-work? Castellani's studio—for it seems degradation to call their place of business a shop—will alone yield many hours' instructive study and pleasure, for here high art is allied to exquisite workmanship. In the hands of the Castellani, for there are two brothers, Roman jewellery has acquired a world-wide reputation. Augusto Castellani has indeed published a very interesting work on the subject, entitled 'Dell' Oreficeria Antica;' and how well this firm imitate the exquisite Etruscan jewellery is well known to all who were at the International Exhibition of 1862. I made the acquaintance of the brother who resides in Rome, and heard from him that the artisans engaged on the finest gold-work earn as much as 6*l.* a week—a rate of wage that goes far to

* I visited several of these artists, and was greatly astonished by the difference in price between mosaics and cameos purchased from them, and the same objects retailed by the shopkeepers in the Piazza di Spagna and elsewhere.

explain the price of jewellery at this eminent establishment.

High, however, over all artists in Rome must be placed the veteran Gibson, whose studio is a charming resort. You will generally find it full on wet days, when the studios are sure to be besieged by swarms of visitors. I was provided with a note of introduction to the great sculptor. With his usual courtesy he received me kindly, and invited me to visit him in his studio whenever I felt inclined. I had the less compunction in availing myself of his kind permission because my presence never seemed to interfere with his work. I always found him seated on low steps by the side of his new conception, at which he has been working for many months. This is a full length statue of Psyche, representing her on her way to the infernal regions, just at the moment that she is supposed to see Cerberus. She holds in her left hand Pandora's box and half-moon cakes, and is in the act of casting one of the cakes to the dog with her right hand. 'The action,' said

* The Castellani, and Rey, the jeweller in the Via Condotti, have adopted and hold fast to the good English custom of fixed prices for their goods. Other Roman tradesmen, with scarcely an exception, demand much more than they will eventually take, and are always prepared to be beaten down. Indeed, the prices generally asked by Roman tradesmen were so exorbitant that I rarely entered their shops.

Gibson, 'is my rendering of the expression "throwing a sop to Cerberus,"' and a very masterly and lovely rendering it is. For while on the one hand Psyche is evidently afraid of Cerberus, on the other she is determined to advance. The figure is draped from the waist. 'You will colour the statue, I presume?' I ventured to say, on the occasion of my first visit. 'Indeed I will,' was the reply; and so the talk fell upon colouring statues, the famous sculptor every now and then giving a touch to the beautiful clay figure before him. 'I had long conceived the idea,' he added, 'of colouring my statues, but wanted courage to take the step. Now, however, I am quite convinced that colour is essential; the Greeks coloured their statues; some of the finest statues in the Vatican, including the new Augustus, bear traces of colour; and where will you find higher authority? By colouring I do not mean giving statues of women pink cheeks, but imparting a soft rosy hue to the flesh, such as I have given to my Venus, exhibited in London at the Exhibition of 1862. When there on that occasion, men standing very high as artists and art critics urged me not to use colour on my statues; but all they advanced in the form of arguments has entirely failed to convince me that I am wrong—they right; and it is my in-

tention to continue using colour, probably even to a greater extent than I have hitherto used it.'

'Will the colour be permanent?' I enquired. 'Well, as to that,' he replied, 'I believe it will; at all events water has no effect upon it. For, during the Exhibition, observing that my Venus was in a very dirty state, I expressed a desire to wash her, and permission having been given, I went to the Exhibition one morning early, provided with sponges, and having been furnished with water, to the great astonishment of numerous policemen I thoroughly washed my statue, or, rather, that of Mrs. Preston, for to her does that Venus belong, and it looked all the better for the operation.' 'Why do you find,' he continued, 'people looking more at pictures than at statues? Simply because the former are coloured and the latter are not.' 'Then you think,' I rejoined, 'if that admirable collection of casts of celebrated statues in the Crystal Palace were coloured, the people, who now pass them by unheeded, would linger to look and admire?' 'Undoubtedly,' he replied; 'and, moreover, be assured it is only want of education that prevents tinted statues being generally appreciated and admired. The Venus de' Medici was coloured and gilt in various places, but the numerous casts taken from it have effaced both

gilding and colour; in short, all the fine ancient Greek statues were coloured.'

Such is Mr. Gibson's opinion on this subject; and so strongly does he feel convinced that he is right, that he will not allow a replica of his 'Exhibition' Venus or Hebe to leave his studio untinted.

Mr. Gibson's studio contained three replicas of the 'Exhibition' Venus, and others are ordered; the right of reproducing copies of this statue remaining with the artist.

The popularity of Mr. Gibson in Rome is, as it should be, universal. Standing as he does at the summit of his profession, he is above any petty jealousies, being regarded as supreme authority on all matters of sculpture—excepting the tinting process, in which he stands very much alone. Bearing this in mind, it is not surprising that regret is felt in the art world of Rome that the great artist does not take a higher social position, and in a manner patronise art. His kindness to young artists is well known; and so liberal is he, that he allows his carvers to copy any of his works in their leisure hours for their own benefit; but what is wished is that he should come more before the world. Unmarried, he leads a very unassuming life. You may see him every morning

at the Café Greco, Sundays included,* breakfasting for a few baiocchi, at a little spider-legged table, along-side of the humblest artist; and so greatly does he love his profession, that I firmly believe he will continue to labour in it many hours daily as long as he can mould clay.†

To attempt even to give an account of the other artists in Rome, and their works, would require a volume. Their numbers are almost infinite; all countries where civilization exists sending their countrymen and women to this artistic city. Among them are a great many of our compatriots, and bearing this in mind, few things surprised me more than to see the forlorn condition of the 'English Art Academy.' This was established by Mr. Gibson, Sir Charles Eastlake, and others, sufficient funds having been raised to hire rooms, pay for models, and establish a small art library. Yet, although an

* All Roman artists work the greater part of Sunday. Mr. John Adams is, however, an exception; but the closing of his studio on this day is by no means popular among his workmen, who are paid by the quantity of work done.

† Mr. Gibson's modest life recalls to mind the equally simple existence of Canova. On the occasion of the second visit of this great sculptor to Paris, in 1811, Napoleon offered him princely apartments in Paris or at Fontainebleau, besides a pension of 50,000 francs. Both, however, were declined by Canova, who returned to Rome and his lodging on the *terzo piano*.

excellent nude model sat nightly last winter, I never saw more than one artist drawing from him. This is the more astonishing because the institution is entirely gratuitous, the model, as I have stated, good, the lighting admirable, and the rooms well ventilated and comfortable. But the English artists in Rome consider, perhaps, that they are above being improved by drawing from the nude; such, however, was not the opinion of Mulready or Etty, who drew the human figure to the last.

While the English Academy is thus deserted, the Italian Academy overflows nightly. Here, for a payment of fifteen pauls a month, you have the privilege of drawing from the life peasants in picturesque attitudes, dressed in their festa costumes. Here is the great manufactory of those contadina's, who, on canvas or paper, appear to have been limned at Tivoli, Grotta Ferrata, or Frascati, reposing in vine-garlanded bowers, or on picturesque balconies. The shops abound with these productions; and you may sometimes trace a figure from sharp profile, the face becoming fuller and fuller, until you see it in front, and then again retreating on the other side—the natural consequence of one hundred and seventy men and women, seated semicircularly round the model.

Here, formerly, was occasionally to be seen 'Stella,'

whose portrait graces the frontispiece of this book—a beautiful woman, so beautiful that she is now, as well as her rival model 'Pascuccio,' in constant request as a model to eminent artists.*

How is it, with all the advantages possessed by Roman artists, that there should not be one of European reputation? Hundreds are to be found who can paint a pleasing landscape, or a pretty figure—more than this seems unattainable. They live on the reputation of their ancestors. Italy has had her Raphael; it would, perhaps, be as unreasonable to expect another as it would be to hope to see a second Shakespeare. But indeed Rome has never been prolific in men of genius. These make her their

* A curious story, illustrative of priestly influence, is told in connection with 'Stella.' When she came to Rome, and became in great requisition as a model, the priest of the village where 'Stella' came from, apprehensive, as he declared, that she would be seduced, prevailed on his bishop to require the girl to either abandon her calling or marry. The prelate accordingly wrote to the papal police, who issued an order to the above effect. The artists were in consternation, and succeeded, though not without considerable trouble, in obtaining a respite for poor 'Stella.' But the village priest and the bishop were too powerful for the artists. A husband was found for 'Stella.' He was a peasant of her village, ugly, stupid, and, says the story, entirely unworthy of her. However true this may be, he is the father of handsome children by her, and let us hope the marriage has not proved so ill-assorted as the story would have us believe it to have been.

I may add here that the usual payment to the best Roman models for a sitting of four hours is five pauls.

home, and she adopts them, but she cannot claim them as her children by birth.

I cannot close this chapter without adverting to photography. This art, favoured by a pure atmosphere, is practised in Rome with great success. Besides Macpherson's excellent photographs, well known in England, there are numerous Roman photographers, whose works are admirable, and extremely moderate in price. But let the visitor be on his guard respecting the photographs professing to be taken from pictures. In Roman picture galleries a system has sprung up of foisting photographs on visitors, which the custode insists were taken from original pictures, whereas in almost all cases they are copies of engravings, and often of inferior merit.

Indeed, to the many petty plagues that worry tourists, may now be added the photographic nuisance; guides and ciceroni of all places persecuting visitors to purchase photographs. More than once during my late travels in Italy, I have been lured into localities from whence it was difficult to escape, and almost worried by the ciceroni into buying photographs worthless in themselves, and often of a very inconvenient size.

CHAPTER XL.

The Jews in Rome—The Ghetto—The inconvenience of being too well dressed—The Cenci Palace—Authentic Narrative of the 'Cenci Tragedy'—Hustled by Jews—A Human Hive—Shops in the Ghetto—A Dealer in Curiosities—A Death-Ring—A Thumb-Screw—A deadly Key—A poisoned Peach—The Acqua Tofana—The five Synagogues—Apparent absence of Religious Devotion—Ancient Shophar—Representation of the golden Candlestick on Arch of Titus—Endeavours made to convert Jews to Romanism—Jews baptized publicly at Easter.

ALTHOUGH the Papal government has so far removed the ban from the Jews in Rome that they are no longer confined to the precincts of the Ghetto, yet with that love of herding together which characterises the Hebrew race, they still crowd that part of Rome. Nothing can testify more strongly the enduring nature of that peculiar people than finding them still in Rome. For the Papal government would hardly have been true to the polity of the Vatican had they not done all in their power, by unmitigated persecution, carried on with unbending severity through long ages, to get rid of a people whose religion is so entirely opposed to Papacy as that of the Jews. But

persecution has entirely failed in bringing about the desired object; and they still, to the number of about 4,000, form a colony, which, for compactness and dirt, has not probably its equal in any other city in Europe. The fact is that Rome, although a fallen city, still possesses so many money attractions that Jews would be found willing to undergo even greater persecutions than they have endured in the Papal city, for the sake of the gains to be derived from trade.

I often walked through the labyrinthine lanes and passages, running like fissures through the Ghetto, sometimes alone, sometimes with friends. Alone I never was inconvenienced. Once, however, when I rashly undertook to pilot a lady through the district, we were not only hustled but subjected to rather rough treatment. As very usual under such circumstances, boys initiated the disturbance—*Piccirilli Ebræi*, Jewish gamins, for the most part young in years, but old in cunning. They had seen us enter the ruinous Cenci palace,* and when we came out

* Allusion to this vast pile, whose gloomy chambers and corridors are singularly in keeping with the terrible tragedy connected with the Cenci family, leads me to draw attention to a recent publication on the latter subject. It will probably be remembered by many of my readers, that an attempt has been lately made to establish the innocence of Beatrice Cenci. The authority for this is a

they were round us like a dirty animated net. Importuning in the first instance for money, they presently commenced pushing us, pulling our clothes, and placing themselves in such a way before us as to render it difficult to advance. Their behaviour speedily attracted attention, and before we were half through the Ghetto we were surrounded by a crowd of Hebrews, reinforced by many of mature years, who came out of their cavern-like

tract entitled *Beatrice Cenci Romana, Storia del Secolo* XVI., *Raccontata dal D. A. A. Firenze.* The author is supposed to be Agostino Ademollo. According to this, Beatrice is acquitted of all share in her father's murder. She is represented as a poor weak creature, quite incapable of planning or even comprehending the deed for which she suffered. Anyone, however, who will take the trouble of reading the documentary evidence bearing on this most interesting cause célèbre, cannot, I think, come to any other conclusion than that Beatrice was guilty of parricide. But, indeed, the publication to which I allude is amply sufficient to lead to this inference. It is entitled *Narrazione della Morte di Giacomo, e Beatrice Cenci, e di Lucrezia Petronia Cenci loro Matrigna, Patricidi in Roma nel Pontificato di Clemente P. P. VIII. in giorno di Sabato,* 11 *Settembre,* 1599. The tract has been republished by the Philobiblon Society, under the editorship of Sir John Simeon, Bart. 'A perusal of this authentic narrative, though its effect is to criminate Beatrice, does not cause us in any degree to feel less commiseration for the sufferings and wrongs of that beautiful woman, immortalised by Guido in that marvellous portrait of her in the Barberini Palace in Rome. It is also satisfactory to find that Shelley's Beatrice in his tragedy of *The Cenci* is true to the original, and that, as Sir John Simeon pertinently remarks — 'The creation which he has, with the instinctive perception of the poet, developed from the scanty materials to which he had access, satisfactorily bear the test of criticism grounded on more accurate information.'

shops to join in the fun against the Christians. Once I became somewhat apprehensive for the lady's safety, and was obliged to strike a youth severely who would not keep his hands from pulling her dress violently. At length, greatly to my relief, we emerged from their quarter, experiencing no loss beyond that of a pair of gloves, taken from the pocket of a gentleman who accompanied us. I think it right to state that I believe we should have escaped if not unnoticed, at least unmolested, had the lady with us been attired in a quiet walking dress instead of an elegant carriage costume. We had been careful, of course, to leave our carriage at some distance from the Ghetto, for a carriage is quite out of place in that region. Probably the Jews thought the opportunity of indulging in a little retaliatory persecution was too good to be passed over.

A political economist desirous of ascertaining by ocular evidence how many human beings can exist within a certain cubic space, will probably find the Ghetto solve the social problem better than any other locality in Europe; and what is really surprising is the fact that not only is there a population in the Ghetto larger probably than in any other locality in the city of the same area, but the inhabitants enjoy better health than the Romans who live in more open

parts of Rome. Most wonderful is the sight of the Hebrews in the Ghetto, packed in greasy and foul emitting layers in their stinking streets. How infants can live in such places is a physiological mystery, and yet they not only live but look healthy.*

A peculiar cry proceeds from their open shops as you worm your way through the Ghetto. It sounds like 'Mordevoo,' being, I believe, a corruption of Guarda voi, and is an invitation to you from the sellers of various wares to go in and inspect their goods. The greater part seem to be cloths, many, as I was informed, of excellent quality. The Jews also deal largely in silks. My landlord's daughters assured me they could buy better silk dresses in the Ghetto than elsewhere in Rome; but bargaining with a Roman Jew is a tedious affair, for not one would dream of selling without asking in the first instance very much more than he will take.

In one of my visits to the Ghetto I could not resist entering a shop, a cave-like den, in which a Jew had

* In the absence of official statistics, I am unable to give the population returns of the Ghetto, but I am willing to endorse the statement that the Jewish marriages in this part of Rome are more productive than Christian. In the Jew's quarter in Prague, remarkable for the closeness and filth of the lanes intersecting it, the average number of children born to Hebrew parents is 4½, and to Christian parents 3½. The Jews in Prague are longer lived: 1 out of 26 dies annually among them; among the Christians, 1 in 22.

accumulated a great number of curiosities. Antiques all, he would have you believe, but even my uneducated archæological eye detected that fully one half of the articles were modern forgeries. The ancient Hebrew had, however, many curious things, mostly metal work, for which he demanded outrageous prices, giving you to understand at the same time that he was, to use a trading phrase, 'open to an offer.' Although accompanied by a Roman gentleman who was willing to do the talking, I could not effect a satisfactory purchase.

Among the articles was a curious ring, whether ancient or not I cannot say, which the crafty Hebrew called a 'death ring,' and stated that, although common in Italy during the middle ages, they are now extremely rare. It consisted of two hoops of gilt metal, to which were attached two pieces of steel shaped like a cat's claw, but not so much curved, and deeply grooved. In these grooves a subtle poison was introduced, and when the possessor of the ring determined to kill anyone, under the guise of a friendly shake of the hand a puncture was given by the wearer of the ring, which was quickly followed by death.

You may sometimes pick up on those wonderful stalls in the Piazza Navona, quaint-looking instru-

ments, which have every appearance of having been used for torturing purposes. One day, I purchased what seemed a genuine thumb screw, a simple-looking instrument, but, in cruel hands, able to administer terrible pain. I may add that I made the purchase for a lady friend, who conceived that the little instrument would be very efficacious in keeping refractory gentlemen in order. I hope that we may not hear of her being 'brought up' before a 'justice' for 'cruelty to animals.'

The 'poison ring' had more than one modification of the principle. I remember reading in an old Italian work on poisons that Prince Savelli contrived to get rid of two of his enemies in the following manner. He had a key made for a lock to a cabinet, taking care that it should not fit precisely. Projecting from the handle of the key was an almost imperceptible point, on which a deadly poison was rubbed. Requesting the person who the Prince wished to kill to open the cabinet in question, the unfortunate man in his endeavour to force the key into the lock caused the point to prick his hand. Twenty-four hours after he ceased to live.

The art of poisoning seems to have been carried to great perfection in Rome. In the book to which I have alluded, it is stated that an elegant and graceful

mode of consigning a poor wretch to the other world was with a poisoned knife, one side only of the blade being poisoned. With this a peach, or other fruit, was divided, and whoever eat that portion which came in contact with the poisoned part of the blade was sure to die: so that, under the apparent guise of a friendly offering of a *bonne bouche*, you killed your unsuspecting victim.

But, among the numerous poisons, not one appears to have been more in vogue than the celebrated *acqua tofana*, which is said to have been used in Rome as late as the close of the last century. This terrible liquid was tasteless, and, though a very small quantity might be mixed in a large cup of coffee, it did not lose its poisonous properties; and so subtle was it, that two drops only, if administered weekly for two years, occasioned death. It is to be apprehended, from the numerous and mysterious cases of death that occur in our country, that some liquid very similar in its properties to the *acqua tofana* is used still. But to return to the Ghetto.

Circumscribed as is this singular locality, there are no less than five synagogues within it. They are intended for the use of Jews of different nations. You can pass from one to another without going out of doors, for they are all in two connected buildings.

Thus, when the psalms are sung you hear the voices proceeding from the different synagogues, the effect of which is more singular than pleasing. On the Friday evening that I was present, the attendance in each synagogue was small, and the demeanour of the congregation far from devout; but in no synagogue that I have ever been in, has the conduct of the Jews been remarkable for religious devotion. Indeed, the feeling conveyed to a spectator is a desire on the part of the congregation to get through the prayers as quickly as possible, without any reference to their sense. I found a Jew in one synagogue, before the service commenced, going right through the 'Song of Solomon' with a rapidity that was quite bewildering, quantity being evidently the great desideratum. In all the synagogues a latticed gallery is provided for the women, who are not supposed to be present. In two synagogues, however, women were walking about with men, but did not join in the prayers. I was struck by the absence of what might be called gentlemanly Jews, all those present being ill-dressed and dirty. The fact is, I believe, that as soon as a Ghetto Jew becomes rich he leaves Rome, naturally preferring to live in cities where he is placed under fewer restrictions.

I was given to understand that one of the syna-

gogues contains an ancient shophar. This is the only Hebrew instrument that has been preserved in the religious services of the Jews. Shophars are generally made of ram's horns, in remembrance of the ram which was caught by the horns in the bush when Abraham was about offering up his son Isaac. The shophar is still blown as of old at the Jewish New Year's Festival, according to the command of Moses.

As usual, there are many representations of the famous golden candlestick in these synagogues; and it is worthy of remark that, in all cases, they resemble more Josephus' description of the candlestick in the Temple of Jerusalem than that sculptured on the arch of Titus. There is no doubt, however, that the original candlestick was carried in the gorgeous procession that took place after the conquest of Jerusalem. Describing that procession Josephus says:—

'But with the spoils taken from the temple of Jerusalem they made the greatest figure of them all; that is, the golden table, of the weight of many talents; the candlestick also, that was made of gold, though its construction was now changed from that which we made use of; for its middle shaft was fixed upon a basis, and the small branches were produced out of it to a great length, having the likeness of a trident in their position, and had every one a socket

made of brass for a lamp at the tops of them. These lamps were in number seven, and represented the dignity of the number seven among the Jews.'

Although the days of Jewish persecution in Rome may be said to be over, the disabilities of this people being now very few compared to what they were, strenuous attempts are still made to convert them to Romanism; and, if being constantly reminded that they are a stiffnecked generation, and seeing numerous shrines to the Virgin in their narrow streets, could influence them, they might be expected to recant. But these and more decided means fail to shake them in the faith of their fathers. The custom of bringing forward a converted Jew at Easter to be baptized publicly, was this year honoured in the breach and not observance, for no Jew was forthcoming, to the disappointment of many hundreds who assembled in the baptistry attached to St. John Lateran at an early hour in expectation of the event.

CHAPTER XLI.

Peasants from the Campagna—Wage of daily Labourers—Herdsmen—The Capanna in the Campagna—Their interior Economy—Roman Donkeys—Roman Public Letter-Writers—Antonio Brugi—His office—A rough Barber—Love Letters—Specimen of amatory Poetry—Absence of Intoxication among the Peasants.

If you wish to see the peasants of the neighbourhood of Rome, you must go to the Piazza Montanara * on Sunday morning. There they assemble in hundreds for the purpose of being hired by the Mercadente who cultivate the Campagna. The peasants are a fine set of men for the most part, who look as if they would make good soldiers and render valuable service to Rome, under the leadership of a Garibaldi. The average wage of these labourers is three and a half pauls a day; this is an increase of about three-quarters of a paul compared to the average wage five years ago. Herdsmen, whose business is limited to tending oxen and sheep, only receive one to two pauls a day, and fare in all,

* So called from the *Montanari*, or mountaineers from the Alban Hills, assembling in it to be hired.

respects worse than the labourers. Dotting the Campagna like huge brown tents are the habitations of these men; conical huts consisting of poles converging to a point and thatched with reeds. They are about fifteen feet in diameter at the base, and furnished generally with twenty rough couches, and a brazier for fire in the centre. They are called Capanna, are set up at the beginning of winter, and taken down on the advent of summer, when there is no further use for them. The man desirous of living a frugal life might take a lesson from these men, who subsist on such slender fare that it is surprising that nature can be supported by it. You will do well, however, to receive your lesson outside the Capanna, for the interior of these huts contains a population that you would find very difficult to shake off if you came in contact with it.

When the men are hired, they generally spend some time in making purchases for their domestic wants before returning home; and it is a curious sight to see the family donkey trudging homewards, often with a load that would annihilate an English donkey. But Italian asses are fine animals, as unlike their British brethren as a London brewer's horse is to a New Forest pony.

These Sunday mornings are busy times with the

Roman letter-writers, who set up their tables at the corners of the streets in the Piazza Montsnara. Chief among these is Antonio Brugi, who, by virtue of his years and consequence, carries on his business within one of the arches of the Theatre of Marcellus. You will find him there daily, seated before a well-inked desk, writing implements at his side, and surrounded on Sunday mornings by a motley crowd, some waiting to have letters written, others to have their hair cut, or to be shaved by a barber, who performs these operations within the arch behind Brugi's desk. The hair-cutting process is very original. The instrument used is a blunt razor, handled so roughly, that at every sweep given by the operator you expect to see a flap of the skin come away with the hair, and when the operation is completed the peasant's poll appears in ridges, as if bowls of various sizes had been clapped on his head, and the hair outside clipped close—a fashion, by the way, that still prevails in some parts of Ireland.

I paid old Brugi many visits, and brought him several customers. Not unfrequently I amused myself composing Italian letters to friends and acquaintances, which he wrote at my dictation, and which were sometimes shown to me by the parties who had

received them in total ignorance from whom they had emanated. Harmless epistles, I beg to say, the only effect of which was to cause surprise and merriment.

But, if you are burning with love, old Brugi will write you sonnets to your mistress' eyebrow, or amatory letters of the most inflammable nature. Of poetical epistles he has a large stock, from which you may select to your heart's content, headed for the most part with wonderful representations of bleeding hearts transfixed by darts, doves in loving proximity, joined hands, flowers sacred to love, and many other signs and figures better known to Italian than to English lovers. Brugi is an artist as well as poet, for the designs heading these amatory poetical epistles, as well as the poetry, are his; and if you are curious respecting the quality of the latter, here is a verse of one of his poetical epistles, transcribed literally:—

Parti foglio e qual fedel messagio
Vanne alla mia Colla, che tanto adoro,
Posati in grembio suo qual flor di Maggio,
E ditte che per lei sospiro, e moro:
Ma se ella dorme, o riposa adàggio,
Il sonno non turbar al mio Tesoro,
Ma se veglia e dubbia il cor contento,
Ditte la cagion del mio lamento.

The sentiment, you will say, is better than the

poetry, but Brugi's customers are not particular as to grammar, their desire being to have burning words, however ungrammatically they may dovetail into each other. Brugi's charge for an ordinary letter, occupying one quarto page, is five baiocchi; for a poetical epistle, headed with appropriate designs, sealed with a burning heart, fifteen to twenty baiocchi.

Brugi has often sat for his portrait, incontinently sometimes, for he is like a lichen attached to the old walls against which he has leaned for fifty-four years; and there are few localities in Rome better adapted for a sketch than the den of this old man, with his picturesque surroundings, peasants for the most part, who, while waiting their turn to be cropped, or to dictate their letters, subside into attitudes often the most appropriate for artistic purposes.

Much to the credit of these great Sunday gatherings, a drunken man is scarcely ever seen, and as for a drunken woman, you might, I believe, search all Italy in vain to find one. This terrible and fatal English curse lies not on Italy. In the absence of official returns, it is extremely difficult to ascertain, with any approach to precision, the amount and cause of crime in Rome; but of the innumerable cases of

stabbing extremely few can be ascribed to intoxication.

During many explorations through the lowest part of the Trastevere, the Wapping or St. Giles' of Rome, I often witnessed quarrels among the people, accompanied by fierce utterances and violent gesticulations, but I do not remember ever having seen a drunken man.

Occasionally you may see a French soldier who has contrived to make such liberal offerings to Bacchus out of his slender pay as to lose his head; but when found in this condition he is always carefully tended by a couple of brother soldiers, who direct his erratic movements until they land him safe within his barracks.

CHAPTER XLII.

Crime in Rome last Spring—Monster picnics—Their Enjoyment to the English—Excursion to Veii—Ovid's Gardens—Isola Farnese—A Cannibal Landlord—The Ponte Sodo—A liberal spread—Archæological Darkness—The Painted Tomb—Poggio Reale—Etruscan Skeletons—Contents of the Chambers within the Tomb—Excursion to Ostia—The Malaria—The Tiber—Its Delta—Ancient Port of Ostia—Pliny's Villa—His Description of it—Modern Ostia—The Bishopric of Ostia—Excavations at Ancient Ostia—Castel Fusano—The Casino of Prince Chigi—Great Pine-forest—Walk though it to the Sea—Wild View—Pia Tolomei—Her Death by malaria in the Maremma of Sienna—Excursion to Grotta Ferrata—Basilian Monastery— Charming Sketching Subjects—St. Nilus—Domenichino's Frescoes.

A CHURCH robbed, a house broken into, an encounter between the burglars and gensdarmes, in which the former used their knives wickedly, wounding the gensdarmes severely; an English gentleman threatened with immediate assassination unless he gave up his watch, which he did with great alacrity,—such are a few of the dark deeds which gave variety and excitement to Rome during the early days of last March. There is, assuredly, considerable good sense in the assertion made by certain profane members of the Revolutionary party, that the Pope is likely, if

matters go on as they are much longer, to so far resemble our Saviour that he will die between thieves and murderers. In the meantime, while this moral darkness was overspreading the city, spring, fast budding into summer, was quickening the land, which round Rome gushed with sweet odours.

Now commenced those monster picnics for which Rome is famous, when parties, the members of which may be numbered by scores, go forth in carriages and on horseback, with baskets of provisions, which, judging from their number and size, you would suppose capable of feeding a multitude.

You cannot be said to know the social life of the English in Rome unless you participate in one, at least, of these large picnics, for they are an institution in some respects peculiar to that city. Imprisoned, as the majority of the English are, in the narrow streets during the winter, spring no sooner gems the country with flowers than the desire to be free animates them, and society being now cemented by pleasant acquaintances, there is no difficulty in forming large parties for excursions to the various interesting localities round Rome.

I am afraid, however, that the majority of English joining these picnics derive more gratification from the party than from the scenery. 'Have you ever

been to Ostia?' I heard a young man asked by a lady who had just returned from that place, and was full of pleasant memories respecting its castle and antiquities. 'Oh, Ostia, Ostia,' was the reply; 'oh, yes; saw the sea, capital picnic in the pine forest, and broke the champagne bottles with pistols.' Just so; to the gentleman in question Ostia will ever be associated with a good feed and the breaking of champagne bottles, which latter amusement afforded, I have no doubt, quite as much gratification as exploring the old city did to the lady.

Ladies are the organisers of these colossal entertainments. Considerable tact is necessary in their management. For, as there are cliques and parties among the English society in Rome, as elsewhere, it becomes, of course, highly important that no disturbing element should be admitted into a picnic got up by Mrs. Brown by the presence of a person belonging to Mrs. Jones' set, who is perhaps cordially disliked by Mrs. Brown's party. Ladies, however, are wonderful clever managers of these matters, far more clever than men.

Picnics were in great vogue last spring in Rome. My experience of them leads me to give the preference to those where the party is limited to a few well-known friends. One to Veii of this nature was

extremely pleasant; interesting too, for Veii was that famous Etruscan city, more beautiful once than Rome, and so strong that it was only after a ten years' siege, and the auxiliary assistance of a mine, that it was taken by Camillus.*

A few notes of the day spent there may not be uninteresting, Veii being less known than other places near Rome. We leave Rome by the Porta del Popolo, proceeding along the Flaminian road as far as the Cassian way. It was at the junction of these roads that Ovid's gardens were situated:—

> Nec quos piniferis positos in collibus hortos,
> Spectat Flaminiæ Claudia juncta viæ.

The locality is now occupied by a tavern and restaurant, where you can obtain a very good bottle of wine, the produce of grapes grown where Ovid's vines flourished. At La Storta, eight miles from Rome, we turn to the right, and, passing through a country remarkable for its excessive wildness for about five miles, arrive at Isola Farnese, when we are told that we are in the city of Veii. We look round at this information, not certainly expecting to see intact buildings, but ruins of some kind, denoting

* The Romans are supposed to have made this mine in consequence of the success that attended their construction of the famous Emissarium at Lake Albano.

that structures once occupied the locality. But in vain, and if we had got up our classics before we started on the expedition, we should have known that, in the days of Propertius, the site of Veii was converted to pastures—

> Nunc nitra muros pastoris buccina lenti
> Cantat, et in vestris assibus arva metunt.

And even in Hadrian's reign the locality of this famous city was unknown, its former existence being almost a myth. In short, to trace the precise position of Veii, and the circuit of its walls, has been, and continues to be, a tough archæological problem, not by any means solved, nor indeed ever likely to be.

Isola Farnese, a lofty tower on a romantic crag, is supposed to occupy the site of the citadel of Veii. The name is derived from its isolated position, and from its having once belonged to the Farnese family. Around it cluster a few houses, one of which is called an inn, but the visitor who comes from Rome expecting to find provisions here would be woefully disappointed; unless, indeed, the conditions could be fulfilled of his being a cannibal, and the present landlord followed the practice of his predecessor. For in 1841, the master of the inn at that period, who was at the head of a large and desperate set of

banditti, is said to have been in the habit of regaling his guests on human flesh, the practice having been detected by a surgeon, who found a human finger on his plate. You will find the story at length in Mrs. Hamilton Gray's excellent book on Etruria.

Wisely provident, we had brought provisions with us; vast supplies, requiring several peasants to carry the well-filled baskets to the Ponte Sodo, where we determined to picnic. Aided by descriptions of Veii, my narrative might now degenerate into a catalogue of names, not of existing places, but where antiquaries supposed that famous localities existed; but such reading would not be entertaining, so I prefer telling you that we had a long trudge through dense brushwood and briars, across streams and ravines, for some two miles, during which we did not see even the ghost of a ruin. But we saw a really picturesque cascade, some eighty feet high, plunging down amidst ilexes that drape the sides of the gorge dividing Isola from the rest of the country formerly occupied by Veii. We also saw several volcanic hills, now clothed with trees, and I noticed that the principal rock near Isola is a volcanic conglomerate, from whence I drew the deduction that Veii may have been partly ruined by earthquakes, which are frequent attendants upon volcanoes.

The Ponte Sodo, where we dined, is a bridge excavated like a tunnel in the tufa, according to veracious 'Murray' 240 feet long, 15 feet broad, and 20 feet high. Beneath this flows the river, and here we are told was the principal entrance to Veii from the north; vast gates rising where now ilexes flourish. It is an hypothesis which you will not feel disposed to question, and indeed the same remark applies to every hypothetical locality in Veii excepting the tombs, of which more presently.

Be you ever so frugally inclined, you cannot, if endowed with stomach and palate, look on at the opening of hampers containing provisions for a picnic without some interest. As usual, the lady or ladies, for I believe there was more than one who catered on this occasion, treated us *en prince*; and when all the comestibles were unpacked, and duly arranged, we sat on the tufa rocks, which made convenient seats, and fell to. I know not, dear Briton, what manner of weather it was with you; but with us, on that early day in March, it was summer—yes, hot summer—so hot that ephemera were buzzing about, lizards darting through the grass, and I saw one snake crawling leisurely across the path apparently enjoying the sunshine.

But what cry is that which goes up from Ponte

Sodo? Enquiring, we are told that two of our party who had remained behind to see their horses fed at Isola Farnese are not forthcoming, and as our gîte is not very visible, peasants are sent to give them intimation of our whereabouts. And so, wild cries proceed from the woods and ravines, which, however, have no other effect than calling forth the echoes. 'Shall we wait for our friends?' demanded some of our party. 'By no means' replied their relatives—'one has already been to Veii, and they are sure to find us.' But this prophecy was not fulfilled, at least not in the spirit that was meant, for they did not make their appearance until we had concluded our repast. Their story was curious. Having, as they thought, a good idea of our locality and the way to it, they had nevertheless become so bewildered amidst the brush-wood and winding ravines, that they could not find us, although, as it turned out, they were more than once within a quarter of a mile of us. Fortunately there was ample left to satiate their hunger, which had become ravenous.

Though probably utterly incapable of penetrating the achæological mysteries of Veii, or even tracing the supposed circuit of the walls, estimated to have been about seven miles in extent, you will be able to understand and appreciate the celebrated painted

tomb discovered by the Marquis of Campana in 1842, the contents of which, happily for visitors, have been left *in situ*.

The tomb, or mausoleum, is situated in the valley of the Formello, half-way up the slope of the mound called the Poggio Reale. It consists of two chambers, one within the other. The walls of the outer chamber are covered with curious and quaint representations of men and various quadrupeds. The tomb was closed by a door of volcanic rock, and just within it, lying on two stone slabs, two skeletons were found, one of a warrior, the helmet perforated by a spear-head; the other, as was supposed, that of a female. The view of these remains was very evanescent, for on the admission of the air they crumbled to dust. The outer chamber contained a candelabrum, mirrors, jars, vases, and cinerary urns; and the inner one a bronze brazier, which it is thought was used for burning perfumes. The tomb is built of uncemented tufa. No inscription has been found within either of the chambers.

I will not say that it is worth going to Veii to see this tomb; but it will assuredly repay the visitor to go there to see it and the picturesque site of this once celebrated city, the most powerful of the twelve cities of the Etruscan League. On my way back to

Isola Farnese, I found in the bed of the river, where it ran through a ravine, an extremely beautiful fragment of polished red porphyry, bearing the marks of having been sculptured. We are told that the edifices of Veii were handsome and stately. Could this have been a fragment of one of them?

Fully as interesting as the excursion to Veii was that to Ostia. The drive to this place lies through a part of the Campagna, so redolent of malaria that it would be almost certain death to sleep in it when the summer sets in. Fair to behold in springtide, when flowers enamel the ground, you may know how heavy is the curse that lies upon it, for, with the exception of the small hamlet of Malafede, a name significant of evil, all is waste between Rome and Ostia. The Tiber is in sight for a considerable portion of the way. It is as deserted as the road on which you travel; a small boat seen occasionally being the only sign of life on its turbid waters.

Great indeed is the change since Ostia was the chief port of Rome. The harbour was undoubtedly one of the boldest and most stupendous works of Roman magnificence. Vast basins received the largest ships, and enormous storehouses contained corn for the use of the capital. By degrees, however, the vast quantity of alluvial deposit brought down by

the Tiber choked the port, which in Strabo's time was thus rendered useless. And now the *fiumi morti*, as they are expressively called, show where the living waters once ran.

It was from the port of Ostia that Rome sent forth some of her most powerful expeditions. That of Claudius against Britain sailed from thence. The neighbouring coast was covered with the villas of her wealthy patricians. Among these was that of Pliny the Consul, who has left a charming description of his marine residence. It was situated about two miles from Ostia, on the site, as is supposed, of the Casino now belonging to Prince Chigi, at Castel Fusano. He makes particular mention of the beautiful views from his windows of the sea and the villas on the coast. 'Tell me now,' he adds, after having described in his letter to Gallus all the agrémens of his country residence, 'have I not just cause to bestow my time and my affection upon this delightful retreat? Surely you are too fondly attached to the pleasures of the town if you do not feel inclined to come and see this, my favourite villa.'

For bustling Ostia as it was, with its lovely villas, substitute a most melancholy town, with a population below one hundred; for pleasure gardens, barren ground; for lakes, many square miles of swamps, full

of water-reeds and grasses, and peopled by multitudes of frogs, which croak out a chorus of happiness with an uproar that is perfectly astounding, and you will have some notion of the wretchedness of this place.

One feature, however, of its former importance remains. As early as the third century Ostia was raised to the dignity of an episcopal city, and the bishopric of Ostia continues to rank as one of the most important sees in the Roman Catholic Church, the prelate filling the diocese being always Dean of the Sacred College. Cardinal D'Estouteville laid the foundation of the present castle, the sole picturesque feature of modern Ostia, and his successor, Cardinal Guiliano della Rovere, afterwards Julius II., fortified it strongly, and, entrenched within the walls, successfully resisted a siege of French troops from 1492 to 1494.

What, then, you may ask, is there to render an excursion to Ostia interesting? The excavations of the old city, and the neighbouring pine forest. The excavations are proceeding in the usual Papal fashion, piano, piano; as indeed they must, seeing that only thirty-five men are engaged upon them, and these are convicts: unhealthy-looking men for the most part, very unlike our stalwart navvies. At night

they are confined in the castle, and guarded by a force of Papal gensdarmes.

I was greatly struck by the resemblance between the road or street outside the principal gate of the old city, and that of the Tombs at Pompeii. In both cases tombs line the way, many of which at Ostia appear to have been used as places of interment by the early Christians. The excavations, commenced at the close of the last century, have laid bare many structures of great extent, and led to the discovery of some of the finest statues and sculptures in the Vatican. Several, however, have undoubtedly perished, as for many years the lime-kilns of modern Ostia were supplied with marbles from the old city. Poggio Bracciolani states that when he visited Ostia with Cosmo de Medici, he saw an entire marble temple in the process of destruction, the richly sculptured columns and friezes being broken and cast into limekilns.

We were favoured with a letter from Prince Chigi, permitting us to picnic in the grounds of his Casino. A more charming place for eating an al fresco dinner cannot be conceived. The Casino stands within a clearing, surrounded by great stone pines, forming a portion of the vast Laurentine forest that skirts the shores of the Mediterranean for nearly sixty miles in

length by three in breadth. The Casino is a curious structure—half castle, half mansion, provided with towers at the four corners, loopholed, used as a defence in former times, when pirates were in the habit of making predatory incursions; and, with the view of keeping these people at a respectful distance, stone figures resembling sentinels were set up on the parapets. They are in their places still, but so weather-beaten that I suspect few persons would be deceived by them.

Fast youths may connect their remembrance of Ostia with champagne and the breaking of bottles; for my part, even Veuve Cliquot's best growth would not have a chance of living in my memory in comparison with that walk through the pine forest to the sea. But here the pines are not alone, for the ilex, wild olive, arbutus, myrtle and bay, grow freely, and rosemary, for which the forest was celebrated in Pliny's time, is still extremely abundant, colouring the ground with its pale blue flowers; very beautiful, too, were the flowers of the Cyclamen, Daphne, and Cistus, which gemmed the undergrowth. The distance from the Casino to the sea is just one mile. You climb a great sand-bank, and see the Mediterranean blue in the distance tumble its white breakers on the shore. A wild and barren coast, fringed by the pines,

which stretch south far as eye can see. Northward you can trace the delta of the Tiber, continually increasing, the alluvium making the sea tawny for many miles beyond the coast. If fond of 'waste and solitary places,' you may be happy here to your heart's content, for, save the charcoal-burner, whose fire may be seen ascending through the forest in the distance, or a sail far off, there is no sign of life.

Although the year was yet young, and summer heat had not engendered the malaria, I fancied as we drove home in the evening along the causeway through the frog-peopled marshes, that the air was already poison tainted. In a few months—weeks indeed—a night spent at Castel Fusano might lead to immediate fatal results. But the malaria, though generally deadly, is not always so quick. Do you remember that fearful story of the beautiful Pia Tolomei, and how long she was dying under its influence? If not, let me tell it while we are driving homewards.

Pia Tolomei was a Siennese of rare beauty, and sole heiress of the riches of her noble family. In an evil hour she married Nello della Pietra, a man considerably older than herself, who soon, in consequence of reports that reached him, became furiously jealous. These, though there is reason to believe having no true foundation, led him to conceive a plan for

killing his wife which was at once original and fiendish.

He conducted her to a lone tower in the Maremma of Sienna, noted for its malaria. In this place he lived with her alone, never speaking to her or answering her questions. In vain did she implore him to restore her to her relatives. Immediate death would have been merciful, but he preferred seeing her die by the effects of the insidious poison contained in the air she breathed. This did its work. His comparatively strong constitution withstood the effects of the malaria, but she, fading slowly but surely day by day, sank gradually, and at length expired. Dante has immortalised her fate in his 'Purgatorio:'

> Deh quando tu sarai tornato al mondo
> Ricordati di me, che son la Pia.
> Sienna mi fè; disfecemi maremma;
> Salsi colui, che inannellata pria,
> Disposando, m' avea con la sua gemma.

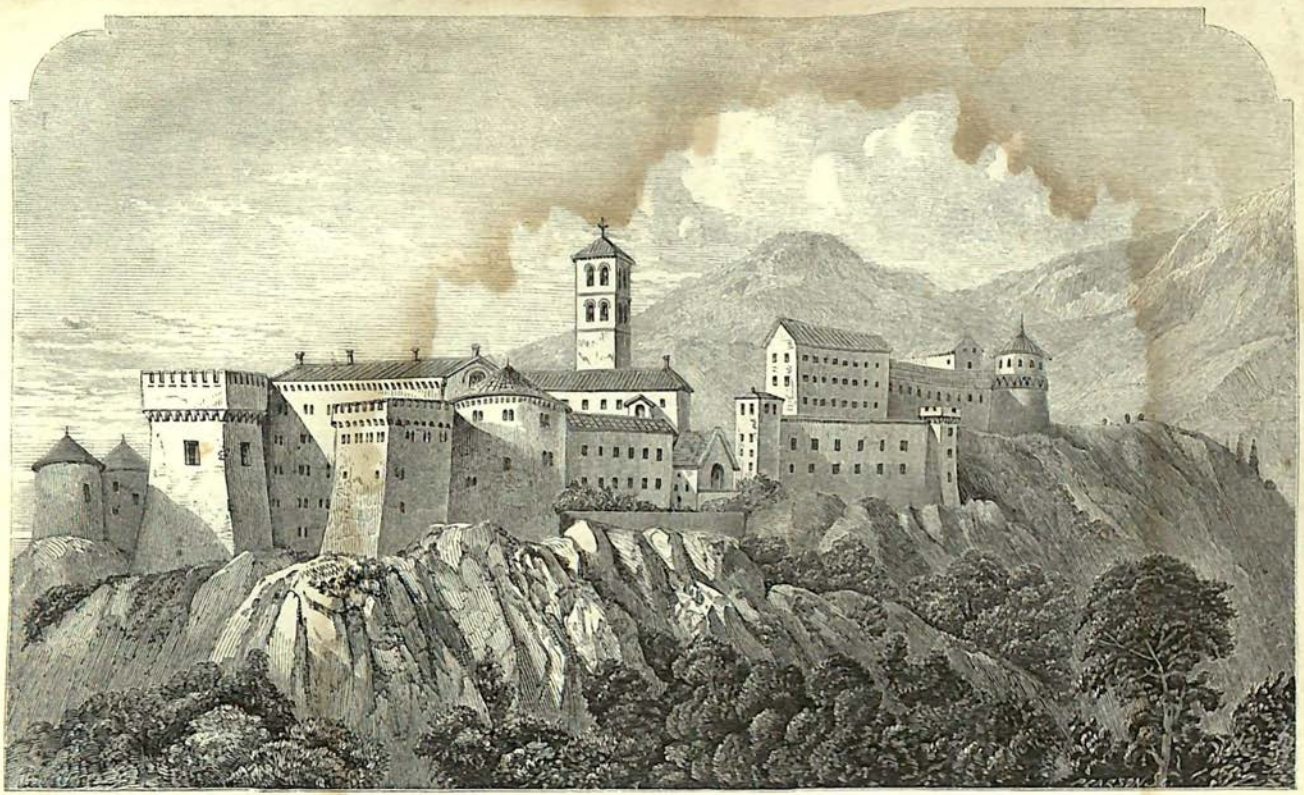
My note-book mentions other picnics in the vicinity of Rome, which made the early spring days pleasant. For the environs of this city are peculiarly adapted for such excursions. Especially delightful was a long day devoted to Grotta Ferrata. What a glorious monastic dwelling is that, which makes this place seem far more military than ecclesiastical, How eloquent does the huge castellated mass pro-

claim the power and wealth of the monks of old! For it is no idle boast on the part of the Basilians, to whom this monastery belongs, that it was in consequence of the influence of their founder St. Nilus over Otho III., that it was erected. The saint, persecuted by the Emperor, had removed from Rome to a small hermitage or crypt at Grotta Ferrata, from whence he denounced Otho, and so shook the monarch's soul by remorse that, to calm a troubled conscience, the Emperor furnished money to build the vast monastery.

It is customary on arriving at Grotta Ferrata to go off on donkeys to Frascati or the Alban Lake. The ride to either of these localities is charming; but by taking this course you lose scenery fully as lovely in the more immediate vicinity of the monastery. Pass through the olive yards of the monks to the south of the monastery, and follow a path until you see the vast ecclesiastical edifice rising from its setting of verdure on the brink of the ravine, and you will behold one of the finest views in Italy. Through this ravine, the sides of which are draped by ilexes, olives, and vines, brawls a crystal stream, nurtured in the broad breast of Monte Cavo, which rears its imposing mass at the head of the glen. Nowhere near Rome will the landscape sketcher obtain a

greater variety of charming subjects for his pencil than here. Wood and water, swelling hills, and lofty mountains form a combination of wondrous beauty. No wonder that the Basilians should cling lovingly to their home: for life in such a fair abode cannot, you would say, be fretted by many cares. What use is made of the innumerable rooms in the enormous establishment I know not. The monastery would lodge a regiment; the number of monks at present within its walls is twenty-five. The Basilian who accompanied me over that portion shown to the public, was wisely reticent on all matters connected with the internal economy of the establishment. He was evidently apprehensive that coming changes in the Papal States will affect the monastery of Grotta Ferrata; and, assuredly, when the day arrives for utilising the monastic establishments in and about Rome, that tenanted by the Basilians will be one of the first turned to profitable account. I could not help thinking what a noble military sanitarium it would make.

The Basilians of St. Nilus are supposed to be learned men, professing, at least, to be acquainted with Greek. This accomplishment you would judge to be essential, as the services are performed in this language; but if the classical acquirements of all the



MONASTERY OF ST. NILUS AT GROTTA FERRATA.

Basilians of Grotta Ferrata are to be measured by those of the monk who acted as cicerone on the occasion of my visit to their church, their Latin is very small, and Greek less. A friend who accompanied me, and who is a good classic, soon found that our monk was wholly at fault when taken out of the beaten track of the daily services, as set forth in ponderous tomes, one of which is almost as much as you can lift.

Deserving of more than the usual hurried visit are the glorious frescoes of Domenichino in the church. His 'Communion of St. Jerome' in the Vatican may give you a greater idea of the grandeur of this master, but his frescoes at Grotta Ferrata will impress you more with his versatility and power. They represent, for the most part, subjects from the life of St. Nilus, and are executed with astonishing fidelity to nature. Domenichino has been charged by eminent art critics with a want of elegance, his figures, according to Kugler, seldom rising to grace. This assuredly does not apply to those at Grotta Ferrata. It would, I apprehend, be difficult to find a more lovely figure than that of the young girl introduced in the picture representing the meeting of Otho III. and St. Nilus. But love may have inspired the artist when he painted this figure, for it is that of a girl greatly beloved by

Domenichino. The painter did all in his power to win her, but was destined to experience in his own person the painful proverbial truth that the course of true love never did run smooth, for she never became his.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Pope's Royal Progress—Placards in the Streets—Demonstration by the Papalini—Former Papal Processions in Rome—Curious Account of the Pope and Cardinals in the Sixteenth Century—Pasquin's famous Antithesis Christi et Pontificis—Arrival of Pio Nono at the Church of the Minerva—Showers of yellow paper—The Pope's *bravi castroni*—Reception of the Pope—His Unpopularity—Campanile of S.S. Giovanni e Paolo—Temple of Claudius—Vivarium—Martyr's Prisons—Receptacles for the Wild Beasts destined for the Colosseum—Traditionary Statements—Holes in the masonry of the Colosseum—Opinions respecting them—Church of S.S. Cosmo e Damiano—Lives of these Saints—Popular belief in their curative and limb-restoring powers—Parti-coloured Legs—How the Virgin saved a Lady from drowning.

It was, I presume, in order to inspire tranquillity, that the Pope, when Rome was much disturbed last winter, and he had occasion to make any state visit, passed through the streets with more than usual pomp. As head of the Catholic Church it is the duty of His Holiness to go once a year in state to each of the parish churches in Rome. His visit to the Minerva was made the occasion of a right royal progress through the streets. Anticipatory, probably, of the multitudes that would gather to see him, small

placards were posted on the walls, bearing these words, in large characters—

VIVA PIO IX.
PONTEFICE E RÈ
VERA GLORIA D' ITALIA.

Willing as you may be to endorse the second line of this notice, to the third you will probably take exception, unless indeed you are a staunch papalini.

Military bands played in the Piazza Minerva, the houses in the streets through which he passed were decorated with gay tapestry and flags, kept by the Romans for these occasions, and women flung flowers from the windows on the great gilt carriage containing His Holiness. It was difficult to witness all this without contrasting the might of ancient Rome with her present weakness, and reflect on the wide difference between the triumphal procession of a hero returning from victory laden with the *spolia opima* of the enemy, and a feeble old man going to a church to hear mass. But Pius IX. is, after all, better off than many of his predecessors. Historians relate that the streets in Rome were so bad in the twelfth century, that when the Pontiffs went abroad to visit churches, they were followed by senators with provisions, wine, &c., the special duty of one being to carry a towel for their Holinesses to spit in!

The Papal court seems at that period to have been at the nadir of princely glory. But it rose again, and attained a degree of pomp and state heretofore unknown. William Thomas, clerk of the council to Edward VI., visited Rome in the early part of the sixteenth century. He wrote a descriptive history of Italy.* The work, in black letter, is so rare that I am led to cite the following extract, giving a description of the Pontiff and his court:—

'In effect, the present estate of Rome, in comparison of the ancient estate, deserveth not to be spoken of; and yet I believe that in the Roman's most glory there was never half so much pomp used as now. O what a world it is to see the pride and abomination that the churchmen there maintain! What is a king? What is an emperor in his majesty? Anything like to the great Roman bishop? No, surely, nor would I wish them so to be. And to the intent you may the better perceive it, you shall understand that on Christmas day, the year of our Lord 1547, Paul III. being bishop, I noticed his coming to church because it was a principal feast celebrated in *Pontificalibus*. Wherefore, early in the morning, I resorted to the palace, and there waited the coming of the cardinals, that for the most part live in the

* *History of Italy*. 4to. London, 1549.

city, and to come to St. Peter's must pass Ponte St. Angelo, where is an old order that whensoever any cardinal passeth the bridge there is a piece of ordnance shot off in the castle. I had not been long in the palace but I heard two pieces shot off, whereby I knew that two cardinals were coming, and therefore resorted to the gate to see them and their train. From Castle St. Angelo to St. Peter's stairs, there is an exceeding fair street, straight and level, more than a quarter of a mile long, called Borgo San Pietro, in the further end whereof I saw these cardinals come, and therewith, out of the bishop's palace came his guard of Switzers, all in white harness, with their drums and fifes; and as soon as the cardinals approached the drums and fifes began to play. Then the trumpets blew up till the cardinals were almost at the gate, and as they entered the shalmes began to play, and ceased not till they had alighted. The like ceremonies were used unto all the cardinals that came. And I tarried more than two hours harkening to these gunshots and merry piping, and reckoned above forty cardinals that came thus riding, sometimes one alone, and sometimes three or four together. There was no cardinal that came without a great train of gentlemen and prelates, well horsed and appointed. Some had forty, some fifty, and some sixty or more;

and next before every one of them rode two henchmen, the one carrying a cushion and a rich cloth, and the other a pillar of silver; and the cardinals were apparelled in robes of crimson chamlet, with red hats on their heads, all riding on mules.

'When they were all come to the palace and had waited awhile in the chamber of presence, the bishop himself, with the three-crowned mitre full of jewels, in a very rich cape, with shoes of crimson velvet set with precious stones, and in all his other pontifical apparel, came forth, and at the chamber door sat him down in a chair of crimson velvet, through the which ran two staves covered with the same. Thus being set, the prelates and clergy with the other officers passed on before him. Which were such a number as were able to make the muster of a battle if they were well ordered in the field. Dataries, treasurers, clerks of the chamber, penitentiaries, prebendaries, notaries, protonotaries, and a thousand more, each of them in his divers devise of parliament robes, all in scarlet, and for the most part finely fumed. Then came the double cross, the sword, and the imperial hat; and after that the cardinals by two and two, and between every two a great party of gentlemen. Then came the ambassadors, and next them the bishop himself, blessing all the way, and carried in his chair

by seven men clothed in long robes of scarlet; and on either side of him went his guard, making room and crying *abasso, abasso,* for they that will not willingly kneel shall be made to kneel by force. And I think, verily, the foremost of this order was distant from the hindmost more than a quarter of a mile. Thus, when he came into the midst of the church against the sacrament of the altar, he turned himself towards it, and, bowing his head a little, seemed to make a certain familiar reverence. Then was he carried into the chapel, and then, on a throne of wonderful majesty, was set up as a god. And when the cardinals were set, the chapel began the offertory of the mass, and sang so sweetly that methought I had never heard the like. At the communion of the mass, the cardinal that celebrated brake the host in three pieces, whereof he eat one himself, and the other two he delivered upon the paten to a cardinal appointed, who brought it to the bishop, and in his presence, for fear of poisoning, took of the second piece and delivered him the third. When the mass was finished, the bishop gave his benediction with many years of pardon, and then returned to the palace in like order as he came.' *

* This description calls to mind Pasquin's famous *Antithesis Christi et Pontificis,* contained in that curious and rare book *Pasquillorum*

But let us return to our Pope, who has been creeping on in his great gilt coach, followed by numerous cardinals.

On his arrival in the Piazza della Minerva, showers, of what seemed like discs of gold came quivering down from the windows. The effect was produced by small pieces of yellow paper, the papal colour, baskets full of which were cast down by gentlemen and ladies, and, unless my eyes greatly deceived me, by several reverend Monsignors and one Cardinal, who were very conspicuous at an open window near the church.

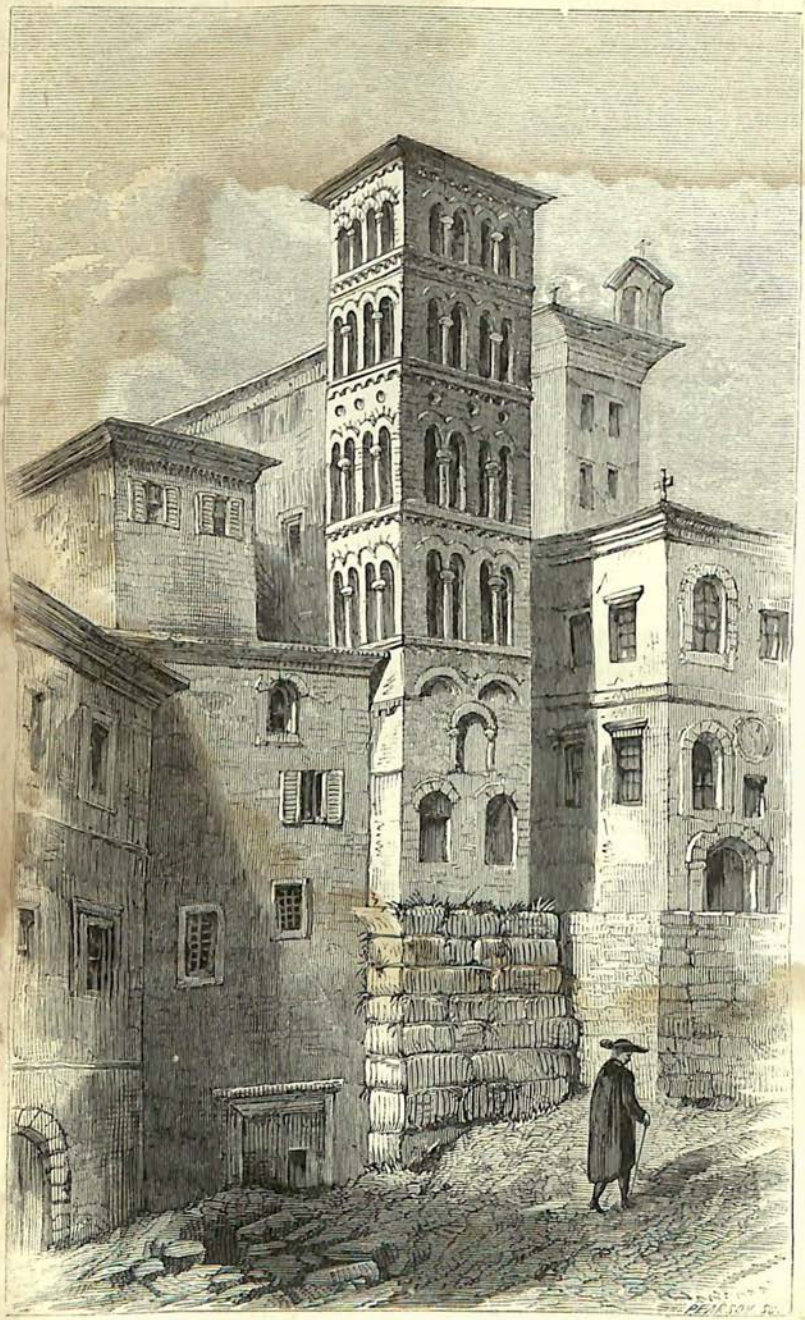
No need to say aught of the service within the Minerva, for it was like all services when the Pope is present; a service seemingly for the benefit of

Libri duo, which the Index, with all its power, has been unable to entirely suppress. Here are the lines—

Christus regna fugit—Sed vi Papa subjugat urbem.
Spinosam Christus—Triplicem gerit ille coronam.
Abluit ille pedes Reges his oscula præbent.
Vectigal solvit—Sed clerum hic eximit omnem.
Paves oves Christus—Luxum hic sectatur inertem.
Pauper erat Christus—Regna hic petit omnia mundi.
Bajulat ille crucem—Hic servis portatur avaris.
Spernit opes Christus—Auri hic ardore tabescit.
Vendentes pepulit templo—Quos suscepit iste.
Pace venit Christus—Venit hic radiantibus armis.
Christus mansuetus venit—Venit ille superbus.
Quos leges dedit hic—Præsul dissolvit iniquus.
Ascendit Christus—Descendit ad infera Præsul.

himself and of the cardinals, and other high church and city functionaries, who attend on these occasions. They sit boxed up within the tribune, while the people clustering on the bases of columns, and other vantage grounds, stare at the ceremony, and listen to the music, precisely as if they were at the opera. 'There will be good singing to-day,' said a man to me, 'for, see there are the Pope's *bravi castroni*!' What a reflection is this musical system, as it may be called, on the Papal government. In the first Napoleon's time, when the French were masters of Rome, they enacted a law, that the perpetrators of this barbarity should be punished by death, and, under the old Papal government, the act was considered criminal.

The tone of voice of a castrone differs both from that of a man and that of a woman, resembling more that of a boy; and might indeed pass for such were it possible to conceive that, during boyhood, that compass and steadiness of intonation, and that refined taste and execution, could be acquired—the result in almost all cases of a long study of music and years of practice. There are, it is true, instances of fine boy singers, but their voices commonly change too soon to admit of their acquiring the skill of the castroni. I have heard these singers on numerous occasions, both when singing solos and in choruses,



CAMPANILE SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO.

but never without sensations of pain. The more distinct and thrilling their notes, the more forcibly am I reminded of what they are.

When the service was over, a great rush took place to see the Pope depart. Amid the blare of trumpets and vivas of the papalini, His Holiness drove off. Flowers fell on the gilt coach, bouquets were cast in at the windows, some almost large enough to knock His Holiness from his seat, and the piazza rained gold again, in the form of yellow paper; but the *people* were silent. Pio Nono is not popular.

Tempted by the balmy air, I had put my sketch book in my pocket, and when the piazza emptied, went on my way, to draw the only picturesque Campanile in Rome. It is attached to the church of S.S. Giovanni e Paolo on the Cælian, and is interesting as the base is formed of a portion of the Temple of Claudius. You cannot mistake this, for it consists of enormous blocks of travertine, into which the masonry of the tower is built. This dates from the twelfth century. While drawing the Campanile, a man accosted me, offering to show the vivarium beneath the church, where it is supposed the wild beasts were confined before being introduced into the arena of the Colosseum. Assenting, he led me through a narrow doorway beneath the substructions

of the Temple, and, lighting a torch, conducted me down several steps and through various winding passages and caverns scooped out of the rock. It is not possible at present to penetrate through these to the Colosseum, as the passage is choked; but there is every probability that it might be easily opened so as to admit of being explored throughout its entire length. Shafts were pierced in the rock to admit light, and, said the cicerone, to enable food to be thrown to the animals; and a pool of water is still shown where the beasts are said to have slaked their thirst. Adjoining the vivarium are various large arches, forming vaulted chambers, in which prisoners destined for martyrdom in the Colosseum are stated to have been confined. But all this is mythical, the greater probability being that the rock-hewn passages and chambers are simply quarries formed for the purpose of excavating tufa. That wild beasts destined for the sports in the Flavian amphitheatre were confined in vaults near the Colosseum is very likely, but these excavations are so distant from the latter that it is scarcely possible this place was selected for the purpose. As is very often the case, the more you enquire into the question the more misty does it become; until at length, perplexed by traditionary statements, you are constrained to admit that you can come to no reasonable conclusion.

Perhaps there is no apter illustration of the doubt and darkness enveloping almost all things appertaining to ancient Rome than those curious holes in the walls and arches of the Colosseum. Volumes, it may be said, have been written on the subject. The opinion is generally entertained that they were made to extract the iron clamps binding the stones. To this, however, I cannot entirely subscribe; for, in this case, you would only find the holes where the clamps existed; but so far from this being the fact, in the course of a close and long examination of the Colosseum, made one day with my friend Mr. Adams the sculptor, we observed hundreds of holes in the stones where no iron could have been introduced, many being in the very keystones of the arches. The question is therefore, I consider, far from being set at rest, and will probably long remain a tough archæological puzzle.

Strolling homewards through the Forum, my attention was attracted by seeing a crowd round the entrance of the Church of SS. Cosma e Damiano. No box leaves strewed the road, so the festa of one or other of these saints could not have been going on. Enquiring the cause of the assemblage, I was told that a man had, through the intercession of these saints, been blessed by a wonderful cure; and that he was

returning them thanks for it in the form of prayers and oblations. Wonderful truly, being nothing less than the substitution of a sound leg for one apparently hopelessly diseased. The friends of the man believing this, had accompanied him to the church, and his neighbours were assembled at the entrance.

Desirous of learning something respecting these limb-restoring saints, I opened my 'Murray' when I arrived home; but beyond the usual succinct description of the church I found nothing to satisfy my curiosity. And this blank leads me to remark that Mr. Murray, or the great publishers of the Row under whose auspices this work goes forth, would render good service to visitors in Rome by publishing a 'Handbook' of the saints. Of the hundreds, or rather thousands, who go to Rome and 'do' the churches, how few have the slightest idea of the history of the saints to whom they are dedicated. Who knows, for example, who Saint Cosma or Saint Damiano was? I am well aware that the number of these saint worthies is legion; for, besides 'the noble army of martyrs,' there are hundreds of minor saints; but a work confined to those saints having churches, chapels, or shrines in Rome, would be extremely useful, and, what is much more to the purpose of publishers, would, I am confident, be a profitable un-

dertaking. For though such a publication would not, of course, have a quick sale, it would be in constant annual demand, and if well executed would be as essential to the visitor in Rome as 'Murray' himself.

Well, failing to get the information from the pages of this most excellent guide, I sought it elsewhere; and, conceiving the story of the saints in question to be interesting, here it is.

They were brothers, born in Arabia, at the latter end of the third century, and became the most learned men of their day. Not only learned in literature, but in the arts of medicine and surgery, which they practised largely, to the great comfort of mankind—and general animal kind too. The wonderful cures they effected soon rendered them famous; and it being reported to Diocletian that they worked miracles, he ordered them to be killed. The carrying out of the emperor's command was not, however, easy. Various modes of execution were tried. They were cast into the sea—tied to stakes and surrounded by fire—thrown into boiling oil—but all failed. At length, however, beheading was tried; and though some men are said to have survived this operation, neither Cosma nor Damiano did; and being deprived of their heads, they died as other men

would under similar circumstances. But though dead in the body they were more than ever alive in the spirit, miraculous cures being performed through their intercession of a very surprising nature. One, related in the 'Legenda Aurea,' is to the effect that a man affected with a cancer in the leg went to a church in Rome and prayed for relief. Presently the famous Arabian leeches appeared, one holding a knife, the other a box of ointment. With a rapidity and dexterity which a London surgeon might envy, the poor man's diseased limb was amputated. But as a man with only one leg is but an imperfect creature, the good work of the brothers did not rest here. A black man, sound in his limbs, had just been buried in the neighbouring churchyard. They took him out of his grave, cut off one of his legs, and clapped it on the stump of the man on whom they had operated. The consequence was, of course, that his legs were not alike in colour, one being white, the other black; but as the 'Legenda Aurea' does not say that he was a Highlander and wore a kilt, we may presume that the defect was concealed by breeches or trousers.

Such deeds as these could not, of course, pass unnoticed and unrecognised by the Church. Cosma and Damiano were canonised; the Greeks, who

believed in them, erected a magnificent church to their memory, and Pope Felix IV. built another in Rome, on the site of the Temple of Remus. The present church, which is extremely old, stands near that locality, and the vestibule still contains portions of the temple. The saints appear on a mosaic on the tribune, believed to date from 530. They are generally represented as holding a lancet and ointment box. Throughout Italy, SS. Cosma and Damiano are the patrons of barbers, physicians, surgeons, and wig-makers — why of the latter I am not aware. Their church in Rome is held in such holy estimation that, by saying a certain prayer in it, you are accorded 'indulgence' for one thousand years, and by attending the service on the station day, for ten thousand years. There is another church dedicated to these saints in the Trastevere, to which the senate of Rome make a gift biennially of a chalice and four torches.

The reader with this information will no longer wonder that a poor Roman, who probably prayed long and earnestly to these saints, and became cured, as he doubtless believed, through their intercession, should go to their church to make thanksgiving. The spectacle did not surprise me; for only a few days before I witnessed it, a Roman nobleman assured me, in the

most solemn manner, that his sister, who had fallen into a river sufficiently deep to drown her, prayed, while sinking, to the Virgin, and that our Blessed Lady immediately appeared, placed her arms around his sister, and gently laid her on the bank.'

CHAPTER XLIV.

Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme—A 'Holy Nail'—Sale of Nails—Blessing Duties of the Pontiff—The Holy Nail in Santa Croce—Copy of Official Document respecting it—Relics in Principal Churches in Rome—Ex-voto Offerings—Madonna in Church of S. Agostino—Her Jewels—Pagan Votive Offerings—Madonna della Tufa—Report of Institute of France on Virgin Worship—Winking Virgin at Vicovaro—Attestation of Pius IX.—Portrait in the Deanery at Canterbury—The Luxury of Superstition.

'WILL you accompany me,' said a friend one morning, 'to the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme? I am commissioned to make a purchase there.' 'A purchase in the church!' I replied. 'Are the pictures to be sold, or have you made interest with one of the priests to part (for a consideration) with some yards of lace, which you think will look better on a certain fair lady's dress than on his vestments?' 'Not so,' he replied; 'my commission is very simple. It is to buy a so-called facsimile of one of the nails of our Saviour's cross, which, with a portion of the cross, are preserved in the church.' I was aware of the latter so-stated fact, for Santa Croce in Gerusa-

lemme, one of the four Roman basilicas, derives its name from a fragment of the true cross said to have been sent to it by the Empress Helena, and from earth brought from Jerusalem, which was mixed with the foundations; but I was not aware that the church possessed one of the nails used at our Saviour's crucifixion. 'Murray,' perhaps sceptical on the matter, does not say a word about the holy nail in question.

Among the thousands of souvenirs brought from Rome to friends, none are so acceptable to Roman Catholics as those partaking of a religious character. Their value is greatly enhanced when they have been blessed by the Pope. His Holiness has no sinecure in this branch of pontifical duty. Scarcely a day passes that he is not called upon to bless heaps of rosaries, crosses, &c., brought to him on salvers; and, at all audiences, devout Romanists, and frequently Protestants, carry articles with them to be blessed. The sale of rosaries and crosses in Rome is enormous. There are several shops where nothing else is sold. You may buy them at all prices, from the rosary with gold beads and jewelled cross costing many hundred scudi, to one for a baiocco. The value of these objects is further enhanced when they have been

brought into contact with any very holy relic; and thus the ecclesiastical authorities at the head of the nail manufactory of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme wisely enhance the value of their nails by causing each to touch the original nail which is said to have pierced our Saviour.

It is due to the priests to state that they neither advertise their business nor make a parade of it. On arriving at the church we passed into the sacristy, saw a priest there, and made our wishes known. I say ours, because I also determined to purchase one of the nails. There had either been a great run upon them, or the priests are bad men of business, for the stock was exhausted. A fresh supply was, however, shortly expected, and if we would leave our addresses, the nails should be sent. Accordingly, in a few days, I received my nail, together with a document vouching for its being a facsimile of that preserved in the church. The following is a copy of the document:—

'Universis et singulis præsentes literas inspecturis fidem facimus atque attestamur, hunc Clavum ferreum serica vitta rubri coloris parvo nostro sigillo munita colligatum, admotum fuisse sacro Clavo qui apud Nos Cistercienses adservatur in Sacello interiori sacrarum Reliquiarum Basilicæ urbanæ S. Crucis ab Hierusalem,

quique unus ex illis est, quibus D. N. I. C. Cruci affixus fuit; eumdemque adeo affabre elaboratum esse, ut simillimus videatur.

Dat. Romæ in nostro Monasterio S. Crucis Hierosolymitanæ, die 30 Mensis Martii 1864.

(Signed) D. G. BARTOLINI,
Prior. Superior.

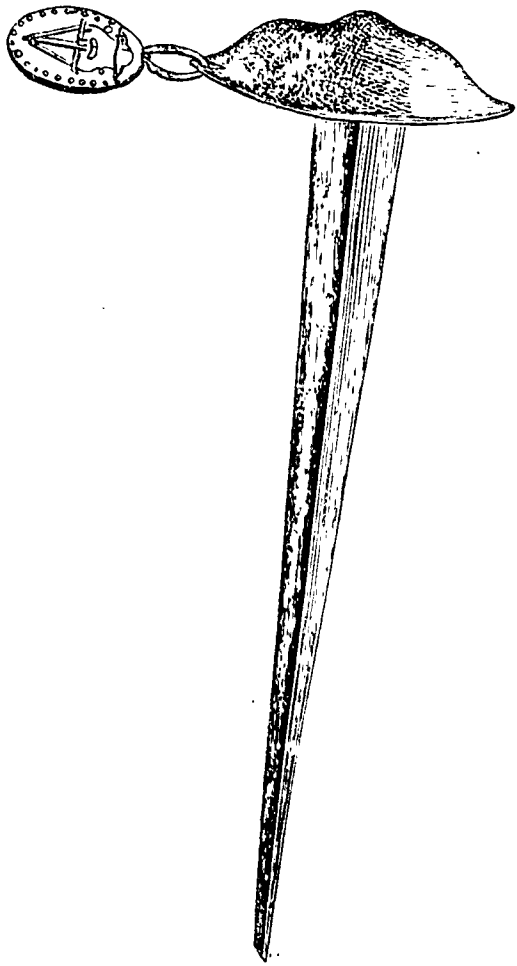
The price of each nail is two pauls, and as the workmanship is extremely simple, the profit on their sale must be considerable. An impression of the seal of the church is attached to its head.*

I confess that if I could bring myself to believe that this nail is a facsimile of one of those that pierced our Lord Jesus Christ, I should venerate it; and the more so on account of its having touched the true nail; and as you may have some curiosity to see what it is like, a representation of it is annexed. Great however must be your faith to believe in all the relics preserved in the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. Look at this list of them :—

A nail and portion of the cross.

The reed on which the sponge was offered to Christ on the cross.

* The original and most holy nail in Santa Croce is said to be one of the two which attached our Saviour's hands to the cross, both of which were sent to Constantine. One, adds the same history, the emperor caused to be made into a bit for his war-horse, the other into an ornament for his helmet.



THE HOLY NAIL PRESERVED IN SANTA CROCE IN GERUSALEMME.

The inscription set up over the cross.

Two thorns from the crown of thorns.

A fragment of the rock on which the Almighty rested when He wrote the laws for Moses.

A vial containing Christ's blood.

A vial containing the Virgin's milk.

A piece of the rock on which Christ stood when he ascended to Heaven.

A portion of the manna with which God fed the Israelites in the desert.

The finger which Thomas thrust into the side of Jesus.

A portion of the ashes of St. Lorenzo, kneaded into a lump with a piece of his fat.

The cross-beam of the cross of the good thief.

But after all, this list sinks into utter insignificance compared to that of the holy relics in St. Peter's, extending to one hundred and six objects.

Those ingenious gentlemen who consume much time in amassing and analysing statistical returns, might compile a very curious table, giving the description, number, and locality of holy relics preserved in Roman Catholic churches. The quantity of these is amazing, and more surprising is the circumstance that so many portions of the true cross, sponge, spear, &c., are preserved and exhibited to the faith-

ful as genuine relics, their very number rendering it utterly impossible that they can be all genuine.*

The fact is, that from the reign of Constantine until the advent of Luther, the manufacture of holy relics was constantly going on; sometimes to stimulate religious zeal, but more frequently as a source of profit. When Baldwin II., Emperor of Constantinople, found that the crown of thorns preserved in the imperial chapel of Constantinople realised the handsome sum of ten thousand marks, which he received for it from the French king Louis IX., he immediately offered the devout monarch many other relics, which the latter, never doubting, gladly purchased; and the monarch forthwith expended twenty thousand more marks on the foundations of the chapel in Paris bearing his name, intended for the preservation of these treasures.

How sadly the grand interiors of many of the churches in Rome are spoiled by the exhibition of relics set in shining shrines and cases, frequently reminding one unpleasantly of Brummagem ware. Even

* The following official returns of the relics in some of the chief churches in Rome may be interesting: In St. John Lateran, 32; in St. Maria Maggiore, 23; in St. Prassede, 19; in St. Maria Trastevere, 65; in St. Roch, 64; in SS. Apostoli, 48; in St. Mark's, 58; in St. Maria in Campitelli, 33. It is worthy of note, that among the reputed relics in St. Roch is the seamless coat of our Saviour, which Treves declares is in her cathedral.

more deforming are the ex-voto offerings. These, indeed, may be seen in almost every church, and in almost every form—records, for the most part, of gratitude for cures supposed to have been performed by the intercession of the Madonna or saints. All are inscribed with the letters P. G. R., signifying *Per Grazie Recevute*, and you may take measure of the devotion and wealth of those who set them up by their size, for they are in almost all cases composed of silver.

Perhaps the largest exhibition of these is in the church of St. Agostino, essentially the church of the people in Rome. It contains a celebrated miraculous marble statue of the Madonna rather exceeding the size of life. The statue is literally festooned with chains and jewels of every possible variety. I counted fourteen bracelets on one arm, and endeavoured to count the necklaces, but became perplexed by their intricate folds and great number. The walls around this image blaze with ex-votos, relieved, however, by numerous articles of the strangest nature, and such certainly as you would never expect to find in a church. Pistols and guns, candlesticks and knives, swords, tricolour ribbons, rings and watches, are here, to each of which a story is attached. When an ex-voto takes the form of a knife, you may fairly

conclude that it is connected with some dark and probably terrible tragedy.

There is no Madonna in Rome held in such estimation as this *miracolosissima immagine*. All day, and far into the evening, crowds kneel before her, kiss her foot, and in some cases anoint themselves with the oil from the lamp burning at her side.

Who, looking at these things, can fail to be struck by the great similarity between the votive offerings of modern Romans and those made by their ancestors. The pagans were noted for the number of their vows and votive offerings to their gods. If we turn to the one article of rings, we find that when Pompey's display of the Mithridatic jewels in Rome brought rings into fashion, it became customary to offer them in the pagan temples. Pompey himself, we are informed, presented a casket full of rings to the temple on the Capitoline; and Julius Cæsar made an offering to the goddess Venus of six large boxes, handsomely carved, containing a great number of beautiful and valuable rings.

Poets made vows to Apollo,

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem vates?

soldiers to Jupiter Feretrius; and when danger threatened a household, the Lares were propitiated.

One of the great objects of Romanism is to appeal

to the senses of the people, while they in return address their prayers to saints, representations of whom are before their eyes. But it is chiefly to the Madonna that prayers are offered up. The representations of her are innumerable, for, believed to be ever present, and ever interceding for sinners, she is naturally regarded as ubiquitous. When ascending Monte Cavo, near Albano, I came upon a chapel hewn out of the tufa, within which is a 'Madonna del Tufo,' by no means a lovely figure, yet said to be endowed with miraculous powers, as the following inscription above the image alleges;—

Pericolanti onoranta sotto il titolo del Tufo;

and beneath is an ex-voto, with these words, which are literally transcribed: 'Ben il ricorda quel tufo decorato di un immagine vostra dipinta, quando staccatosi questo dalla rupe e rotolando avrebbe inevitablemente schicciato un cavalier passagiero; ma la vostra prottetrice mano accorrendo arresta sull' istante il cavallo.'

There are many heights on the ride up Monte Cavo from which a fall would be, in all probability, certain death; and if the horseman, whose preservation is recorded in the above extract, was rescued from falling down one of these by our Lady of the Tufo, he should in gratitude have set up a much larger ex-voto than that surmounting the inscription; for this

is so diminutive that it put me in mind of the Italian proverb, 'Passato il pericolo, gabbato il Santo,' which I apprehend is often acted upon by those who make profuse protestations of devotion in the hour of danger. During the Quaresima, when sermons are preached in many of the churches in Rome, I have heard that some preachers strengthen their discourses by placing a Madonna near them on the platform; and that, when they assure their hearers that she will turn her back upon them if they do wrong, he accompanies the words by turning the back of the figure to the congregation. This will doubtless be condemned as miserable clap-trap; but the priests of Rome know their congregations, and many a soul may be shaken by such a practical illustration that would hearken without being moved to the most eloquent preachers of the Sacred College.

It is a curious and noteworthy fact, bearing on what may be called the machinery of Romanism, how the Virgin is said to be seen occasionally *in propria persona*, and how miraculous representations of her turn up precisely when and where the people require to be strongly acted upon on account of their profanity and sinful lives. The apparition of the Virgin to the two peasant children, a few years ago, on the mountain of La Salette, in France,* is a case illustra-

* It is extremely satisfactory to find that France, through the

ting the first; and the new winking Madonna at Vicovaro,* near Tivoli, may be cited as evidence of the latter.

In the absence of criminal statistics, I am unable to state how the inhabitants of that town, and especially of the Tivoli district, stand in the scale of morality compared to their neighbours; but report avers that the ravines and defiles of that most picturesque locality possess a rather celebrated renown for harbouring robbers and assassins. When any deed of murder was committed in Rome last winter, we were sure to hear that the perpetrators had been arrested at or near Tivoli, information, however, unhappily almost always untrue. Well, be the people

organ of her celebrated Institute, has lately spoken out in strong terms against Virgin worship and Virgin miracles. An attempt was recently made in that country to revive the legend *Virgini parturæ*. According to this, the advent of our Saviour was miraculously made known to some Druids in the plains of La Beauce, half a century before the birth of our Lord; and as confirmation thereof, the Druids erected an altar to the Virgin where the cathedral of Chartres stands.

A commission having been appointed by the Academy of Inscriptions to investigate the matter, reported, as might be expected, against the legend, and adds: 'We cannot resist animadverting in the strongest manner against the prevalent mania for legends and miracles, which compromise religion most seriously. Such legends are only mere fables, calculated to work an enormous amount of mischief among people unable to perceive their entire untruthfulness.'

* Vicovaro, the ancient Varia, has a population of 3,200, and is most picturesquely situated.

of Vicovaro good or bad, it so happened that the Virgin was graciously pleased to show them an especial mark of her favour, by causing a representation of herself in the church to wink very significantly at them. The miraculous event occurred on the 22nd July, 1863. The picture represents a very sweet face, with large beaming eyes, and is extremely well painted. It has never been my good fortune to have seen the eyes of one of these miraculous pictures wink—but that they do move, who can doubt! Why, at Vicovaro they will show you hundreds of testimonials from all classes, to the effect that they have seen the eyes of the miraculous Virgin in the church wink—and not only with one eye at a time, but both. The Vicovaro Madonna seems, indeed, to be peculiarly endowed with supernatural powers, for, according to the written testimonials, she not only winks, but weeps, and the expression of her countenance changes. Now, were these things vouched for by ignorant and uneducated people, we might laugh at them; but, alas! men of a far different rank endorse them as veracious. The Pope has officially declared his belief that the eyes of this painted figure move, and has made handsome presents to the church (alias priests) of Vicovaro; and among several ecclesiastical dignitaries who have committed

themselves to what must be called an imposture, is a gentleman, formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, and now a high priest of the Romish Church.

The profit arising from the exhibition of the winking 'lady' of Vicovaro was the cause, as I believe, of many similarly endowed Madonnas suddenly appearing in Rome. Be this, however, as it may, winking Virgins started into existence; but, according to the information I received, they were speedily put out of court—not by the Pope or Sacred College, but by the strong arm of the French, who refused to believe that the said Madonnas winked at all.

Were the priests who have the custody of these 'winking' pictures honest men, they would tell their flocks that the apparent motion of the eye or eyes in these pictures results from certain lines and colours, which, combined, produce the startling effect. We all know how the eyes in many portraits follow us wherever we may move, and seem, if we gaze long and earnestly at them, to not only move but wink. Dr. Alford, the present Dean of Canterbury, indeed, tells us, that there is a portrait of one of the early deans of Canterbury in the deanery, which, 'if steadily looked at for a few seconds, will any day begin to move its eyes, not miraculously, but

in the ordinary course of the laws of colour'—a fact which the Sacred College will do well to hold in remembrance, and act on *when* Canterbury cathedral falls into their spiritual power, particularly if the portrait in question wears a saintly expression.

I have been led to notice the Vicovaro imposition on account of its being so recent; leading naturally to the inference that what Montesquieu happily calls the luxury of superstition, with its generally attendant offerings, shows no sign of diminution at the head-quarters of the Church of Rome.

CHAPTER XLV.

Growth of Cotton in Italy—Encouraged by the Papal Government—The South of Italy favourable to the growth of Cotton—The Cotton Manufactures of England—Agriculture in Italy—Cattle raised in the Campagna—Railways in Italy—Opposed by Gregory XVI.—Commercial Returns—Wine produced by Italy and other Countries—Wine Jury at the London International Exhibition of 1862.

A SHORT TIME before I left Rome, Signor Trocchi, President of the Chamber of Commerce, placed an interesting document in my hands, recently issued by the Papal government. It invites agriculturists to cultivate the cotton plant in Italy, and offers liberal prizes to the growers of the largest quantity of cotton, and also to those producing the best quality.

Paley, in his great work on 'Moral and Political Philosophy,' states that the condition most favourable to population is that of a labouring frugal people ministering to the wants of an opulent and luxurious nation. Italian cotton growers could not now look to Rome as a large market for their produce, for she no longer numbers her population by millions; but if Italy will grow fair marketable cotton, there is a nation

occupying that small island which Rome conquered, that will buy as much as they can produce.* It is not generally known how favourable the soil and climate of Central Italy are to the growth of cotton. The Italian commissioners of the late International Exhibition in London were at great pains to draw up a report on the fitness of the soil of Italy for growing cotton. In this they state that southern Italy alone could easily furnish 550,000 bales of excellent cotton annually; which exceeds by 50,000 bales the quantity produced by South Carolina prior to the present civil war in America. The insignificant quantity of cotton now raised in Italy is the more remarkable, because, during the last century, it was cultivated as far north as Tuscany, and was so abundant that, during the wars of Napoleon I. and the continental blockade, Italy supplied almost the whole of Europe with cotton. The plant was largely grown in the vicinity

* The enormous cotton manufacture of England, which may be said to have culminated to astounding proportions in 1860, is well represented by the following figures. In that year, 2,650 cotton factories, employing 440,000 hands, were in full work. The number of spindles in these factories amounted to 30,387,467, and the cotton required to feed the mills is stated to have been 1,051,623,360 lbs. The value of this cotton, when manufactured, was 76,012,380*l.*, and the wages paid amounted to 11,500,000*l.* Thus, it will be seen that when all this mighty machinery came to a standstill by the civil war in America, any amount of fair marketable cotton that Italy could have supplied would have been gladly taken by Lancashire.

of Naples, and was known in commerce as Castellamare cotton. There is no doubt that a vast tract of country in Italy, bordered by the sea, is well adapted to the growth of cotton.

The Otranto district and the Maremma of Basilicata are especially favourable for its cultivation. The plant blossoms about the middle of July, and towards the beginning of October the capsules begin to burst. This cotton is manufactured at Salerno, in mills moved by water-power. This power is available in many parts of Italy, and labour being cheap, there would appear to be no difficulty in establishing a branch of agriculture and commerce of a highly profitable description.

Throughout Italy, and more especially in the Papal States, agriculture is at a very low ebb. And yet, with land at about 8*s.* an acre, cheap labour, and a large demand for cattle, particularly in Rome, one would imagine that the 'mercanti di Campagna,' the great farmers of that district, would adopt a better system of cultivation than that at present in vogue.* One great bar to improvement is now removed; for, though late Popes did all in their power to oppose

* The cultivation of wheat in the Campagna entails large expenses, consequent on bad farming. The cost is estimated at 8000 scudi per 100 rubbia, or 184 hectares. One hectare is equal to 2·471 English acres.

the introduction of railways, the iron horse has invaded Rome, and more than one railway traverses the Campagna.* But if you go to the 'goods station' in Rome, you will find that agricultural produce does not swell the business there, the traffic apparently being almost entirely confined to the transit of a few pigs. All through the States the agricultural implements are of the rudest description, being, with scarcely any exception, the same kind as were used ages ago. Not much can be done, however, throughout a great part of the Papal States, and, indeed, we may say throughout Italy, until that terrible curse, the malaria, decreases. But it disappears before population, and if this increases, that plague will be moderated. The last statistical returns, published by the Papal government, apply to the year 1858. According to these, the commercial and agricultural produce showed, with one exception, that of sheep, an increase over the returns of preceding years. Taking the three staple products of the Campagna, viz. horned cattle, sheep, and pigs, the numbers stand thus:—

* When the subject of railways in the Papal States was brought before Gregory XVI., he was told that one of the advantages that would arise from their introduction would be, that his faithful subjects would visit Rome frequently. The Pontiff did not, however, at all like this prospect, and forthwith excommunicated Papal railways!

Horned cattle*	1857	10,779
	1858	11,960
Sheep	1857	23,850
	1858	23,275
Pigs	1857	24,835
	1858	29,318

The commercial movement of imports and exports was represented in 1858 by a value amounting to 25,200,402 scudi, against 28,400,354 scudi, the amount of the previous year. The figures, if authentic,† are encouraging; but, indeed, there is no necessity to bring forward statistics to show that the country is capable of producing far more abundantly than it does. The article of wine is one of the smallest products. According to official returns, while in the first quarter of 1854 Spain exported 1,289,953 gallons of wine, all Italy, during the same period, only exported 89,500 gallons.‡ This mise-

* The oxen of the Campagna are excellent beasts of labour, working from early dawn until noon without resting. When ten years old, they are generally sold for slaughter, and realise about 75 scudi.

† I quote the official tables published by the Chamber of Commerce. It is to be presumed that they threw too much light on governmental matters, for none have been published since 1858.

‡ The very ill-developed resources of Italy as regards wine will be better seen by the following returns:—

Wine Exported during the first seven months of 1864.

	Gallons.		Gallons.
France	1,596,476	Spain	5,248,418
Portugal	1,961,779	Italy	268,308

rably small quantity might be easily increased. The prolific nature of the vine in Italy is well known to all travellers in that country. The beautiful old legend of the vine points to this plant especially, as being created to 'gladden the heart of man.' Of lowly and humble growth if left to itself, supported by man it sends its branches far and wide, and in gratitude for the care bestowed upon it, becomes heavy with fruit. Pliny informs us that of the eighty most celebrated wines known in his day, more than two-thirds were produced by Italy.*

That this country can produce good wine is certain. Many of the samples of new wines from that peninsula brought forward at the Exhibition of 1862 were excellent; but, like many wines, they require to be drunk for some time to be duly appreciated. In Elizabethan days, when wine was a common beverage, that called Verdea, from its hue, grown in Italy, was particularly esteemed in England.† To have been in Rome and

* *Hist. Natur.* L. xiv.

† Among the numerous duties which fell upon the 'jurors' of the International Exhibition, was that of tasting wines and liqueurs. A pleasant duty, you may fancy, but far more so, I assure you, in thought than practice. Within a small room, day after day for many weeks, sat some half-dozen gentlemen for several hours daily, surrounded by dozens upon dozens of bottles of all conceivable shapes, filled with a bewildering variety of wines and liqueurs. On the floor before each gentleman was a bucket, and on the table plates of dry bread and

drank Verdea, was a mark of a travelled gentleman. In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Elder Brother,' alluding to such a personage, are the lines

> Say you have been in Rome, and seen the relics,
> Drunk your Verdea wine.

The celebrated *Est, est, est*, and no less famous *Aleatico*, grown round Montepulciano, are well known. Indeed, such is the profusion of grapes in this land, that during the vintage you will often see the fruit drop unheeded from the panniers; though this picture of prodigality has been somewhat dimmed of its glory since the oïdium has attacked the vine. However, this terrible disease is now dying away, and there is every reason to hope that the vine in Italy will ere long be restored to its pristine vigour.

flasks full of vinegar. These gentlemen were the tasters, who were required, or at all events expected, to taste the samples of wines, spirits, and liqueurs exhibited by various parties. So numerous, however, were these samples, that although the jurors were careful not to pass suddenly from one description of wine to another, nor from brandies or rums to delicate liqueurs, their organs of taste soon became perplexed; and it was only by cleansing the sensitive papillæ of the tongue by using the bread and vinegar, that the organs became restored to their normal condition. Nor was this the only inconvenience felt by these patriotic gentlemen. For, though careful to follow the advice given to visitors to the London Dock wine vaults provided with a tasting order, 'Taste, but do not swallow,' the fumes of the wines and spirits had a very unpleasant effect, inducing generally bad headaches, and in some cases even severe indisposition.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Dr. Johnson's Opinion of Rome—The Holy Week—Its Ceremonies —Origin of this Word—Early Simplicity of the Christian Religion —How it became corrupted—The Council of Trent on Ceremonies —Excitement in Rome during the Holy Week—Palm Sunday— The Palms of St. Peter's—The Tenebræ in the Sistine Chapel— The Miserere—How to behave in a Crowd—English Rudeness —The Cena in St. Peter's—The Cardinal Grand Penitentiary— Absolution from great Crimes—Good Friday in the Colosseum— The Armenian Service—The Scala Santa—Disadvantages of Crinoline—Baptism in Constantine's Font—The Lavanda at the Trinita dé Pellegrini—The Pilgrim's Supper—An Irish Pilgrim— Bête comme un Anglais—Origin of the Saying.

CONVERSATION turning, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, on Rome and her interesting antiquities, the splendour of her churches, and the pomp of her religious ceremonies, he exclaimed: 'It ought to be the business of every man's life to see that city.' Johnson moralising amidst the ruins of Rome would have given Boswell matter for more than one racy and amusing chapter. The antiquities would not probably have disappointed the great lexicographer, but whether his stern love for truth, and abhorrence of all 'shams and windbags,' would have permitted him to even look at some of the ceremonies of Romanism in Rome

without losing his self-control, is extremely doubtful. Indeed, it is more probable that he would not have been a willing spectator of even the most celebrated religious forms and ceremonies. Yet these, observed to a greater or less degree daily in Rome, but which culminate to a zenith of extraordinary splendour during the Holy Week, possess, there is no doubt, very great attraction to those who visit Rome; and, to judge by the intense desire that prevails to see them, you would say that this is the chief business of our countrymen in that city.

It is not a little curious, that while many of the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church are in some features analogous to Gentile temple service, the word ceremony is derived from an event connected with pagan rites. I will not adduce the much cited hypothetical schoolboy, and take for granted that because he (abounding in knowledge as he must be, seeing that he is always quoted for his learning) knows the etymology, you do; but, on the contrary, apprehend that the majority of my readers are not acquainted with it, and would like to be enlightened thereon.

When the Capitol was besieged by the Gauls, (A.U.C. 365), the inhabitants of Rome, unlike their forefathers, did not attempt to defend this glory of

their city, but, abandoning it to the mercy of the enemy, sought safety by ignominious flight. The high priest of Romulus and the Vestal Virgins, unwilling to allow the sacred vessels and other objects connected with their religion to fall into the hands of the Gauls, collected them carefully in order to carry them out of Rome. Somewhat embarrassed by their number and weight, they were at a loss what to do, when they opportunely fell in with a rough cart belonging to a plebeian named L. Albinus, who gave them the use of it; and the treasures having been placed within the rude vehicle, they were conveyed to Cære,* one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan League. The inhabitants, who were numerous and wealthy, received the sacred objects with great devotion, and treated the priest and Vestal Virgins, who were bearers also of the sacred fire, with profound respect, extending to them all the hospitality in their power. The consequence was, that subsequently, when the pagan Romans were initiated into the religious rites of Etruria, and particularly of those practised at Cære, they were called *cæremonia*, a term now applied to the rites of all religions.

It might be supposed that the Christian religion,

* Now known as Cervetri, twenty-seven miles from Rome, on the road to Civita Vecchia.

pure, spiritual, and undefiled as inculcated by the apostles, would never be trammelled by any ceremonies but those of the most simple nature. Unhappily, however, some of the earliest bishops conceived the idea that the people, who were yet steeped in the errors of paganism, would more cheerfully renounce those errors, and take more kindly to Christianity, if they found some resemblance in its rites to those practised in their temples. Accordingly, the beautiful simplicity of the early Christian Church soon became overlaid by ceremonies which eventually were deemed essential. The Council of Trent thus notices and approves them: 'Since the nature of man is such that he cannot easily, without exterior helps, be raised to the meditation of divine things, the Church, as a pious mother, has instituted certain rites; namely, that some passages in the mass should be pronounced in a low voice and others aloud; she has also used *ceremonies*, as mystical benedictions, lights, incense, vestments, and many other things of that kind, from apostolical tradition and discipline, in order that the majesty of so great a sacrifice might be displayed, and the minds of the faithful excited by these visible signs of religion and piety, to the contemplation of those sublime things which are concealed in this sacrifice.'*

* Session XXII. C. V.

Now, while animadverting in strong terms on many ceremonies practised in the Roman Catholic Church, especially those having reference to the Virgin, saints, and the adoration of relics, I bear willing testimony to the great beauty and fitness of others. Those of the Holy Week, with a few exceptions, have been admirably framed in accordance with the events which they are intended to celebrate. Indeed they may be regarded in the light of a grand litany, every verse of which has a special meaning, and is symbolical of the most important events that have ever taken place in the world. Considered in this point of view, the ceremonies of the Holy Week in Rome are extremely interesting. They are intended to commemorate, in the most impressive manner, the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ; and if we could witness them apart from the seething crowd, tranquilly, and with feelings of proper solemnity and reverence, there can be no doubt that their effect would be great and abiding. But unfortunately, however prepared you may be to enter the house of God on these occasions with religious thoughts and feelings, they will assuredly be put to immediate flight by the scenes that await you on the threshold. No wonder that there are many Romans, old in years, who have never seen the cerèmonies of the Holy

Week in the Sistine Chapel, and some not even those in St. Peter's, which, crowd it as you may with human beings, is yet never full.* From the dawn of the first day in Holy Week until its close, visitors, and more especially the English, rush frantically from church to chapel, and chapel to church, desirous of seeing every ceremony of that season. You would imagine that their lives depended on not missing a single office. For many days before Easter they study the programme exhibited in the public libraries, and endeavour to the best of their ability to be ubiquitous; for unless a man can be in two places at the same time, and those by no means contiguous, it is quite impossible that he can witness all the ceremonies of the Holy Week.

It is indeed highly amusing to observe the excited groups clustering round the official programme. There is so much to be seen in so many churches, that persons become sorely perplexed where to go, desirous, of

* A recent official return gives the following numbers as closely approximating the actual accommodation capabilities of the churches enumerated. I apprehend, however, that the figures attached to St. Peter's are below the mark. St. Peter's possesses floor-space for 54,000 adult human beings; the Duomo at Milan for 37,000; St. Paul's, London, for 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; cathedral at Pisa, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000.

course, of enjoying as much entertainment as possible from the ceremonies. Devotion and religion are not thought of. Those who have been in Rome during a previous Holy Week are keenly questioned respecting the ceremonies—which is most worth seeing, or which *Miserere* should be heard. The Romans are scandalised by our behaviour. Many would keep the heretics outside the churches during this week, and it is probable that the Papal government would adopt this course if the Inglesi were not so rich. But the Vatican cannot afford to snub us, and so we go to the Sistine and St. Peter's as we would to the opera, and criticise the singing as if we were at the Apollo or Argentina.

I was indebted to my landlord for more than one good place during the ceremonies of the Holy Week. He also presented me with his Palm, which had been blessed by the Pope, to which as an officer of the Noble Guard he was entitled. The distribution of palms, typical of our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem, is a nice point of religious etiquette. Formerly, it was not difficult to obtain one duly blessed by the Pope. Now, however, in consequence of the vast number of applications from visitors, the recipients are limited to the Sacred College, high church dignitaries,

certain military and civil officers, and a few specially authorised to receive them. The palms are of various sizes, the largest being given to those highest in ecclesiastical rank. They are still provided by the descendants of the family of the naval officer of St. Remo, whose well-timed advice had such a happy effect on the erection of the ponderous Egyptian obelisk in the Piazza di San Pietro. When all was ready for the final elevation, the Pope (Sixtus V.) commanded, on pain of death, that no one should speak when the ropes were being hauled upon. But the officer, foreseeing that the great friction that would ensue would inevitably cause them to take fire, cried out: *Aqua alle funi! aqua alle funi!* He was immediately arrested by the Swiss guard and conducted before the Pontiff. But the latter saw the wisdom of the counsel—the ropes were wetted, the obelisk was hoisted to its present resting-place, and the officer was then asked to name his own reward for having so essentially contributed to the success of the operation. If not a religious man, the officer was assuredly not selfish, for the only favour he demanded from the Pope was, that his family should enjoy from henceforth the privilege of supplying the palms for Palm Sunday, from the trees growing in great abundance on their estate near St. Remo. The re-

quest was granted, and the privilege, as I have stated, is still enjoyed by his family.*

Solemn and impressive as are the ceremonies of Holy Week in St. Peter's, they fade into insignificance compared to the office of *Tenebræ* in the Sistine Chapel. Formerly this, as its name implies, was solemnised at night, and it continues to be so celebrated by some religious communities; but in Rome it takes place in the afternoon of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, in this week. On these days the church goes into mourning; the altars are stripped of their decorations, and even the crucifixes are shrouded in black cloth. A triangular candlestick, carrying fifteen candles, corresponding to the number of psalms recited before that known as the famous *Miserere*, is placed on the epistle, or right side (as you face), of the altar. These candles are composed of yellow wax, and the same description are used in the Sistine Chapel, on the altar and above the cancellata, or rails. At the conclusion of each psalm, a candle in the triangular frame is extinguished alternately at each side, until fourteen psalms having been

* The palms are conveyed to Rome in their natural state, and are woven by nuns in that city into ornamental forms. Borne thus through St. Peter's in procession, they may be more curious, but are certainly not so picturesque as if they were carried in a state of nature, with their beautiful waving and flowing leaves.

sung, the candle at the apex is the only one remaining lighted. All these psalms are sung in plain chant. Then wails forth the *Miserere*, the fifty-first Psalm in our version, the fiftieth in that of the Roman Catholic Church. An eminent philosopher is reported to have said, that if he could have his wish at the last awful hour of his existence, it would be that, when rendering his soul to God, he might hear the *Miserere* as it is sung in the Pope's chapel. Assuredly, whatever may be your idea respecting the sacred music of Rome, there will be no disappointment here. As the words 'Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam,' steal forth, you forget all sense of fatigue, and feel that never were words so perfectly wedded to music as these. There are many *Misereres*, but that performed in the Pope's Chapel in Holy Week far surpasses all others in appropriate beauty. And as you listen entranced to the harmonious cadences, that seem like the wail of spirits, you behold that wonderful painting which more than any other awes the soul. There sits the Son of God in his divine majesty. The trumpet has sounded; the dead are raised; the judgment has gone forth—summoning some to partake of heavenly joys, condemning others to unutterable woe. To contemplate the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo

while the *Miserere* is filling the Sistine with sounds not apparently of this world, creates feelings defying description. No wonder that the devout Catholic should be moved to tears. I have seen more than one strong man weep bitterly as he became imbued with the spirit of the hour commemorative of the silent anguish and death of our Saviour.*

When the fourteen lights on the triangular frame have been extinguished, those on the altar and cancellata are also put out, but that remaining lighted at the apex of the frame is not extinguished during the singing of the *Miserere*, but withdrawn and concealed

* In Mendelssohn's *Letters from Italy* (published in 1862), the great composer expresses the great disappointment he experienced by the music in the churches in Rome; but he makes special exception of that during the Holy Week. 'This,' he states, 'made so indelible an impression on my mind, that it will always be fresh in my memory.' Here is his account of the famous *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel: 'A pause ensues before the celebrated *Miserere*, during which each person present says, or is supposed to say in silence, the Paternoster. During this mental prayer a deathlike stillness prevails in the whole church; presently the *Miserere* commences with a chord softly breathed by the voices. This is to me the most sublime moment of the whole. For an hour and a half previously the chanting was almost without any variety. After the pause came an additional constant chord, which has the finest possible effect, causing everyone to feel in their heart the power of music: it is this, indeed, that is so striking. The best voices are reserved for the *Miserere*, which is sung with the greatest variety of effect the voices swelling and dying away from the fullest strength of the choir to the softest piano. No wonder that it should excite deep emotion in every heart!'

behind the altar. At its conclusion it is brought out and restored to its original place, the object being to thus typically represent the death and resurrection of Christ. When the candle is restored, a curious knocking noise is heard. It proceeds from the cardinals and priests, and, according to the official publication giving an account of the various offices of the Holy Week, is symbolical of the tumult and noise made by the Jews when they seized our Saviour. The knocking also indicates that the service is over.

I have said that many *Misereres* are sung in Rome during the Holy Week; that in St. Peter's is justly esteemed very highly; the music is generally that of Fioravanti, Basili, or Zingarelli. I have also heard the *Miserere* admirably sung by the monks in Ara Cœli, the effect being heightened by hearing the voices without seeing the monks, who remain concealed behind the altar, one only of their number coming forward at the appointed time to extinguish the candles.

Having passed through the crush, annoyance,* and

* I use this word remembering the conduct of an Englishman on this occasion, at once aggravating and distressing. Though by no means stunted in growth, his curiosity so far prevailed over courtesy that he rudely pushed me from my place in order to stand on a projecting stone. Fortunately for me, and for the avoidance of a quarrel, the

fatigue incidental to hearing the *Miserere* in the Sistine, I did not feel disposed to enter into any more contests with my countrymen, and, I may add, countrywomen (for the latter do not lay aside any portion of that curiosity during the Holy Week, for which they are psychologically noted), for the sake of seeing more Holy Week sights; but I was led to engage in another tussle in order to obtain a good place for a young lady friend. She had set her heart on seeing the 'Cena' in the gallery above the vestibule of St. Peter's; and as some thousands of persons had the same inclination, it became evident that to succeed in obtaining even a tolerable position would require considerable manœuvring, patience, and resolution. I say manœuvring, because how to conduct yourself in a crowd requires, like everything else that is difficult, practice. Have you ever looked down upon a dense crowd, and watched the working of the seething masses like yeast in a brewer's vat? How, from time to time, a figure struggles into view, and being visible on the surface, as it were, for a space, suddenly disappears; and how a strong man, though using the most frantic endeavours to get to

Suisse quickly saw him and made him descend. This ill-breeding was, however, but a slight breach of manners compared to many escapades of visitors to Rome last winter.

the van, when in the middle of the surging mass, is ejected from it as if he had been flung from a catapult; and again, how another man, quietly, and abstaining apparently from any exertion, manages to worm himself onward, always clinging with vice-like tenacity to the vantage point he has won, until at length he attains the goal. All this I have seen more than once, and, what is even more to the purpose, have frequently been an actor in such scenes. From a very early period of my life I have mixed in crowds, not precisely from inclination, but if I desired to see any great sight, the knowledge that the crowd would be enormous never deterred me from going to see it; and I am happy to say that I never came to grief but once. That occasion, however, nearly finished my career. It was the benefit of a favourite actor. For more than one reason I decided on going to the pit. The crowd was enormous. Making use, however, of all my tactics, I entered it wedge-fashion, and succeeded, after many failures and much rib squeezing, in getting close to the entrance door. Presently we heard the withdrawal of the bolts, and then the door flew open. But alas! I was on the hinge side, and as the crowd surged in and descended a step, I became converted into a roller, which, however effective in lessening

the friction to those near me, was by no means an agreeable operation to myself, for I was rolled onwards for many feet before regaining my own on the floor. I did not recover from that squeeze for many weeks.

Having ascertained from my friend that she was not subject to fainting, nor given to screaming, and promising, moreover, that she would not endeavour to improve her position by sticking pins into her neighbours, we took up our places where there promised to be the best chance of forging ahead, and soon became a portion of the dense crowd. How long we waited before the great doors leading to the gallery were thrown open, I cannot say, but the time was occupied in availing ourselves of every opportunity of gaining closer access to the doors; and so successful were our operations, that when these were opened we were among the first to enter the gallery. Here ladies and gentlemen were separated; my friend obtained a good seat, and myself standing room, immediately in front of the table laid out for the entertainment of the twelve apostles and the angel.*

* The thirteenth priest is supposed to personate the angel who appeared before Saint Gregory the Great on the occasion of his feeding twelve poor persons. In the Greek Church, the name of an apostle is given to each priest; and as there is a natural repugnance to personate Judas Iscariot, the question is decided by lot.

This is a curious scene, by no means devotional; at least it was not regarded as such by the spectators on this occasion. The tablecloth was strewn with flowers and handsomely set out with gold vessels. Presently in walked the apostles, looking very demure, each carrying a large bouquet; they were dressed in white serge, with truncated conical caps on their heads. The apostles are always priests, representatives generally of various nations professing the Roman Catholic religion; and, as it is considered a high religious distinction of honour to enact the part of an apostle, considerable interest is made to be nominated to the office.

It is the duty of the Pope to wait on the apostles, while one of his chaplains reads prayers suitable for the occasion; but His Holiness being ill, his place was filled by Cardinal Antonelli. The rich vestments in which this minister was arrayed must have attracted the attention of many ladies; some I know carried away a very perfect recollection of the exquisite lace fringing his robes. Very unseemly is the custom of allowing the 'apostles' and 'angel' to carry off all the viands, &c., remaining. This they do in their napkins, and then ensues a regular scramble among the spectators for the flowers on the table, which are thrown among them.

Descending to St. Peter's, we found the Cardinal Grand Penitentiary busily engaged tapping, with a long gilt wand, the heads of a succession of kneeling men and women ranged in a semicircle before him. This, repeated on two other days in St. Peter's and at St. John Lateran, is extremely popular; and no wonder, for this high priest has the power of absolving individuals, by this act, from sins which cannot be otherwise wiped out on earth. No wonder, too, that he has no sinecure during the time that he exercises this important function. As fast as the wand can rise and fall are sinners relieved from their burdens. For as this great functionary only exercises this important office at rare intervals during the year, there is, of course, considerable demand for his healing powers.*

Imposing as are the ceremonies in the churches of Rome during Holy Week, I was more impressed by the religious manifestation on Good Friday in the Colosseum.† On this day it is customary for members

* It is right to state that the Church declares that, by touching the heads of those kneeling before him, the Cardinal Grand Penitentiary only accords an indulgence or remission of penance of one hundred days; but the 'solution of difficult cases and absolution from crimes reserved to his jurisdiction may be also obtained.' There seems to have been a Cardinal Grand Penitentiary in Rome prior to the fourth Council of Lateran.

† It is not a little remarkable, that while Good Friday is strictly

of various confraternitas to assemble in the arena, and, united, proceed from station to station, singing hymns and praying as they proceed. Several ladies, wearing long black veils, were present, and an air of earnest devotion prevaded the assembly, that added greatly to the effect. Then, when all the stations had been visited, the devotees gathered round the great cross in the centre of the arena and sang a hymn very beautifully. There was one figure among these worshippers that immediately arrested attention, as much from the singularity of his appearance as from his zealous devotion. It was that of Lizst, who went from station to station, kneeling reverently before each, and joining in the litanies with great earnestness.

In unseemly and ear-torturing contrast to this religious service, is that of the Armenians during this season in Rome. With strange perversity and bad taste, they consider it right to chant the Lamentations of Jeremiah in such howling and lugubrious voices as to utterly dispel all religious feeling, and excite among the visitors to their church sentiments of

observed by the Church of Rome, as regards religious services, the day is not in the least respected in the city; shops being open and business going on as usual. The fact is the more striking, because on the anniversary of even a third-rate saint all the shops are strictly closed and business is entirely suspended.

ridicule, which often find expression in downright laughter.

But, perhaps, to Protestant eyes, the most curious spectacle during Holy Week, is that of the genuflecting progression up the celebrated Scala Santa, near the Lateran. Good Friday is the great day for doing this penance. Romans of all ranks, and representatives of all nations, were gathered round the base of the holy steps; women as well as men waiting for the opportunity to ascend them. No easy task to those no longer knee-nimble, as many found long before they had arrived at the top. Seldom, too, I apprehend was crinoline more out of place than here; for however it may set off the figure of a woman in the promenade, or at an evening party, a lady becrinolined is assuredly not seen to advantage ascending the Scala Santa on her knees.

On the landing, immediately in front of the last step, was a figure of our Saviour, badly executed and vilely painted; long streaks of red paint denoting the blood-stained wounds. These were kissed repeatedly by the faithful, who left a more substantial mark of their devotion in the form of oblations piled high on either side of the figure.

The expectation that either a Jew or a Turk, or perhaps both, would be publicly baptised at St. John

Lateran, drew a great crowd there on Saturday morning.* No Jew, as I have said, was forthcoming; nor did any Turk think proper to depart from the faith of his fathers. In order, however, that the people might not be entirely disappointed, children, long past babyhood, were baptised in the large font in the centre of the baptistry, after which a scramble took place for the box leaves on the ground, which were dipped in the font † and carefully preserved.

Although the Romans do not, as a rule, attend the ceremonies in St. Peter's in Holy Week, there is one incidental to this week greatly patronised by them. This is the Lavanda, or feet-washing, of the pilgrims at the hospital of Trinità de' Pellegrini, followed by their supper. This institution, founded by S. Filippo Neri in 1500, is very wealthy, and has apparently unlimited powers of accommodating pilgrims coming from afar to participate in the religious observances of the Holy Week and other seasons. The numbers,

* The *Année Liturgique* takes it evidently for granted that this ceremony will be observed, for it says: 'Samedi Saint, à S. Jean Latéran, bénédiction des fonts et baptême d'adultes juifs ou turcs.'

† The water in this font (in the Oratory of Constantine) is considered to be particularly holy. Twice annually, water is blessed for the use of the Roman Catholic Church. The officiating high priest breathes three times on the surface, dips a taper in it, and pours oil upon it. The sign of the cross is then made thrice over the font, and the ceremony is completed.

however, have greatly fallen off. A few years ago as many as 7000 were entertained; this year only 700 came into Rome. All, women as well as men, to be entitled to the hospitality of the institution, must have walked at least sixty miles, and be provided with a certificate from a bishop or priest to the effect that they are bonâ fide pilgrims. The feet-washing of these wayfarers is considered a penitential act on the part of ladies and gentlemen; and justly, for dirtier feet probably could not be found in Europe than those of these pilgrims. Many, apparently, had never felt water since they had been washed as babies. 'The dirt,' said a gentleman to me who was a member of the religious confraternita attached to the Pellegrini, and was washing feet with proper penitential vigour, 'comes off in thick flakes.' I had no ocular demonstration of this, but abundant olfactory evidence that he spoke the truth. Indeed, shortly after the washing began, I made my retreat from the room, feeling that had I remained much longer I should have been sick. 'You may always know,' said the above gentleman, who is a Roman Catholic, 'an English member of this society, because he is provided with a piece of soap.' Water, however, even without soap, must be a great innovation to many of the pilgrims, and particularly hot water, for

few Italians of the lower orders are partial to ablutions. I hope, for the sake of the ladies who wash the feet of the women pilgrims, that they are somewhat less foul than those of the men. This operation cannot be seen by gentlemen visitors, nor are lady visitors permitted to enter the rooms assigned to the men pilgrims.

The feet washed, supper commences; at which cardinals, princes, monsignors, nobles, and gentlemen of all degrees, perform the part of waiters. Very striking indeed is the sight of the pilgrims seated at the tables, extending in double lines down the long halls. They are of all classes except the highest; for I observed more than one whose dress and conversation were by no means those of what Cobbett called the dregs of the people. I was particularly attracted by an Irishman, who declared that he had walked the greater part of the way from Ireland, it being, according to his account, his eighteenth visit to Rome during Holy Week. A fellow of great intelligence, full of amusing anecdotes, and who made himself so agreeable, that the Duke of Saldanho, the Portuguese minister at Rome, who speaks English as well as his own language, paid him particular attention in his capacity of waiter. The Roman proverb, 'Bête comme un Anglais,' would assuredly

never have become current had the Irishmen who led to the adoption of the proverb been half as sharp as my friend.* The quantity eaten by the pilgrims is amazing. 'You have a good appetite,' said the Duke of Saldanho, addressing the Hibernian, who was polishing off the contents of the dishes at a wonderful rate. 'So would you,' was the reply, 'if you had eaten nothing since an early breakfast, and that by no means remarkable for its abundance.' And when he could eat no more, he produced from his pocket a capacious leather bag, into which he dexterously swept all that remained on the dishes near him. 'You are an old soldier, I see,' said the duke. 'Not if you mean a fighting soldier,' replied the Irishman; 'a soldier of Christ, I hope I am; but as for the others, don't you know that those who live by the sword perish by the sword?' Whether Paddy would have turned his answers differently had he known whom he was addressing, I cannot say. The duke, who was attired in the dress of the confraternita, appeared of course to him like any ordinary gentleman. In answer to our enquiries respecting his manner of

* This saying is stated to have originated from the circumstance that some Irishmen (Roman Catholics, we must presume) swallowed all manner of miracles. Italians, who are not very learned in geography, conceived that they came, as well as Englishmen, from England, and thus mistook their country.

living, he stated that he was a citizen of the world, gaining his livelihood principally by teaching in village schools; that very little was sufficient for his wants, and that as long as he was enabled to live, and visit Rome during the Holy Week, he was perfectly contented. A true philosopher, by whose example we all might profit.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Blessing Houses and Furniture in Rome during Easter Week—Easter Sunday—Easter Eggs—Various modes of dressing them—High Mass in St. Peter's—Reports respecting the Pope—The official Etiquette on the Death of a Pontiff—The Flabelli—Their Signification—Pio Nono—His Indisposition—The Meteorology of Rome—Dr. Mayer's Theory of the Sun's Heat—The Illumination of St. Peter's—The Fireworks on Monte Pincio—The Pope's Day in Rome—Alleged Miraculous Preservation of Pio Nono—Illumination of Rome.

As I was entering my rooms on Holy Saturday, I caught a glimpse of a black robe disappearing through a side door. It was that of the parish priest, who had been blessing the apartment and furniture, and duly sprinkling them with holy water. The custom is universal in Rome. The houses are swept and garnished on this the last day before Easter, the tables are strewn with flowers, eggs piled high on dishes are also placed on them, and a joint of lamb prepared for cooking, and, all being in order, the priests do their ministering.*

* A custom very similar to the above was observed in pagan times among the Romans, the ceremony being called Ambarvalia and Amburbia.

Of course the Conte had a dinner-party on Easter Sunday. The table was gay with flowers in vases, and others were scattered on the cloth. Hard-boiled eggs * preluded the feast, most of which were eaten, and then followed dishes ample, varied, and numerous, to which, as well as to sundry bottles of excellent wine, full justice was done. Lent, the long Lent, was over, and Rome was at liberty to make merry again. But the elements were adverse. With Easter morn came torrents of rain, which soon flooded the streets, making many navigable for boats, and all nearly impassable. A sad damper this to one of the great Roman holidays. However, despite the rain, the cannon of St. Angelo boomed out, the big bell of St. Peter's tolled, and multitudes flocked to hear high mass in the great cathedral. Would the Pope be present? He had been very ill, was still unwell—dying, indeed, according to some reports. The awning was up, however, over

* The first dish at every Roman table was eggs, which maintained their post of honour even at the most magnificent entertainments. Horace alludes to this in his satires:

> Necdum omnis abacta
> Pauperies epulis regum; nam vilibus ovis
> Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus.

The manner of dressing them was very various. We may doubt, however, whether it equalled in variety those of the French. For, according to M. de Lay Reynière, 'il y a 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs, sans compter celles que nos savants imaginent chaque jour.'

the balcony from whence he blesses the people, and so expectation ran high that he would be present. I shall not soon forget the buzz of excitement that agitated the people when they caught sight of the well-known great feathery flabelli * emerging from the Capello del San Sacramento into the Basilica. Pio Nono, after all, was not dead. His Holiness, however, did not look well; but still he was far from exhibiting signs of being near his latter end. In the absence of official bulletins, the most extravagant and contradictory reports were rife in Rome respecting his health. Every day he was stated to be dying, and the Cardinal Camerlengo, it had even been said, had exercised his strange duty of tapping the head of the deceased Pontiff with his gold hammer of office.†

* The flabelli are the well-known great fans carried on either side of the Pope. According to Macri, the eyes of the peacock's feathers are typical of the vigilance and circumspection of the Pontiff.

† This is the official etiquette of ascertaining whether the Pontiff be really dead. The French minister De Brosses, in a letter to a friend, gives the following curious account of the death of Clement XII.: —

'ROME: February 10, 1740.

'I have just witnessed in the Quirinal Palace a melancholy exhibition of the vanity of human greatness. All the vast and numerous apartments leading to the Pope's bedroom were deserted. In this I found the Pontiff extended on his bed, surrounded by Jesuits reciting prayers as fast as they could gabble them. The Cardinal Camerlengo presently entered the room, and struck the Pope's forehead five times with a small gold hammer, calling aloud at the same time, "Lorenzo

Though bearing traces of illness, his voice was full and clear as ever; nor did his step falter as he walked from his throne to the altar. The weather continued so unpropitious that all idea of giving the benediction from the balcony was abandoned. So His Holiness was borne into the centre of the nave, and there, amidst his kneeling subjects and groups of heretical, unbending English, he pronounced the usual blessing; not, however, in his usual manner, for on this occasion he was extremely affected, and wept much, long before he had concluded. Did the thought arise that this would be the last Easter on which he should perform this ceremony? Be this as it may, there is no doubt that he was greatly moved, so much so, indeed, that he could scarcely get through the benediction.

Corsini, Lorenzo Corsini!" On finding that the Pope made no reply, he announced that he was indeed dead, and taking the fisherman's ring from his finger, broke it. The body of the deceased Pope was then laid out for public exhibition, and as the cheeks were extremely pale, they were coloured with a little rouge. As the Camerlengo passed into the guardroom, the captain of the Swiss guards asked, according to custom, who would now pay them. To which the Camerlengo replied, "Vi pago io." He then ordered the great bells of the Capitol and St. Peter's to be tolled, and directed the master of the mint to coin, within three days, a certain sum of money, adding that, in case of failure, he would assuredly cause him to be hanged. And he will be as good as his word, for the Cardinal Camerlengo is a terrible man, so you may be sure the master of the mint will not fail to execute the order.'

There is one recommendation with respect to rain in Rome; you are not apt to be perplexed by meteorological uncertainties. When it does rain, the water descends with a will, causing you to fancy gigantic floodgates were opened. The weather-wise prognosticated a wet week. They were right. It rained steadily, coming down from leaden-hued skies. On Saturday, however, a change took place, and the rain and cold were succeeded by fine weather, accompanied by almost summer heat. Had the sun been receiving a more than usually severe bombardment from wandering matter? *

On Sunday morning notices appeared that St. Peter's would be illuminated that evening. And so it was; and having now seen this spectacle twice, I have no hesitation in asserting that it is one of the grandest, perhaps the grandest, of an artificial nature, that the world can show. It cannot be described; at least, I never read a description that at all did it justice. It was pleasant to find that the wear and tear of life, which has generally a sadly disenchanting effect upon

* I allude to the theory of Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn, to the effect that the heat of the sun may be due to huge masses of matter being constantly hurled upon it. If our globe were suddenly arrested and were to fall into the sun, it is calculated that the amount of heat generated would be equal to that evolved by the combustion of 5,600 worlds of solid carbon, literally causing the elements to melt with fervent heat.

us, had not dimmed the beauty of this sight. I remembered it as very glorious, and now, seeing it again after the lapse of several years, it appeared even more brilliant and beautiful than memory painted it. I will not attempt a description of it, but rather advise you to go and see it with your own eyes. And, unless I am greatly mistaken, the time is now not far distant when Rome will be invaded by excursionists at Easter. Last Easter there was a report that an army of these tourists by contract were coming. Hotel keepers heard the report with indifference, for their hotels were already full; but proprietors of lodging houses rejoiced, believing that they would let their vacant and indifferent rooms at fabulous prices. However, they did not come; but, as Florence has been invaded by them, we may be sure that they will soon visit Rome.

On Monday evening we had the fireworks, and here I was enabled to contrast the effect between the former pyrotechnical display from the castle of St. Angelo and that from the Pincio. The set pieces are finer from the latter locality. On the other hand, the far-famed *girandolo* was more impressive from the castle of St. Angelo, the vast circular tower being admirably adapted for the volcano-like eruption of rockets. The chief pyrotechnic artist in Rome is extremely clever.

For many weeks before Easter, he and a large staff of assistants were busily occupied in preparing various devices. Some of these were extremely beautiful. Particularly to be commended was a representation of the Pope, on whose head descended, along wires, numerous crowns set with jewelled fires.

You would have thought, looking at the Piazza del Popolo from the boxes fitted up opposite the Pincio, that the exhibition had been expressly got up for the amusement of the French soldiers. The Piazza seemed full of them, and indeed I believe that they outnumbered the civilians; all the garrison were present. No chance under such circumstances of getting up an émeute; but all passed off most quietly, and if the men were there to act, the hour had not yet come.

Close following Easter is the Pope's day in Rome, when the ecclesiastical and municipal governments, and Romans favourable to the Papal cause, make a demonstration, in the form of illuminations, in commemoration of the Pontiff's return from his exile at Gaëta, and of his life having been miraculously saved, as is averred, in 1854. In that year Pius IX., accompanied by various church dignitaries and military officers, went to see a newly-erected hall in the convent attached to the church of St

Agnesi fuori le Mura. While contemplating it, the floor gave way, and Pope, cardinals, priests, and officers, were precipitated into the cellar beneath. Serious injuries resulted, and it is stated that it would probably have gone hard with the Pontiff had his patron saint not interceded in his favour. To him the falling Pope prayed, and with what success you may judge by the fresco on the wall of the hall representing the accident and its miraculous incident. For just as Pius IX. was about to realise in his own person the law of gravity by coming plump on the pavement below, he was caught by St. Peter, who is seen in the fresco holding him up tenderly in his arms. Such a miracle deserves to be commemorated; and, to judge by the illuminations last April, you would have come to the conclusion that the Romans rejoice greatly that the Pope returned to them from Gaëta, and that St. Peter was graciously pleased to preserve his life. The two events are quite sufficient to justify the celebration of a Pope's day. The illuminations were extremely good and numerous. Lines of quivering fire festooned many of the beautiful fountains, illuminated arches spanned the streets, the inhabitants hung out coloured lanterns, and the gas lamps in the Corso were fitted with huge burners, which sent flashes of

brilliant light far and wide. Certain publications stated that most of the private illuminations were done 'by order,' the police having instructed the curés of the various parishes to see that their parishioners illuminated, while other Papalini collected funds for the public display. Be this as it may, the city looked very gay, and the 'Pope's day' was very effectually commemorated.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Breaking up of the Season in Rome—Rome before and after Easter—Social Advantages of Rome—Faraday and his Audiences at the Royal Institution—Square Feet and Feet Square—Rome as the Capital of Italy—Speculations respecting her Future—Advantages of a Tidal River—Unhealthiness of Rome and of the Campagna in Summer—Public Buildings of Rome in the Sixth Century—Aspirations of 'Young Italy'—Joseph Mazzini—His early Days—Imprisoned at Savona—His Resolve to devote his Energies to the Cause of Italy—Garibaldi's Opinion of Mazzini—and of the Future of Rome—Montesquieu's Opinion of the Papal Government—Difficulties in the way of Italian Unity.

WHEN the last rocket has gone up from the Pincio, and the celebrated Easter girandolo is over, the great majority of visitors straightway pack their portmanteaus, and leave Rome with such speed that you would suppose it had suddenly became plague-stricken.

Great indeed is the contrast between Rome before and after Easter. You might as well expect to find an Englishman in the Piazza di Spagna after that season, as the owner of a moor in Scotland in Pall Mall after the 12th of August. Fashion says, leave

Rome, and accordingly our countrymen and women depart, mostly to Naples. And yet Rome after Easter is extremely pleasant; and to the visitor desirous of seeing that city in detail, this is by far the best time of the year for his visit. The temperature is not too hot, a balmy air prevails, the mornings and evenings are fresh, and over city and Campagna

> The God of gladness sheds his parting smile,

illumining the sky with golden hues.

My sojourn with the Conte is now nearly over, and though familiarity has not caused me to like the family dishes more, he and his family will long be remembered by me with pleasure and gratitude for many kindnesses.

Habit renders us wonderfully insensible to désagréments, but I greatly doubt the possibility of an Englishman, used to English ways, ever being thoroughly comfortable with an Italian family. True, you become more reconciled to their customs and observances; but at the end of even many years spent in an Italian household, you would in all probability realise in your own person the law of those geometrical lines known to mathematicians as the asymptotes of the hyperbola, which have the

curious property of continually approximating, and yet never blending.

Pleasant memories, too, will be mine of Rome. For after all, unlovely as are her dirty streets and hard pavement, and difficult as have sometimes been my peregrinations, even in the Corso, with its attenuated trottoir everlastingly taken up by French soldiers — one pair of red breeches fills the narrow space — Rome does fasten upon you, much like a person who may have a very unprepossessing countenance, but whose mental graces and virtues cause you to forget the first in your admiration of the second. Most true is it that you must become habituated to Rome before you can understand and thoroughly appreciate and enjoy it. There is no city in Europe less adapted for a hurried visit. A company of excursion tourists wandering through the Eternal City, desirous of 'doing it' in a few days, would be one of the most melancholy sights imaginable.

It is impossible to become part of such a city, though even for a brief period, without feeling greatly interested in her future. Acquaintances, too, made among the Romans, drew the bonds closer between Rome and myself; but more than all, friends formed in that city among my own countrymen and

women, will ever cause me to remember my winter there with great pleasure. In Rome, perhaps more than in any other continental city or town, an Englishman provided with a few good introductions will be able to enjoy very charming society. That stiff-necked frigidity which may often be seen in all its repulsiveness at a state county dinner-party in England, dissolves into geniality in that city. An introduction there is not a mere formality, as it often is in London, beginning and ending by taking a lady down stairs to dinner, or attempting to dance with her at a ball where the humanity of the crowded rooms runs over upon the stairs. A gentleman must be indeed of a very repulsive and unprepossessing nature who, provided with introductions, would be long without the circle of extremely pleasant society in Rome. And, if he be agreeable, he will soon find his table covered with more invitations than he can well accept, unless he is willing to pass many nights without much sleep. 'On perd tout le temps qu'on peut mieux employer,' said Rousseau. You would imagine that our countrymen in Rome took this apothegm to heart, for they certainly make good use of their time in that city. The days are generally spent in interesting localities, which should store the mind with profitable pabulum, though I am free to

admit that many visitors to Rome are sadly indifferent to the advantages presented by that wonderful city; while others, possessing unhappily only sieve-like brains, are as incapable of retention as Professor Faraday's fashionable audiences at the Royal Institution.

In the examination of this eminent philosopher before the Public Schools Commission, he laments the sad want of information on the most ordinary and simple scientific subjects among persons who are supposed to have been well educated. Alluding to his audiences at the Royal Institution, he says in his evidence:—

'I find the grown-up mind coming back to me with the same questions *over and over again*. They ask what is water composed of, though I have told the same persons a dozen years in succession that it is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. Their minds are not prepared to receive or to embody these actions, and that is where you want education; to teach them the A B C of these things.'

As confirmatory of Professor Faraday's evidence, I may state a curious fact that came under my cognisance with reference to the late International Exhibition in London. Persons to whom permission had been given to exhibit, were required to state

how many square feet they wanted. In innumerable cases the applicants had no conception that any difference exists between twenty feet square and twenty square feet, and they were consequently greatly surprised when, having asked for twenty feet square, they were masters of four hundred square feet, which they could not occupy; while others, who required this space and asked only for twenty square feet, were greatly astonished to find that the space was wholly insufficient for their requirements. I apprehend that the tradesmen of England are, as a body, ignorant that though one square foot and one foot square are the same, twenty square feet and twenty feet square are different. Perhaps, however, Mr. Faraday's audiences are not much above tradesmen in this elementary geometry.

Few localities patronised by the English during winter are more favourable for making fast friendships than Rome. In that exquisitely beautiful but too little known sonnet of Michael Angelo, composed in that city, commencing

D'un casto amor, d'una pietà superna,

the great artist-poet dwells forcibly on the desirableness of a perfect understanding between true friends and lovers—

One spirit only governing two hearts.

Wanting this, happiness, he asserts, will be extremely doubtful—a platitude, you may say, and yet how often is it unheeded. 'Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur,' but we may, for all that, think of another of Laberius' maxims, 'Amicitia semper prodest, amor et nocet;' and endeavour to make the forming of acquaintances, which often ripen into friendship and love, a more solemn act than is generally the case.

I should be sorry to make Rome my life home, and yet I do not wish to believe that I shall see her no more. The time is not far distant when the small link wanting to connect her by railways with other European cities will be supplied. Then a journey to the City of the Cæsars from England will be but a short holiday trip, to be reckoned by hours instead of days. And who knows that, when this is accomplished, Rome may not be free; and, being free, who that has beheld her in chains would not wish to see her wearing her robes of liberty,* and raised perhaps to be the capital of Italy? But will she ever acquire this dignity?

* Among the numerous political caricatures that I saw in Milan was one representing Rome as a beautiful nude woman, gazed at by the Pope, Emperor of the French, and Emperor of Austria. Her clothes, inscribed 'Milano,' 'Genoa,' 'Torino,' and 'Napoli,' are near her. She expresses a wish to put them on, but the above sovereigns exclaim:—'No cara, sei troppo bella! Vogliamo vederli *sempre* cosi!' Her right hand grasps a sword, on the blade of which is inscribed 'Revoluzióne.'

Often, when contrasting her former greatness with her present condition, has this question arisen in my mind.

But here another question arises. Was Rome ever the capital of that peninsula? Her mistress, yes; but the metropolis, in a metropolitan sense, never. Italy has belonged to Rome, but Rome cannot be said to have ever appertained to Italy, in the sense that Paris, of which the French are justly proud, belongs to France. Ascend any eminence in Rome from which you can survey city and river, suburbs and the encircling lonely Campagna, and say does she look like a city to be raised to the dignity of the metropolis of Italy. Her buildings are ruinous, her tideless river is choked with mud,* the very sea recedes from her nearly commerceless ports, and the malaria hovers with death on its wings over the Campagna.†

* The inestimable advantage of a tidal river for commercial purposes can hardly be over-estimated. When the Indians from the interior of North America first saw the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, they exclaimed:—'No wonder you white men prosper in trade, for your God makes your rivers flow two ways.'

† Of 520,000 English acres constituting the Roman Campagna only a tenth portion can be considered healthy. With summer comes the terrible malaria, and even where the ground is golden with harvest it is deadly. In more favoured countries harvest home is a season of rejoicing. In the Campagna the reaper is often struck down before the harvest is gathered, and should he escape immediate death he is generally smitten by fever, from the effects of which he rarely recovers.

But, you may say, turning to her brilliant history, 'See what she was in the days of her glory.' True, but did she not flourish at the expense of the nations that she conquered? Greece furnished her with art; Africa with vast supplies of corn; India with treasure; Gaul with slaves. Rome had the power of obtaining what she required for her wants and luxuries from other countries, but not of producing.

The excessive insalubrity of Rome in the summer and autumn is a strong and fatal objection against that city taking rank as the metropolis of Italy. During those seasons, and especially during the summer months, excepting in early morning and late evening hours, the streets are deserted. A torrid heat weighs on the stagnant air. The sky burns like a furnace. Not a shower cools the ground. The Pope, who seldom cares to leave Rome, is obliged to migrate from his beloved Vatican to the dilapidated Palace of the Pontiffs at Castel Gandolfo. In that residence overlooking the lovely Alban Lake he breathes a purer and cooler air. All Rome, excepting those who are too poor to leave the city, betake themselves to the hills, spending the sickly months in *villeggiatura*. How, under such adverse influences, the public business of a great country could be effectively carried on in Rome is difficult to understand.

True, public business of almost world-wide extent was transacted in ancient Rome at all times of the year, but during the Empire the city spread far beyond the present walls. Stately buildings and houses lined the ways from Rome to Aricia and Tibur, and Lanuvium was encircled by villas and smiling gardens. These and an enormous population repelled mephitism; when they disappeared, malaria returned. But even in her greatest glory Rome was not wholly free from malaria. Horace informs us that autumn and undertakers made their appearance simultaneously.

While writing thus I willingly admit that, as Rome has passed through several phases of existence and seems to possess a magic life—Eternal being impressed on her brow—she may have a high destiny reserved for her.* There are those who hold that, having been a kingly, a republican, and an imperial

* As late as the sixth century, notwithstanding the devastations of the barbarians, Rome contained 380 large and spacious streets; 46,603 houses; 17,097 palaces; 13,052 fountains; 31 theatres; 11 amphitheatres; 2 capitols; 9,025 baths; 2,091 prisons; 8 colossal gilt statues; 66 ivory statues; 3,785 bronze statues; and 82 bronze equestrian statues. All these with few exceptions perished, and as time rolled on, the light of her grandeur and loveliness passed away; her population meanwhile became less and less, until in the sixteenth century it had dwindled to 35,000. Then it acquired fresh vigour, and under the reign of fostering popes new buildings arose and the population again increased.

city, she will pass from being a papal metropolis into one of the people of Italy, not in the form of a republic, but as a monarchy under a sovereign and government of mild rule. That Rome and the papal territory will become merged into the surrounding dominions of Victor Emmanuel cannot be doubted, but that she will become the metropolis of united Italy is, I think, very problematical. 'Olim armis, nunc artibus;' and as an art metropolis she will probably long flourish.

Talking on this subject with Romans, whose aspirations soar high, they instanced the fact that the population of Rome is increasing as hopeful.* But this increase is due to immigration, not to births; English gold aiding largely to swell the numbers, numerous wants being created by visitors which can only be supplied by a larger population.

Far be it from me, however, to desire in any way to damp the ardour of those who are waging an intellectual strife to raise fallen Rome and the Papal States in the rank of nations, or rather to merge the latter into a united and undivided Italy. It is the wish of those who are in the van of this strife to see Rome the capital of Italy—nay more, their ardent hope; and without such hope life would be to

* From 179,000 in 1860, to nearly 200,000, the present population.

them but wormwood and gall. Has not Garibaldi, that darling of 'young Italy,' and indeed of middle-aged Italy too, perilled his life to bring about this end; and is not Mazzini, whose spirit is in Rome, doing all in his power to accomplish this purpose? In the first volume of his 'Life and Writings,' recently published, Mazzini tells us that he was imprisoned at Savona for having visited Guerrazzi in his prison at Montepulciano. The latter had been arrested for having recited some lines in favour of an Italian patriot, and the mere fact that young Mazzini sympathised with Guerrazzi and liberty was sufficient to render him inimical to the government. But, as usual under such circumstances, Mazzini's quick spirit was soon roused to action. His was not a soul to be subdued by a prison, and it was, as he tells us, within his cell at Savona that he first conceived the idea that Italy would ere long be free, with Rome as the capital, and he then formed the resolution to devote his energies and life to bring about this result.*

In one of his addresses to the Romans he says:—'Rome has always been to me a kind of talisman. Whatever inspiration I may have proceeds from her.

* His address to Charles Albert of Savoy in 1831, regarded by his countrymen as a flash of divine eloquence, caused him to be hailed as the heart and soul of the Italian movement.

I tell you solemnly that Rome is the head and heart of Italy, and that she will be the capital of that country.'*

And hear Garibaldi himself on this subject:—'Blaspheme not, by calling Rome the land of the dead. How can there be death in the heart of Italy —in the heart of the world? The ashes of Rome, the ashes of her unhappy sons, have been buried, but these ashes are so impregnated with life as to be able to regenerate the world. Rome is a word that will ever arouse people as the tempest raises the waves. For Rome is the mother of Italian grandeur. Was it not its history of giants, its wonderful ruins, that kindled in my young soul the flame of the beautiful, the ardour of generous designs?

* I cannot refrain from reproducing here Garibaldi's deliberately expressed opinion and éloge of Mazzini. I have stated how greatly he is beloved in Italy, and that man can hardly be the dark wretch that he is represented by some persons of whom Garibaldi thus speaks. The words were uttered in England:—'I am about to make a declaration which I should have wished to have made a long time ago. There is a man among us here who has rendered the greatest service to our country and to the cause of liberty. When I was a young man, having nought but aspirations towards the good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and as the counsellor of my young years. I sought such a man even as he who thirsteth seeketh the fresh water. I found this man. He alone watched when all around him slept, he alone fed the sacred flame; he has ever remained my friend, ever has felt the love for his country and the devotion to the cause of liberty. That man is Joseph Mazzini.'

Rome! oh Rome! who is not urged by thy very name to take arms for thy deliverance?'*

Under any circumstances, Rome will assuredly gain by passing from priestly rule and influence. Montesquieu's opinion of the Papal government one hundred years ago holds good now:—'Il n'y a point de prince Protestant qui ne lève sur ses peuples beaucoup plus d'impôts que le Pape n'en lève sur ses sujets. Cependant ces derniers sont misérables pendant que les autres vivent dans l'opulence. Le commerce ranime tout chez les uns, et le monachisme porte la mort partout chez les autres.'†

It is indeed amazing to find the great Council of Bishops, who met in Rome in June 1862, declaring, among other matters, that 'la souveraineté temporelle du Pontife est absolument nécessaire pour le gouvernement juste et libre des ames.' Why necessary, it would be difficult to prove.

Italian unity cannot be a political fact as long as a French soldier is quartered in Rome; at the same time it is very questionable whether, when the terms of the Convention are acted upon, and a portion even of Napoleon's troops are withdrawn, Romans and others may not, with an impatience which there is

* Address to the Roman Matrons in 1862.

† *De l'Esprit des Lois.*

reason to fear will greatly injure their righteous cause, rise, and endeavour at least to strike off their chains, which otherwise would probably fall off without revolutionary force. For my own part I have no hesitation in declaring, from what I heard and saw in Rome, that there are thousands of Italians who are ready to rise when opportunity offers, and act if necessary on the noble lines of their poet :—

Libertà non fallisce ai volenti,
Ma il sentier de' perigli all' addita;
Ma promessa a chi ponvi la vita,
Non è premio d' inerte desir.

Lines which have been thus rendered :—

Liberty smiles on daring hearts,
And wills that never swerve;
Of manly virtues 'tis the test—
None, who can die, need serve.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Regrets on leaving Rome—Journey to Naples—Passport Fees—English Consulate—A Slow Train—Pio Nono and Garibaldi—Locomotive Engines—Ceprano—More Passport Annoyance—Enter Kingdom of Italy—Custom-House Past and Present—Whimsical Mistake respecting a Penwiper—Excessive Cold—Great Confusion at Station in Naples—Hunt for a Bed—St. Lucia—A Touter—Indifferent Restaurants in Naples—Hôtel de Rome.

You see I take it for granted that no one who has resided for any length of time in Rome leaves it without more or less regret. I venture to think, too, that my friend the Conte and his amiable family were sorry to lose their English lodger; and though their ways and mine did not, as I have already hinted, promise to harmonise as time sped, yet we came to know and understand each other better, and I even believe that I was not at last deemed a heretic because I was wanting in what they considered proper religious allegiance to the Virgin.

So when the morning of my departure arrived, I bade my landlord and his family a very sincere farewell, and went down the long flight of stairs for probably the last time.

A friend, one of the most eminent English sculptors in Rome, had arranged to accompany me to Naples. We met at the railway station, which we found in the high blast of bustle. There are, of course, various degrees of confusion and bustle at these places, but for confusion worse confounded I will back the station at Rome immediately after Easter—when hundreds, or rather thousands, are hasting away to Naples and Civita Vecchia—against any other. The same station serves both lines, and as there are no separate exits and entrances, and indeed a total absence of organisation of any kind, you may form some notion of the seething hubbub that prevails. Having only carpet-bags we were spared the luggage plague, and managed to get through ticket office, police office, and passport office quicker than our fellow-travellers. But, though we passed the passport office here easily, do not imagine that this document became *en règle* without pains and penalties. The tax levied on passports in the Papal States yields far too large a sum not to render it well worth while being efficiently levied. And bearing in mind the shrunken revenues of the Pope, we may pardon him, or at least pay without murmur, the scudo he exacts from every one leaving his realm. But it appears to me wholly unworthy of England to require all Englishmen to pay our Consul

2*s.* 1*d.* for his signature to a passport. Without this the Roman government will not sign your passport; and thus, besides loss of time, you are mulcted of 6*s.* 4*d.* fees to the two offices. The scudo is levied on all passports, and is a great hardship to the poorer classes. Having, on payment of the former sum, been assured that I was now free to leave the Papal States, I took for granted that all further payment in respect to my passport was over; but not so, as we shall soon see.

The distance between Rome and Naples by rail is 162 miles. The journey might easily be accomplished in six hours. But what an innovation would this be if such speed were proposed even. '*Impossibile*!' would be the answer. 'Piano, piano!' even on railways, is the motto. In the Papal States you do not, of course, expect to find anything fast, but when you enter the kingdom of Italy you hope to speed faster. The engine that impelled our train from Rome was named Pio Nono, and, by a curious coincidence, that attached to the train which took us on from Ceprano was the Garibaldi. If true to the natures, and animated by the respective feelings of these individuals, the engines would long ago have dashed full tilt against each other. The Garibaldi ought, at all events, to have some go in it; and you may be sure it

has, for the engine is a well made piece of machinery manufactured by an eminent Paris firm. We left Rome at eleven, and arrived at Ceprano at two. Here we were all turned out of the carriages and into the dogano, our passports having been previously taken from us by Papal gendarmes; and here, I may add, many travellers, myself among the number, lost their tempers—for, after giving us much trouble respecting passports, a payment of ten baiocchi was demanded for a second impression of the papal arms, and enforced in one or two instances, when the right of exacting the fee was questioned, in a very arbitrary manner. Well, should you feel ruffled by this last toll levied on you, your British blood will be soothed by the courtesy that awaits you on crossing the ideal line on the platform separating the Papal States from the kingdom of Italy; for on announcing your citizenship you are bowed to deferentially, and assured that the passport—which you probably hold in your hand, not knowing how soon it may be called for again—is not required. No, fellow-countrymen travellers, put it by, and unless you diverge into that part of the boot still chafing under the occupation of Austria, you will not require it again in Italy.

Great is the contrast, too, between the Custom-

house search entering the kingdom of Italy to that which irritated the traveller when the Bourbons held sway over Naples. Nowhere was the examination stricter than here. So strict, that on one occasion an English clergyman's baggage was seized and sent under special escort to Naples, on account of the discovery in the clergyman's desk of a pen-wiper composed of gay coloured cloth, which was taken to be a revolutionary cockade!

Had great strictness been exercised, our detention at Ceprano would have been most trying, for the boxes and trunks seemed innumerable.

While waiting with all the patience at our command at the miserable station, we found occupation in studying the physiognomies of some men who were pointed out to us as Neapolitan brigands, travelling under the surveillance of the Papal government across the border. Ill-looking fellows whether brigands or not, whom you would rather meet in public at noon than in private at midnight. That Neapolitan brigands are so far protected by the Vatican as to be furnished with passports when it is desirable that they should leave the States of the Church, is certain. This astounding policy, which can only be accounted for by the Pope's relations with the ex-King of Naples, has lately called forth strong

remonstrances from France; and no wonder, for this brigand protective system is a terrible blot on the Papal government.

The 'Armonia,' a satirical publication, always alive to abuses and ready to expose them, under the pretence of perpetuating the memory of famous events in the pontificate of Pio IX., has lately published the following choice specimen of Latin epigraphy, in allusion to the Pope's protection of the renowned Brigand Crocco:—

'Pius Papa IX. (here the date)—amatissimum brigantum Croccum—a militibus generalis Palavicinii—jam fere infonsatum—paternis brachiis apertis—sicuti alias fratres La Gala—a meritata furca—salvum fecit—Gallis semper videntibus et permittentibus.'

The vast pile of baggage is at length restowed in the vans, the five-penny passport fees have been collected, the bell rings, the steam-whistle screams, and we speed south, through the valley watered by the classical Liris. But are we indeed journeying south? For as we progress the temperature rapidly diminishes; the thermometer, which indicated 67° at Rome in the morning, now stands at 46°, and the mercury continues to fall. A little further, and we plunge into a snow-storm, the mountains are white,

and the cold intense. And so it continued all the way to Naples on this day, the seventh of April.

We arrived at Naples at eight o'clock, having been ten hours journeying 162 miles; a slight contrast this to the *trajet*—greater in distance—between London and Manchester. Terrible confusion prevailed at the railway station; so great that the majority of passengers were not able to obtain their luggage until the following morning. Being happily not encumbered by much impedimenta, we soon made our escape, and, jumping into a cabriolet, drove in search of a habitat. As we expected, all the principal hotels were full—crammed rather. No officious waiters or bland landlords stood bowing at the doorways; the porters even did not take the trouble of ringing the bell to announce the arrival of more *forestieri*. To expect accommodation in an hotel was evidently hopeless; but we did not despair of finding rooms, for certain information had been imparted to us in Rome which we expected would prove valuable, and so it did. It was to the effect that on the Santa Lucia there are houses where you can obtain bedrooms, but no board, and in one of these, No. 31, we procured two good apartments on the first floor for six francs a night.

How different are your feelings, in a vast city

homeless and bedless, to those when you are master of even a closet containing a couch. On arriving, or rather before your arrival, you picture a comfortable room in a well-appointed hotel, and, disappointed in this, your expectations gradually dwindle, until at length, when wearied by being repulsed from many doors, you feel that you would be thankful for any hole where you might lie down and be at rest. Let no traveller with a lady companion go to Naples from Rome soon after Easter without having previously secured rooms: I heard of more than one party wandering half the night through the streets searching for quarters.

We were most thankful to be so well housed. But without stands the cabman, waiting to be paid. Like his race, he demanded much more than his due. But when satisfied, another claimant appeared, in the form of a well-dressed gentlemanly man, who, seated by the side of the driver, had voluntarily accompanied us from the second hotel that we went to throughout our wanderings. For this service he demanded payment; and was evidently as much surprised by our declining to give him anything as we were by his impudence. He was one of the many touters, and something worse, who infest Naples, a class with whom I strongly recommend you to have as little to do as possible.

We now sallied forth over the snow-coated lava pavement in search of supper. Naples was never great in restaurants, and I cannot say that the city has improved in this respect. True, but a short time has elapsed since she has become free; but there is so great a want in the city of good restaurants that I wonder much two or three have not already started into existence. We went to the best, the Europa in the Largo San Ferdinando; but, though it was not eleven o'clock, there was nothing to be had but half an attenuated fowl, an omelette, and scrappy bread—poor fare this for two hungry men. We should have sped much better at an hotel, and during the rest of our stay at Naples we generally breakfasted at the Hôtel de Rome, on the Santa Lucia, a capital house.

CHAPTER L.

Great Cold—Vesuvius snow-robed—The Toledo—Constant bustle—Political Caricatures—Neapolitan Aspirations—Destruction of Shrines to the Virgin—Political Freedom—Improvements in Naples—Pickpockets—The National Museum—Liberal Regulations—The 'Reserved Cabinet'—Bronzes from Pompeii—The Papyri from Herculaneum—Manner of unrolling them—National Library—San Martino—New Road under S. Elmo—New Protestant Church—A Trattoria—Unruly behaviour of Italian Officers—Teatro di San Carlino—Pulcinella.

If it be a mistake going to Rome in winter or early spring for a mild temperature, you would say, had you been in Naples on the twelfth day of April last, that it is a greater mistake going to that city. On the morning of that day the thermometer indicated a temperature a little below freezing point. Vesuvius was white to within four hundred feet of the cone, above which the snow melted as it fell; all the other mountains round Sorrento were snow-robed from base to crest, and snow was falling fast. Can this be that Naples, blessed with so delicious a climate, as to have called forth these lines from Tasso:—

L' aria si sereno, si temperato, si salutifero,
Si vitale che gl' uomini che senza provar
Altro cielo ci vivano sono quasi immortali!

Far from immortal would be the lives of those subjected to such violent and sudden meteorological changes as Naples witnessed in the early part of this year, or, if immortal, it would be of a Tithonus-like nature, growing yearly more and more decrepit and worn. To weak-chested mortals the weather of last April in Naples would be death; indeed, spring time in that city is a season of constant deception, brilliant skies often promising a mildness which the air bitterly disappoints.

But we are proof against the greatest cold; and though the day continued so bitter as to cause my friend to purchase a worsted shawl, we did not shrink from the blast. Whatever part of Naples you may be living in, you will soon be drawn towards the Toledo—the Corso of that city; but the Corso, animated by a continuous stream of people and carriages, reminding you more of our Strand or Cheapside than of the Roman thoroughfare. It was always so—that is, since Naples became a great metropolis. How different to the Neapolis of the wealthy Romans, who came here to take their ease.

Et otiosa credidit Neapolis,

says Horace, and numerous villas, fragments of which still remain, attest how favourite a locality it was.

But we are not in Naples for antiquarian purposes, but rather desire to look at the city under her new master. Well, walking up the Toledo, two features strike us forcibly. One, that at every street corner, and other favourable localities, political caricatures are exposed for sale. With few exceptions, these are of a very broad nature, often offensively coarse, and calculated, one would imagine, to do more harm than good. The subject is almost always the Pope and his ministers, in the most humiliating and degrading positions. The annexation of the Papal States is also a favourite subject; and it is easy to see that the Neapolitans would gladly avail themselves of a fitting opportunity to bring this much desired object to pass, without waiting for the result of the two years proposed by the Convention for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops. Indeed, although the thought has not yet found general popular expression, you can see by the political caricatures and other publications, and by the manner that they are received, that many Neapolitans are ready and even anxious, to help the Romans to become free.

The other feature is, the destruction of fully half the Virgin's shrines at the corners of the streets. This was effected in the course of last year, and did not, as I heard, meet with any opposition from the

people. You see at once that the political liberty of the Neapolitans is very great, and the power of the priesthood lessened. Here, indeed, a change that the Neapolitans under the Bourbons could not have dreamt of, has been wrought. In those days, what said the popular poet:—

> Si parliamo, in galere,
> Si scrivemmo, impicciati;
> Si siamo in quiete—al Sant' officio.

Now Neapolitans may talk politics till they are dry—may write politics until their fingers ache—and, what is more influential, may draw politics in the guise of caricatures which all who run can see, for they are on broadsheets. Well, better this, though it is perhaps carried to excess, than to live muzzled as they were. Then you see on public buildings 'Nazionale' instead of 'Reale,' and you feel an air of liberty pervading every piazza and street. And, looking at these things, and at the vast city seething with an ever restless population, you remember that the change was wrought by one man, and that man is Garibaldi.

Not to describe Naples, and, happily for the tourist, the few sights of that city, do I ask you to accompany me there; but as we walk through the streets we may find matter to chronicle.

Yes, more than ever does Naples seem in a state of

Carnival. Bustle, mad and wild, is indeed the chronic state of the city. It has been well remarked by a traveller, the 'the crowd of London is uniform and intelligible; it is a double line in quick motion; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists of a general tide rolling up and down, and in the middle of this tide a hundred eddies of men. In London you are swept on by the current, in Naples you are whirled round by the vortex.' Amidst this a hundred trades are in full blast, for half the work of Naples is carried on out of doors. Here pickpockets, too, ply their craft with a boldness that is quite amazing. Walking a few steps behind a friend in broad day, in the Toledo, I saw a fellow lift my friend's coat tail with one hand and insinuate the other in the pocket. When fully satisfied that robbery was the object, I struck the man a smart blow with a heavy stick on his wrist. Unheeding this, or me, he advanced a couple of steps, and, holding a ring before my friend, asked him to purchase it. When accused of an attempt to rob, he indignantly denied the impeachment, and, bowing gracefully, disappeared amidst the crowd.

Improvements, long and urgently required, are going on in the upper part of the Toledo, and the famous museum will ere long present an appearance

worthy of its magnificent and valuable collections. To see them formerly was a costly business, as the custodes of every department required feeing. Now you are at liberty to roam from hall to hall at will, and even the 'Reserved Cabinet,' to which admission was only granted by the Maggiordomo on special application from your ambassador, is as freely thrown open as the other halls. The ground glass doors are inscribed with the words 'obscene objects,' and thus it is left to your discretion to enter or turn aside.

Vast and numerous as are the apartments in this now National Museum, they are inadequate to contain the treasures daily discovered in Pompeii. These crowd the rooms in a bewildering manner, rendering it extremely difficult to inspect the objects satisfactorily. When so many of these are duplicates, it seems a pity that there should not be a selection made of those most worthy of being preserved here. If this were done, a double good would be effected; for the visitor would be less perplexed and more instructed, and other museums would be enriched by the superfluous collections. The frescoes and bronzes from Pompeii are probably the most interesting objects in this museum. Among the latter is a lovely statuette, recently acquired. It represents Silenus grasping a serpent in

his left hand, which is raised. At the base stood a very elegant glass vase, exquisitely décorated with gold: only a few fragments of this were found.

Signor Mazzochi's tedious, but effective, process of unrolling the papyri from Herculaneum has not been superseded. The papyrus, which resembles a stick of charcoal, is placed in a tin trough on a bed of cotton softened with a liquid preparation; and as the fragile laminæ of the vegetable tissue of the rush become unrolled, they are held together by being coated at the back by a thin mucilaginous sheet. The characters (Greek), with the exception of the ω, are all capitals, which renders the deciphering of them easier than it would be were they in small letters; but in consequence of the great number of spaces arising from the breaking and destruction of the papyrus in the process of unrolling, it is a difficult task to read the words. About 2000 papyri have been discovered, 750 of which have been unrolled and deciphered. Unfortunately, these are more of a nature to satisfy research than to stimulate, as they are for the most part treatises on Epicurean philosophy.

Additional facilities for consulting and reading the books in the National Library are now given; and those on the forbidden list, or index, which formerly could only be seen by express permission from

the Pope, are now thrown as freely open as others. The number of readers at the time of my visit was small; but I was told by the librarian that the library is much more consulted now than it used to be in the days of its former appellation. We are apt when visiting continental libraries to institute a comparison between the facilities given to readers in them, and those existing in our national library. Nowhere will you see the comfort of the student so well provided for as in London; but so admirably, and we may add luxuriously, is he accommodated, that M. Panizzi's well-intentioned arrangements have the disadvantage of causing hundreds of idlers to lounge away their time in the library, reading novels or turning over illustrated works, to the displacement and disturbance of the working man of letters.

Thus far on the way to S. Elmo, we wound up to that commanding height, visiting en route the church of San Martino. You may ride, if so inclined, donkeys being in waiting at the foot of the steep streets; if you hire one of these animals, do not ride down, for however eloquently their owners may insist on the sure-footedness of their donkeys, they are not to be trusted down the hills. The interior of San Martino will bear comparison with any church in Rome; indeed, I know of no religious

building possessing such exquisite gem-like marbles as this. A convent is attached to the church, appertaining to Carthusians, who tremble, as I was informed, for the security of their possessions. And no wonder, for upwards of one hundred convents and monasteries have already been suppressed in and around Naples; and here is a vast pile, capable of containing a couple of regiments, tenanted at the present time by twenty-seven indolent monks. Their alarm is not lessened by the fact that, during the occupation of the French in 1831, the convent was converted into a military hospital, and as such was far more useful than it has been before or since.

The views from the balconies and garden terraces are glorious. City and sea lie beneath you, and beyond, Vesuvius, and that unrivalled group of mountains, appear like a panorama, on the slopes of which are set towns, villages, and villas, nestling in olive and orange groves.

It is a long and wearisome descent from St. Elmo to the city. Midway you come upon the new semi-circular road which passes under San Martino. From this road, which was greatly wanted, are a succession of noble views, varying at every step as you progress round the city. Following it towards the Chiaja, we descended at the back of this famous thoroughfare,

and came upon the elegant and very picturesque Gothic church, now finished, built for English Protestant worship. It has cost somewhat over 6,000*l.*

Tired and hungry, we turned into a large trattoria in the Toledo, the name and number of which I am sorry I have forgotten, for though unpromising we were supplied with a very liberal and excellent dinner, the cost of which, including two bottles of good wine, was only 4f. 90c. The money, you will observe, is the same now as that of France—that is, in value—the piastre, carlini, and grani, having disappeared with the Bourbon king.

The enjoyment of our dinner was somewhat marred by the behaviour of a large company of Italian officers, which was of a nature that would have been discreditable to a barrack room. They were dining at small tables, but instead of eating like gentlemen, they comported themselves in a manner that left you in doubt whether they were mad or savages. Shouting, singing, whistling, screaming, now rushing violently from table to table, and now throwing the chairs about, they were not quiet for a moment. Had they not been in the uniform of one of Victor Emmanuel's regiments of the line, I should have greatly doubted their being officers. Let us hope

that they did not represent a large class of their brother officers.

Naples is the head-quarters of Pulcinella, and as the Teatro di San Carlino was open, we went there more to see him than to be entertained by his speech; for as to understanding what he says, that would be impossible unless you were well acquainted with the Neapolitan dialect. The gentleman who personated this favourite character at Naples may not be an eminent performer; be this as it may, he was not as versatile and clever in pantomime as the Pulcinella I saw at Rome. However, his acting and humour gave great satisfaction to the audience, who testified their delight by unbounded applause.

CHAPTER LI.

Summer again—Cabs in Naples—The Cathedral—St. Januarius—Liquefaction of the Saint's Blood—Still believed in—Inscription in Honour of the Saint—My travelling Companion's Scepticism—The liquefying Recipe—Manufacture of Graven Images—Price of a Madonna and Child—The Molo of Naples—The Marinella—Trade of Cigar Ends—Silk Trade—Jewish Population—Fish Market—Opera at the Teatro Nazionale of San Carlo—Perelli—An architectural *tour de force*—The Royal Palace—Prince Humbert—The Phlegræan Fields—The Solfatara.

THE sun is out again, silvering the lovely bay. Vesuvius, white yesterday, is now streaked with snow; light grey smoke rises fitfully from the cone; but the other mountains remain white, so heavy was the fall of snow.

A stranger no sooner appears in the streets of Naples where hackney carriages ply for hire, than he is beset by the drivers, who shout at him, crack their whips in his face, and half drive over him. They are a veritable nuisance. Happily, the pavement in Naples consists of large lava flags, most pleasant compared to that in Rome; so when not too warm, walking in Naples is not torture. We have business at the Post-Office. On our way we visited the cathedral,

which my friend had not seen. I am not going to describe it; but to tell you that, notwithstanding the light that has burst on Naples by its annexation to the kingdom of Italy, the performance of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius still takes place biennially.* My friend greatly horrified the custode of the cathedral by declaring emphatically that the liquefaction was a priestly juggle. 'Signor,' said the

* I have stated that the Italian Government are putting down many of the Virgin's shrines in Naples; will they have the courage to erase the following monstrous inscription set up in the city to the popular god Januarius?

DIVO JANUARIO
PRINCIPI
NEAPOLITANORUM
PATRONO
EX CIVIUM RELIGIONE
SIGNUM
CUM ORNAMENTIS
QUOD MONTEM VESUVIUM
IGNEM
LONGE LATEQUE SE
EFFUNDENTEM
HIC E SACRATI CAPITIS
VISIONE.
X KAL. NOVEMBRIS
MDCCLXVII
STATIM EXTINXERIT
ATQUE UNIVERSO
EXHILAVERIT.

On the occasion of the eruption of Vesuvius in 1767, the mob in Naples destroyed the gates of the Cardinal Archbishop's house in that city, because he refused to bring out the relics of St. Januarius, and were proceeding to fire his house, when the Cardinal stayed their proceedings, and, as is stated, those of the volcano, by exhibiting the relics to the angry mountain!

man in office, 'had you seen the miracle thirty-four times, as I have, you would not doubt its truthfulness.' I apprehend that, although papal power is at a discount in Naples, it will be long ere the people discard their patron saint, who has, as they believe, frequently saved their city from plague and pestilence. So the gorgeous chapel of this saint in the cathedral is still religiously guarded, the precious *carfines*, or vials, being under two locks, the keys of which are kept by the Archbishop of Naples and the municipal authorities; and I verily believe, if the Italian government were to forbid the miracle, the Neapolitans would be inclined to have their late Bourbon king back, and import the Pope too if they could. I have witnessed the pretended miracle, and am quite certain that nearly all those who were present, and they amounted to many thousands, placed implicit faith in the liquefaction.*

All round the cathedral a lively manufacture of images is carried on, in wood for the most part,

* A Frenchman, who professes to have discovered the juggle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, states that the compound in the vials consists of 10 grammes of very pure saindoux (lard), sufficient carmine to give this the appearance of blood, and 12 grammes of ether. This mixture, hermetically sealed in a glass vial, will, he maintains assume a congulated appearance at a low temperature, but melt and appear like blood when the vial is held in the hand.

generally representations of the Virgin and infant Saviour. We entered various workshops where Madonnas and Bambinos were being manufactured out of beechwood. The price of a life-size Virgin and Child is 26*l.* The time occupied in making these by four workmen is about two months. They are largely exported.

The numerous trades of Naples are confined to particular districts. In one, the manufacture of iron bedsteads is carried on; in another, that of saddles, &c.; all the work being apparently done out of doors. Throughout the city, here and there, you come upon shops where flour is ground by hand, the mechanical apparatus being visible to passers-by, as well as the motive force, generally a muscular man, above whose head is an image of the Virgin, with a small lamp burning before her.

The Molo is no longer the favourite promenade and lounging-place of the lower orders. To see them you must go now on the Marinella beyond the Molo Piccolo. But you will find ample materials for the study of national character on the quays, where all day long and far into the night the lazzaroni congregate. Here is carried on a large trade of fragmentary cigars, consisting for the most part of ends

rejected by smokers. You will see the gamins of Naples hunting for these around the theatres and cafés all day; what they receive for them from the men who retail them in little heaps on dirty boards, I do not know, but I ascertained that the filthy stuff is sold at about one halfpenny an ounce.

In the labyrinthine streets and alleys near the port, you will find a stirring trade in silk going on. In Italy this trade is, by natural advantages, the largest, and should be the most remunerative, of all in that kingdom. The quantity of cocoons generally produced is said to be about 49,212 tons, equivalent in value to 12,400,000*l*. At the London International Exhibition of 1862, by far the most remarkable collection of silk cocoons was that exhibited by Signor Francesco Toni of Perugia. It contained no less than seventy-two distinct varieties of Italian cocoons, several of which came from the neighbourhood of Naples. The capabilities of Italy for the growth of silk and the extension of the silk trade are very great. In the report of the jury on the silk exhibited at the Exhibition of 1862, it is stated—'The natural advantages possessed by Italy for producing silk are so manifold, that she ought to recover the relative rank among foreign producers which she occupied from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries. Why

should it not be so? Italy possesses the same genial climate as heretofore, enjoys greater facilities than any other country for the cultivation of the purest taste, from the atmosphere of art its inhabitants breathe from the very cradle; is not deficient in genius of the inventive faculty; preserves with an almost idolatrous care the Divine types of the beautiful so important to such textile manufactures; produces a raw material of silk of superior quality to that of China or even of France; and commands the shores of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic.' * The Report then goes on to show, that if the worm disease be eradicated, the silk manufacture of Italy will in all probability assume in the course of a few years gigantic proportions.

There were ninety-nine exhibitors of Italian silk, raw and manufactured, in 1862; medals were awarded to thirty-eight, and honourable mention made of forty others.

Though not confined by any municipal laws to a particular locality, the Jewish population of Naples herd together in true Hebrew fashion. The lower part of the city near the quays teems with Jews—a happy-looking population for the most part, having

* *Reports of the Juries, International Exhibition of* 1862, Class 20, p. 4.

no fear of pope or cardinals, and rejoicing probably at the destruction of the Virgin's shrines, which no longer offend them near their habitations. The streets, or alleys rather, in which they live are too narrow to admit the passage of vehicles. Mules and donkeys laden with panniers full of vegetables struggle through the crowds. From the panniers two long sticks project on which rings of bread are strung. The tenants of lofty flats often make purchases without descending to the street, securing their purchases when the bargain is completed by hoisting them to their dwelling by a rope.

The fish market adjoins the Molo Piccolo, but to see this in full activity you must visit it early. Long before noon the fish are sold, and on the boards where they were exposed you see groups of men busily engaged in playing cards.

Good fortune attended us to-day. The great Teatro Nazionale of San Carlo was opened for the performance of 'Lucia di Lammermoor,' and we were invited to dine with a family at the Victoria Hotel and accompany them to their box. What a noble theatre is this! Perfect in its proportions, and though of enormous size admirably adapted for hearing. The part of Lucia was performed by Perelli, the prima donna, young, elegant, and extremely beautiful,

with a sweet but not powerful voice. She is an immense favourite with the Neapolitans.

The opera was succeeded by a ballet, 'La Rosa,' accompanied by extremely beautiful scenery, and the numerous corps de ballerine were not clad in sky-blue inexpressibles, as they used to be a few years ago.

There are twenty-two rows of stalls in this theatre. The price of a stall is 2f. 60c. But little attention was paid by the ladies in the boxes to evening costume, those who were thus dressed forming a very small minority. The royal box is a stately apartment, situated, as usual in continental theatres, in the centre of the first tier of boxes. There is a story connected with this box that, were it not well authenticated, seems hardly credible. When the theatre was opened on the 4th November, 1737, the king Charles III. and his court were present. The monarch, delighted with the house and the magnificence and luxury of the royal box, sent for the architect Carasale, and told him but one thing was wanting to make all perfect. 'And what may that be, please your Majesty?' demanded the architect. 'A covered passage between the box and my palace.' Carasale bowed, retired from the royal presence, and made such good use of his time, that before the per-

formance was over the desired passage was not only constructed, but all unavoidable roughnesses concealed by mirrors and draperies.

The Royal Palace, I may add, is contiguous to San Carlo, but under any circumstances it is difficult to conceive how thick walls could be broken through, and wooden bridges and staircases constructed in the short space of three hours.

A propos of this palace, I may state that the Neapolitans earnestly desire to see it occupied by the heir to the throne; for as their city is no longer a capital, they are deprived of Court gaieties, and other metropolitan advantages. Prince Humbert threw the palace frequently open last winter, and gave public and private balls. This afforded great satisfaction; and as the young Prince is much liked in Naples, it is very probable that he will spend a considerable portion of his time in that city, when he has an establishment of his own.

Happily for the tourist from Rome, Naples, as I have said, possesses few sights; and being so lovely without, it would be perhaps unreasonable to expect much to interest within the city. Though by no means the most beautiful district, that known as the Phlegræan Fields is, with the exception of Pompeii, the most interesting. Here the tremendous forces

which evolved Vesuvius and Monte Nuovo are still at work, not, as of old, riving and rending the ground into weird shapes, but still active, and under your feet at the Solfatara, manufacturing sulphur in prodigious quantities. As usual, Vesuvius, being quiet, the Solfatara was giving out last spring from its numerous fumaroli great volumes of steam and noxious gases. A line drawn between this and Vesuvius nearly intersects Naples, leading to the almost unavoidable inference that this city stands over mighty vaults and passages filled by forces which, if they had not the safety-valves of Vesuvius and the Solfatara to escape by, might blow her up at any moment.

Of the volcanic wonders, and ruined villas, temples, baths, and tombs situated within the Phlegræan Fields, I am not going to write, nor of romantic Ischia, Procida or Capri, Amalfi or Pæstum, all of which I visited; but we must not leave Naples without saying something of the recent excavations at Pompeii.

CHAPTER LII.

Pompeii—Ways of going to it—Regulations for seeing it—Director of the Excavations—His Organisation—Manner of obtaining Casts of interesting Relics—Mode of excavating Houses—Objects discovered in a House—Recent Interesting Discoveries—Remains of four Human Bodies—Discovery of a Well containing Water—A Pompeian Inn—No Houses for the Poor yet found in Pompeii—Wall Decorations in Pompeii—Their great Elegance—The Desirableness of imitating them in England—Sunday in Pompeii—Religious Procession—A 'Holy Family' overthrown—Present State of Vesuvius—A Night on Vesuvius.

You can go to Pompeii by railway. The station at Naples is a long way from the Chiaja or Santa Lucia, but that at Pompeii puts you down within a few yards of the city. Selecting this route, you lose the interest of entering Pompeii by the Street of the Tombs, which is a singularly appropriate approach to a ruined city like this. Thus, on the whole, and particularly if you are one of a party, you will do better to hire a carriage for the day and drive straight to the Via Appia of Pompeii. I have tried both ways, and have no hesitation in recommending the latter.

By whatever gate you enter Pompeii, the same regulations for seeing it exist. You are required to

pay two francs, and receive a ticket and a document in return, enumerating ninety-five objects of interest which the guides are required to point out. One of these attaches himself to a party of from ten to fifteen persons. Now, it is a wholesome business maxim, that if you require good services you must pay liberally for them; and thus if you desire to see all the notabilia of Pompeii, you would be more likely to be gratified by employing a guide who trusted to you for payment, than going round with one who, being paid a weekly wage by government, is forbidden to take money from visitors. It may be satisfactory in one respect to be saved all trouble of feeing, but the present system of seeing Pompeii under guides paid by the state is not satisfactory as regards the amount of information obtained for your money. I am sure, that had my knowledge of Pompeii been limited to that imparted by the guide who accompanied the party that we joined, it would be extremely small. Happily, however, Pompeii is a place where, with a good topographical plan of the city and a 'Murray,' you are very independent of local guides.*

Bearing in mind the excessive interest attaching

* An excellent plan of Pompeii has been published this year by the government. According to this, it appears that about one-third of the city has been disinterred.

to Pompeii, and that 1785 years have elapsed since it was overwhelmed by scoriæ and ashes from Vesuvius, it does seem very extraordinary that only one-third of the city should have been disinterred. But even more extraordinary is the fact, that it was not until 1748 that any systematic attempt was made to explore the city, although its existence under the ashy deposit from Vesuvius was well known. From the above period excavations have been carried on with more or less activity, but generally so sluggishly, that if the former average rate of progress had been continued, upwards of three centuries would elapse before the entire city would be exposed to view.

The new government has, however, effected a revolution in this as in other matters; and under the able management of the present Director-General of the works, many years will not elapse before the whole of the city will be cleared.

Cavaliere Giuseppe Fiorelli, who fills this important office, is a very happy instance of the right man being in the right place. Devotedly attached to literature, he early manifested a disposition for archæological studies. His opinions, however, being of too liberal a tendency, he became obnoxious to the Bourbon government, and was cast into prison, where he remained several months. On the establish-

ment of the present government, and the retirement of M. Dumas from an office for which he was entirely unfitted, Cavaliere Fiorelli was appointed to superintend the excavations of Pompeii, and at once set about his duties in a systematic and zealous manner.

One of his first undertakings was to construct a tramway on such an incline, that trucks laden with rubbish run down it and discharge their contents without the walls of Pompeii. He next organised an efficient staff of officers and workmen. The latter, during winter, when labour can be carried on without injuring the constitution, amount sometimes to as many as five hundred. The regular staff consists of forty men and fifteen women. The men receive 1f. 60c. per day, the women 80c.

Having sufficient funds at his disposal, Cavaliere Fiorelli is enabled to develope the archæological treasures of Pompeii to the best advantage. Formerly, the walls of two-storied houses were allowed to fall when uncovered; now they are carefully shored up, and whenever charred or decayed timber is found, it is replaced. Thus you can now see several two-storied houses in Pompeii. Recent excavations confirm the belief originally entertained, that very few houses possessed a third story.

But perhaps the most important feature in connexion with Cavaliere Fiorelli's labours at Pompeii, is his discovery of a curious mode of producing plaster casts of interesting objects. The destruction of Pompeii was effected in a twofold manner; by enormous showers of scoriæ, and by ashes, which, mixed with boiling water, caked and imbedded the objects which they covered. No lava reached the unfortunate city. The majority of the objects thus entombed perished, but the matrix that they made remains. Into this, whenever the director apprehends that anything interesting may have been preserved, he pours liquid plaster of Paris, and the result is a perfect cast of the matrix. In this manner he has succeeded in obtaining many extremely interesting relics.

Unable to glean any satisfactory information from our cicerone, whose knowledge-imparting powers were, indeed, greatly crippled by the far too large party by whom he was surrounded, my friend and myself diverged from the beaten track, and sought that part of Pompeii where the excavations were going on. It was most fortunate for us that we took this step, for just as we arrived at the locality, we found that a house was on the point of being excavated. 'We are only waiting,' said one of the

overseers, 'for the arrival of the director and a party from Naples.' As soon as these had assembled, the ladies having been provided with chairs, and the gentlemen standing behind them, the order was given, and the work proceeded.

But before describing what we saw, it will be desirable to give a brief account of the operations previous to the last unveiling of a Pompeiian house. The mould, generally of a rich vegetable nature, and about two and a half feet thick, having been removed from the surface, strata of scoriæ appear, intermixed with granular pumice, locally called *lapilli*, and tufa. These substances are removed from the rooms, care being taken not to injure the walls, nor any objects which may stand up within the apartment, such as altars, fountains, &c. In the absence of these, the chambers are excavated to within about three feet from the floor. Operations are now suspended, the entrance to each room is blocked up by stone slabs, and guards are placed over the house, for it is within this stratum of scoriæ and ashes that the domestic articles, &c., are found. When matters are in this condition, the director is apprised that a house is ready for disinterment, and either he or his deputy is present when the rooms are finally cleared out. The men entrusted with this

last operation, who are skilled workmen, are overlooked by four officers, specially appointed to see that the work is efficiently executed, and that no articles are secreted.

The order having, as I have said, been given, the workmen, provided with short spades, hoes, and trowels, proceeded to cast out the ashes and scoriæ. These were as loose as if they had been quite recently deposited from Vesuvius; and although subjected for nearly twenty centuries to an enormous pressure from the superincumbent earth, had not caked in any locality, nor did they manifest any signs of damp. The labourers had not thrown out many spadefuls of ashes before the bronze hinges of the doors were discovered, with the bolts and other fastenings; and at a short distance within the first doorway laid bare they came on a rich find of small bronze statuettes, rings, vases of earthenware and glass, curiously-shaped drinking-vessels, several blazing like jewels from oxidation, and a great variety of bodkin-like instruments in bone and ivory. Upwards of fifty objects were found in this room, in that adjoining about ten, but in the six other rooms constituting this house nothing beyond the hinges and bolts of the doors. The director and officers said that here, as generally throughout Pompeii, the occupants of this

house, at the first outburst of Vesuvius, had gathered their worldly goods together in one room, with the view of carrying them off, but had been unable to do more than save themselves, and perhaps they had not even succeeded in this.

It is impossible to describe the intense interest attending the final disinterring of a Pompeian house. The pleasant certainty that you are present at a genuine archæological discovery adds greatly to the gratification. Tenderly removing the scoriæ, you hear from time to time 'Uno altro' called aloud by the workmen as they detect some object protruding from the heap, and presently see brought to light objects which seem to have been placed in the localities where they are found but yesterday—so excellent is their state of preservation, and so wonderfully similar are many of them to articles in use at the present day.

In less than half an hour a large basket was filled with objects found in this house, including some twenty vases in pottery and glass: one among the latter extremely rare. What becomes of all the ordinary objects I cannot say. Of too common a nature to be deposited in the National Museum at Naples, they might be disposed of to great advantage. The visitors to Pompeii would willingly give large sums for objects

which they have seen disinterred. But purchase here is impossible; and so jealously are the objects guarded, that should you take up one to examine it closely, an officer is at your side in a moment, and never leaves you until you restore the article to the place from whence you took it.

No recent discovery in Pompeii equals in interest that made of three women and one man found imbedded in scoriæ, which wrapped them in plaster-like moulds. They are preserved in a small house in Pompeii under glass, in such a manner that you can view them with great ease. The positions of the bodies denote unmistakably severe death-agonies. One, a delicate female form, lies on her face, which is partly shielded by one hand, while the other is clenched convulsively: on the fingers of another woman the ring-marks may be seen, and the remains of her sandals partly project from the ashy coating of her feet. Near another woman a bunch of keys and twenty-one silver coins were found. Keys, and a *mundus muliebris*, or woman's dressing-case, have frequently been discovered near the skeletons of women in Pompeii. The fourth figure of this group is that of a man, probably of the lower orders; for the heavy sandals on his feet are studded with large nails, and there are the remains of an iron ring on his finger.

Looking at these very interesting figures, one is forcibly reminded of the account given by the younger Pliny of the death of his uncle during the eruption of Vesuvius that destroyed Pompeii.

Another discovery of considerable importance has been recently made. Hitherto, among the many wells found in Pompeii, not one has contained water, the great volcanic outburst having probably dried up the springs. But within the last few months a well, about eighty feet deep, has been discovered partly filled with good drinking-water, flowing from a spring still in action.

The houses of Pompeii, as is well known, are remarkable for their narrow dimensions. Occasionally a large villa is discovered; but as the work of excavation progresses, nine-tenths of the houses disinterred are like the majority of those already laid open. The more ancient of these are Greek, the more modern Roman. Even the inns appear to have been narrow and confined. One recently disinterred—by no means a small house compared to the scale of those in Pompeii—has the following inscription, by which it appears that the landlord had only three beds at the disposal of travellers:—

Hospitivm hic locatvr
Triclinivm cvm Tribvs Lectis.

No houses have yet been discovered which can be said to have been inhabited by the poor. They may, however, have been of so slight and perishable a nature as to have disappeared under the effects of the volcanic eruption. But it has been questioned whether Pompeii was inhabited by a poor class, and the fact that no hospital has hitherto been discovered is advanced in support of this theory. Another singular circumstance is that, although the streets show that carriages were used, the broad lava pavement being grooved by deep ruts, no stables have yet been found. The skeletons of horses have been discovered, two very recently, but in all cases they have been found lying in streets or courts, never in localities which bear any resemblance to a stable.

In the arrangement of the rooms of Pompeian houses few hints are to be gained which would be of any use to us in our domestic architecture, particularly as they were built for a climate very different from that of England. But there is one feature which we should do well to imitate: I allude to the decoration of the walls. If one thing more than another might be adduced as illustrating our want of judgment and taste in the decoration of our houses, it is the paper with which we cover our walls. As a rule it is hideous. Occasionally, indeed, you meet with

a paper on which the eye reposes with pleasure, but the majority are gaudy, glaring, and vile in the extreme. Allow a young couple about to commence housekeeping to choose the paper for their new house, and ten to one they will select a pattern which they consider perfectly charming, for it is *bien prononcé*, radiant with bright colours, and extremely showy. On this, too, will they hang pictures without the slightest consideration whether the colours of the pictures or the gilt frames at all harmonise with the hues or pattern of the paper. In short, with few exceptions, the decorations of the walls of our middle-class houses are of a nature to drive a man with any æsthetic feeling almost crazy.

Now at Pompeii, however inconvenient we may consider the rooms, the decoration of the walls is harmonious, chaste, and beautiful. Coated with stucco, which has become as hard and compact as iron, and of an harmonious tint, the walls are generally surrounded by a border of very elegant design, and in the better class of houses beautiful figures are painted in panels in the centre. Why should not this mode of decoration be imitated by us? The walls of first-class houses in England are occasionally thus treated, but no attempt has been made to introduce even the plainest Pompeian mode of decoration

in houses occupied by the middle classes. There is nothing, I am persuaded, that would tend more to elevate general taste than a thorough and sweeping reform of our house-wall decorations. An enterprising tradesman might, I am convinced, make a fortune by copying some of the most appropriate wall-designs in Pompeii, which should be at once economical and elegant. He need not go to Pompeii. A magnificent work now in process of publication at Naples, the illustrations of which are by Signor Abbate, who executed the decorations in the imitation Pompeii House in the Crystal Palace, will afford him sufficient materials.* But, easy of access as Pompeii has now become, he will do better to visit the city: the interdiction against drawing has been removed, and any visitor is at liberty to make sketches of whatever objects he pleases.

Greatly gratified as we were to have seen a house excavated, I felt, as we passed through the wicket near the Hôtel Diomède, that I was leaving Pompeii without having seen, or rather renewing my acquaintance with that portion which has been disinterred. On expressing this to the official who had tacked us on to the already too large party from which we had

* Le Case ed i Monumenti di Pompei disegnati e descritti da Fauto e Felice Niccolini. Fol. Napoli.

severed ourselves, he said, conceiving that I was dissatisfied at having gained but little information for my two francs, 'Well, you can come again to-morrow without paying.' 'But to-morrow will be Sunday,' I observed. 'Certainly,' he replied, 'and on Sunday Pompeii is thrown open gratuitously.' 'You will not,' he added, 'be accompanied by a guide, but you will find all the guides distributed about the principal streets, and they will answer any questions you may ask them.'

To wander alone through Pompeii guideless had long been a cherished desire; so the next day, which fortunately was warm and fine, I went to Pompeii alone. In order to enter the city by the Street of the Tombs, I took the rail to Torre dell' Annunziata. I found this town, which has thriven on its maccaroni manufacture, and now numbers a population of 18,000 inhabitants, dressed out in flaunting colours. Enquiring the cause, I was informed that a religious procession was expected to pass through the town from the Convent of the Camaldoli, and that it would be a magnificent spectacle; so I waited to see it. Presently a band of music defiled past, followed by a company of priests chanting, and then by a colossal representation of the Virgin and the Holy Family. The sight, to anyone familiar with the religious cere-

monies of Rome, was certainly far from being magnificent, nor should I make mention of it but for a catastrophe which terminated procession and show in a very summary manner. An extremely high wind was blowing, and at the turning of a street the 'Holy Family' was caught by a terrific blast, which in a moment capsized all the figures and sent them sprawling most ignominiously in the mud. The rush to raise the fallen saints was great, but as fast as they were replaced on their pedestals and platforms they were hurled down again. How they fared eventually I cannot say, for I went on my way while they were still lying prone in the road.

The distance from the railway station at Torre dell' Annunziata to the gate at the extremity of the Street of the Tombs is about two miles. There is a small inn near the gate, from whence a voice proceeded, in not very pure English, inviting me to drink Bass's beer. I did not respond to the invitation, so am unable to say whether 'Bass' may be drunk genuine here.

All that the official had told me yesterday was true. The wickets were thrown open, and save the guides, who were doing sentinel duty—but in a very lazy manner, sunning themselves for the most part in favourable localities—I saw scarcely anyone. Being

provided with a copy of the excellent government plan of Pompeii, and a pocket-compass, I had no difficulty in exploring the city, and saw, I believe, everything that is interesting in it. Singularly impressive are the narrow, gloomy, silent streets when you traverse them alone. Several, as you look up, seem terminated by Vesuvius, which, although six miles distant, appears quite close, so transparent is the atmosphere. Smoke went peacefully forth from its black cone, as in the olden time, when the Pompeians sat in their painted courts, little dreaming of what was before them. Nearly two thousand years have passed since they and their fair city were whelmed by the outburst of that mountain—quiet now, but containing latent energies of a most terrific nature, and, in the form of ashes, the winding-sheets perhaps of more than one town now reposing peacefully on its flanks.

Everybody who visits Naples goes up Vesuvius as a matter of course, the exceptions being those who, deficient in strength to climb the cone, feel disinclined to pay the large fees demanded for being carried up in a chair. Therefore concerning the ascent of Vesuvius, and the volcano itself, as it was last spring, I have nothing to say. On the occasion of my first visit to Naples I passed a night on the summit with

a friend. Porters carried up the materials of an excellent supper, which we cooked by the natural fires, and washed down by delicious 'Lacrima Christi' (be sure at Naples to ask for the white, which far surpasses the red in flavour). When the night fell we made the circuit of the crater, in order to see the fissures and rents, which glowed like red-hot iron; and then, taking care to camp on the windward side of the crater edge, and enjoining the guides to watch and give us due notice in case of the wind shifting, we enjoyed a good sleep until dawn, when we saw a sunrise of great glory.

Of course this night visit cannot be made excepting under favourable circumstances. The recognised official guides will, however, give good advice on the subject. Under any circumstances, the tourist need be under no apprehension of having a damp bed.

CHAPTER LIII.

Homewards—Cook's Excursionists—Excitement of the Inhabitants of the Cities of Northern Italy produced by Garibaldi's Ovation in England—Amusing Caricatures—Portraits of Garibaldi—Photographs of his Boot—Desire for the Freedom of Rome—'Il Diavolo Zoppo'—Wish to make the Historical Centre of Italy the Capital of that Kingdom—Napoleon III. and the Roman Question—His Letter to M. Thouvenel—Effect of the Death of Count Cavour—Renewal of Negotiations—The Guarantee of Italy—Terms of the Convention—The Protocol—Transfer of Capital to Florence—Advantages of this City—Opposition of the Vatican to the Convention—The Pope and the Archbishop of Florence—Probable Position of the Papacy—The Strength of the Pope—Sacred Nature of the Pontificate—Financial Difficulties of Italy—Manner in which they will be overcome—The Italian Army—Cavour's Advice respecting the Roman Question—Poem of the 'Boot'—Venetia—Remarkable Prophecy respecting her Future—The Veneti and Ancient Rome—Tradition respecting San Marco—The Winged Lion and Spread Eagle—Probable Freedom of Venice—Stirring Life in the North Italian Cities—Official Announcements—Rewards for Growth of Cotton—Restoration of Ecclesiastical Edifices at Pisa—Completion of Milan Cathedral—Turin—New Buildings—Disappointment of the Turinese—Future of Turin—Necessity for transferring the Capital from that City.

HOMEWARDS through the cities of northern Italy. Of these, betravelled as they are—Cook's excursionists, familiarly known as 'Cook's lot,' have invaded several, to the great joy of the innkeepers and

disquiet of the residents—what is to be said? This —that they all reminded me in one sense of strong men drunk with wine—more excited probably than usual, on account of their darling Garibaldi being fêted by England when I passed through them. It was really amusing to witness the intense excitement that this occasioned. At some hotels the very waiters were not forthcoming when the newspapers were expected, so anxious were they to learn how their hero was faring. The political publications of Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, Genoa, Milan, and Turin, during this season of excitement, gave Pope and cardinals a rest, and, instead of blowing up the Sacred College, exalted in another sense England and the English for their hospitality to Garibaldi. Some of the caricatures in the 'Punches' were very amusing. One represented Garibaldi being quartered, England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland sharing his body. The fame of London civic hospitality had reached those cities; for, among other pains and penalties to which Garibaldi was ideally subjected, was that of dying from a surfeit in the metropolitan Mansion House.

Assuredly the mad welcome of the British nation was not lost on the Italians, who will long remember with gratitude the ovation accorded to their favourite

hero. His portrait in every conceivable form meets your eyes in the shops. If one quarter of the photographic representations of him are taken from life, he must abhor the very sight of a camera. But not only is his face thus honoured: his very boot comes in for immortality. When detached from the foot wounded at Aspromonte, it was purchased by the working classes at Milan, and presented by them to Italy. It is preserved under a glass case, surmounted by an appropriate inscription. Boot and inscription are photographed in carte de visite fashion, and a crimson spot indicates the locality pierced by the bullet. Surely boot was never so honoured before, for that of the late Marquis of Anglesea at Waterloo is scurvily treated compared to this; but Lord Anglesea's military glory pales before that of Garibaldi. This excitement, culminating to positive furore in many towns, naturally induced political conversation, the leading topics being the Roman and Venetian questions; and as I now mixed among a people enjoying a free press and speech, it was easy to understand their wishes. In all the cities the greatest desire prevails to see Rome free, and next to this, Austria ejected from Venetia. Political publications make free with the Papacy, turning Pope and Sacred College into ridicule; and even Bologna, formerly

noted for its Papal tendencies, is now conspicuous for its attacks on the Vatican, made principally in a spitfire and stinging publication, entitled 'Il Diavolo Zoppo.'

Though not known in England, there is no doubt that Italy generally was aware that, shortly before the death of Count Cavour, the question had been mooted for a treaty between Italy and France. The proposed details were of course a secret, but the peninsula was stirred by rumours which went far to keep up political excitement. Subsequent events fully explain various articles that appeared in the Italian journals last spring, prognosticating changes in the Papal States and Venetia which at that time appeared extremely visionary. The excitement which they created was so great, however, that, had not the Convention been announced, it is extremely probable that some action would have taken place as regards, at all events, the Roman question. In other words, so strong is the desire to make the historical centre of Italy the capital of that kingdom, that, had the Italians subject to the sway of St. Peter's successor shown an inclination to rise, they would not long have been left alone to fight the battle of freedom.

Napoleon III., with that innate intuition which forms a remarkable feature of his character, was well

aware that matters could not go on as they were without great peril. In 1862 he was full of uneasiness respecting the state of Italy. In May of that year, writing to M. Thouvenel, he said: 'Since I have been at the head of the government of France my policy has always been the same towards Italy; to second national aspirations, to induce the Pope to become their support rather than their adversary—in a word, to consolidate an alliance between religion and liberty.'

Then, after alluding incidentally to the manner in which all his efforts to attain this desirable end had been thwarted, he adds: 'It is urgent that the Roman question should be settled, for it is not only in Italy that it disturbs public opinion; everywhere it produces the same moral disorder, because it touches on what is most dear to man—religious and political faith. It is, therefore, in the interest of the Holy See, as well as in that of religion, that the Pope and Italy should be reconciled; for it would be a reconciliation of modern ideas; it would keep 200,000,000 Catholics within the pale of the Church, and give a new lustre to religion by showing faith supporting the progress of mankind.'

Out of these thoughts and those of Cavour sprang the Convention. The unfortunate death of that emi-

nent statesman broke off negotiations, and there seemed no prospect of overcoming the great difficulty of giving the French Emperor a sufficient guarantee of the good faith of the Italian government to the Pontificate. The proposition to change the capital from Turin to Florence was eventually accepted as a guarantee that, if the French troops were withdrawn, the Italian government would not forthwith take possession of Rome, and the terms of the Convention became finally thus adjusted:—

'Art. 1. Italy undertakes not to attack the present territory of the Pope, and to prevent, even by force, any attack proceeding from the exterior against the said territory.

'Art. 2. France will withdraw her troops gradually from the Pontifical States, as the army of the Pope becomes organised. The evacuation will, nevertheless, be accomplished within two years.

'Art. 3. The Italian government will make no protest against the organisation of the Papal army, even composed of foreign Catholic volunteers, sufficient to maintain the authority of the Holy Father, and tranquillity both at home and on the frontier of the Papal States; provided, however, that this force does not degenerate into a means of attack against the Italian government.

'Art. 4. Italy declares herself ready to enter into an arrangement for assuming a proportional part of the debt of the former States of the Church.'

Then follows the all-important protocol, to the effect that the capital of the kingdom shall be transferred from Turin, the transfer to be effected within six months from the date of the Convention. How the Convention has been received by Italy,* and how fair Florence is to be raised to the rank of a metropolis, are already matters of history — received on the whole so favourably that the first act of this great European drama may be said to have been performed without any untoward hitch. Naples herself, a Juno among the group of Italian cities, which by her maritime advantages and large population might reasonably have murmured that comparatively petty Florence should have been selected rather than herself, is nobly silent; declaring that if the magnificent prerogative of Rome be set aside, she will wait the issue of events, fully persuaded that Florence, after all, will be but a stepping-stone to Rome. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that Florence is, in all respects, a more suitable capital of the Italian kingdom than Turin. The

* It is worthy of remark, as evidence of the strong feeling in the Italian Parliament in favour of the Convention and financial measures, that the ministerial propositions have been carried by a very large majority, the numbers being 380 to 70.

claims of Milan, have, of course, been advocated; but apart from the wretched climate of that city—worse, if possible, than that of Turin—as long as Austria retains the Quadrilateral, it would be highly impolitic to fix the seat of government in that Lombardian city. Florence is full of memories glorious to an Italian. The magnificent Medici, Giotto, Cimabue, Michael Angelo, and other high names, have made her famous among nations, and she is, *par excellence*, the literary metropolis of Italy. Her strategic advantages are also great, for she could not be easily approached by Austria.

If, then, the Convention be carried out in its integrity, the future of Italy may be deemed clear; but while these changes are taking place, will all go well at the Vatican? Is it at all probable that the Convention will accomplish Italian unity in the sense of a reconciliation with the Papacy? And how opposed the Pope is to anything approaching even to friendliness with Victor Emmanuel, is abundantly evident by the fact, that on the occasion of the King of Italy's first visit to Florence, the archbishop of that city was reproved by the Vatican for having conducted the sovereign into the cathedral, and intoning in his presence the sonorous verses of the *Te Deum*.

The Pontiff is empowered to raise and maintain an

army sufficiently strong to put down all opposition at home; but the Papal revenue, estimated in 1862 at 5,000,000 scudi, is quite insufficient to pay 15,000 soldiers; and this number, at least, will be required to suppress insurrection. Romanists, whatever enthusiasm they may feel for the Papacy, will not fight for pure love; and an army necessary to hold the Romans in awe will cost at least one million sterling. Of course this expense may be met by voluntary contributions from the Catholic world, but it is not probable that the necessary amount will be forthcoming from this source.

Thus, the protection of France being withdrawn, the Pope will probably be reduced to one of these alternatives: he will have to come to terms with his subjects, in which case compromises of a very great and important nature will be introduced into the policy of the Vatican, or he will have to set his subjects at defiance, and keep them down by force of arms—a position assuredly not long maintainable. After all, it is likely that the great strength of the Pope will lie, not in the troops surrounding the Vatican, but in the circumstance that Catholic Europe will scarcely allow the magnificent edifice of the Papacy, with all its historical prestige, to perish, or be even abased. For the Pontificate is a sacred

institution in the estimation of many millions of human beings, and the proudest royal houses of Europe are but infantine compared to the antiquity of the line of the Supreme Pontiffs.

The Sacred College need, however, be under no apprehension that they will be attacked by Italy. The finances of that country are in too embarrassed a condition at present, to render it at all probable that the government would contemplate even breaking the terms of the Convention for the purpose of attacking Rome. The Papal faction take comfort that the financial difficulties of Italy are the prelude to the fulfilment of prophecies foretelling disaster and confusion to Victor Emmanuel. But although that monarch's kingdom is certainly far from financially prosperous, there is no occasion for despondency. Already a bill has passed the Italian legislature which will effect considerable retrenchments; and the promptitude of the seven thousand Italian municipalities to meet the imposition of fresh taxes may be taken as an earnest of a new plebiscite proclaiming that Italy is willing to bear burdens in order to be one and free. The main cause of the excess of expenditure over income arises from the great cost of the Italian army, hitherto exceeding 300,000 men. France, with double the population of Italy, has only one-third more troops,

so Italy may well diminish this large standing force. For not assuredly by force of arms will this perplexing Roman question be settled. Even were France to look on without interfering, all Italy could not drive the Pope out of Rome without quarrelling with the whole Catholic world, and this Italy cannot afford to do. Under these circumstances, we must endorse Cavour's wise counsel. 'Let us,' he said 'regard the Roman question as *une question morale,* to be resolved not by force of arms, but by mental power.' Italy must have patience if she will accept the Convention as a step in advance and in the right direction. The great evil to be apprehended is that Rome may, by ill-judged impatience, jeopardise her future. And, above all, let us hope that Garibaldi may not be so unwise as to put himself at the head of a second Aspromonte expedition, which would, in all probability, have a most ignominious and abortive termination. By patience, and a calm determination to act prudently, and to use every legitimate opportunity to advance their cause, the Romans will assuredly become free, and Rome will cease to be at one and the same time 'a house of prayer and a den of thieves.'

It is worthy of mention, as a sign of the times, that copies of Giusti's celebrated poem 'The Stivale,'

or Boot, are in extensive circulation throughout Italy, including even the Papal States, where of course the poem is strictly forbidden. In this humorous sketch of the fortunes of Italy, and its predicted high destiny, Giusti relates how the 'Boot,' with its strong hem or fringe of the Alps at the top, and the broad seam of the Apennines down the middle, is a symbol of unity, and should be a united nation. Here are two verses of this poem:—

I am not made of ordinary stuff,
Nor am I such a boot as rustics wear;
And if my shape seem hewn out in the rough,
No bungler's stamp of workmanship I bear.
With double soles, and action firm and free,
I'm formed for any work by land or sea.

Up to mid-thigh I stand, nor ever stir
Deep in the water, yet am just as sound;
I'm good for sporting, good to wear the spur,
As many asses to their cost have found.
All stitched compact and firm by vigorous needle,
With hem at top and seam straight down the middle.*

And, when hanging over the future of Italy, can we forget Venetia, and that fair city of the sea on her hundred isles, the inhabitants of which still writhe beneath the foot of the oppressor?

It is difficult, when we consider the former glory of

* From a vigorous and excellent translation in *Macmillan's Magazine.*

proud Venice, and the merry nature of her inhabitants of old, whose very faults, says Byron, were but

> the overbeating of the heart
> And flow of too much happiness,

to believe that the Venetians of the present day are descendants of those light-hearted people. Modern Romans are certainly far from joyous in their outward demeanour, but I never beheld a population wearing so depressed and gloomy an air as the Venetians.

The remarkable prophecy made by Alimanni three centuries ago, which was fulfilled when France extinguished the Venetian Republic, holds in one respect good still:—

> Se non cangi pensier, un secol solo
> Non conterà sopra 'l millesimo anno
> Tua Libertà, che va fuggendo a volo.

But it can no longer be said that the thoughts of the Venetians remain unchanged. They are now, and have been for a long time, firmly fixed on a great change—that of political rulers. From all authentic sources we have the same story—deep antipathy to Austria. To be seen conversing even with an Austrian officer in the public places in Venice, is sufficient to bar you from the society of Venetians. Is it probable, under these circumstances, when Rome becomes an integral portion of the kingdom of Italy,

that Venetia will not make a struggle, and a desperate one too, to join her fortunes with those of her Fatherland? Not willingly will Italy allow her to stand without at her gates, demanding admission, without endeavouring to admit her. The stones of Venice are, it is true, crumbling, and ruin seems to have settled on her palaces; but she is still too fondly loved to be allowed to perish without hands being held forth to save her:—

> Oh, Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls
> Are level with the waters, there shall be
> A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
> A loud lament along the sweeping sea!

But let us hope and believe that the cry of nations will not be 'o'er her sunken halls,' but against her oppressors.

It will be historically remarkable if the merging of Rome into the Italian kingdom should bring about that of Venetia into the same empire; for when Rome was sorely pressed by the invading Gauls, and all was lost to the city of the Cæsars but her Capitol, the invaders, we are informed by Polybius, were obliged to retrace their steps hastily, in consequence of a diversion into their own territories effected by the Veneti. This led to an alliance between those people and the Romans—an unfortunate step as events turned out for the Veneti, as

they did not long retain their independence, but became a constitutional portion of the Roman empire, being merged into the territories which formed the Roman province of Cisalpine Gaul. In the division of the empire by Augustus, it formed the tenth region: its boundaries were, on the west, a line drawn from the Adige to the Po; on the north, the Alps; on the east, the Adriatic; and the Po again to the south.

The ancient tradition that Saint Mark, in his wanderings, landed at the Hundred Isles, declaring that he would from henceforth take them under his protection, and that his body would rest on their shores, is not forgotten by the Venetians of the present day. The great gathering cry of the Venetian Republic in the days of its glory, 'Viva San Marco!' may again be heard, and Austrians may yet find that the gallantry and daring of the ancient Venetians survive in their descendants. Should Rome rise and throw off the Papal yoke, the example will not be lost on Venice, and Rome may thus repay obligations that she was under to Venetia when she saved her from falling into the hands of the Gauls.

It is related that when an ambassador from Austria inquired in what country such animals as the winged lion of St. Mark were to be found, the reigning

Doge replied, 'In the same country that produces spread eagles.' But although the Austrian spread eagle is more powerful now than the winged lion of St. Mark, the latter, symbolical of the powerful beast seen by the Prophet Daniel, may yet overcome his foreign foe; although the winged lion will probably never be carried forth again as the standard of Venice. But all of Venetia is Italian; and although France and Austria have done all in their power to crush Venice, when she becomes an integral part of the Italian peninsula, Italian nationality will arise phœnix-like from its ashes, and we shall again see the Piazza of San Marco filled by merry groups.

The stirring life, apart from politics, so striking at Naples after a residence in Rome, is as equally conspicuous in other Italian cities. The bustle of Leghorn was very remarkable. The commerce of that port has greatly increased since Tuscany has become a portion of the Italian kingdom. The walls of Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence were covered with official notifications significant of a good and active government; and among others, large rewards were offered for the growth of cotton. Pisa, proud apparently of her annexation to Victor Emmanuel's dominions, is restoring her ecclesiastical edifices; and under her new master the cathedral of

Milan is rapidly approaching completion. The first stone of this wondrous fane was laid on the 15th March, 1386; the last, it is now fully expected, will be set up in the course of a few years. The completion of this edifice will be indeed a great architectural triumph, for there is no structure more highly calculated to vindicate Gothic architecture from the reproach often attached to its name than the Duomo of Milan.

A great change was apparent in Turin since my visit to that city a few years ago. New houses, many of a magnificent character, have arisen, and the city has evidently prospered as a metropolis. No wonder, under these circumstances, and the additional mortification that, while losing this advantage, Rome is not gained, many Turinese should feel aggrieved by the transfer of the seat of government to Florence; but the affairs of a state could never be carried on satisfactorily if the minority did not give way when the weal of the kingdom was at stake. But the Turinese may take heart, for when the grand Mont Cenis railway line is completed, their city will become of far greater importance, as the frontier city, between the east and the west, than she has been as the political head-quarters of the Italian peninsula. Her extremely remote position

rendered her nearly inaccessible to Naples and Sicily, and, apart from the Roman question, it is extremely doubtful whether it would have been possible to have gone on much longer governing Italy from such an outlying city as Turin. Victor Emmanuel has long been aware of the urgent necessity of giving cohesion to his kingdom, and to effect this it was absolutely necessary to transfer the capital to a more central position than Turin.

CHAPTER LIV.

Leave Turin—Night passage of Mont Cenis—Uncomfortable Diligence travelling—Fellow Passengers—The Mont Cenis Tunnel—Erroneous title—Mont Freyjus—Precise locality of the Tunnel—Nature of the undertaking—Convention for carrying it out—Engineering difficulties—Tedious process superseded by present ingenious Machinery—Nature of this—Probable time required to complete the Tunnel—Great advantages that will arise to Italy—Plateau of Mont Cenis—Arctic Scene—Omnibus Sleighs—Descent of the Mountain—Zones of Climate—Spring again—Pine Forest—The Wolves and Walpole's Dog—Arrive at Lanslebourg—Conclusion.

WHY the authorities should order matters so that the passage of Mont Cenis should be accomplished during the night, I cannot say. So it is, however: you leave Turin at eleven, and arrive at Susa at midnight, and, after a long delay and bustle incident to the stowing of the luggage on the diligences, and the passengers inside the various compartments, at length the order to start is given, and amid a blaze of torches, spasmodic blowing of horns, and cracking of whips, you emerge from the railway station yard. How the huge diligences are safely steered through the streets, seeing that they are drawn by as many as

twenty-four mules, is a problem which your incarcerated position and the darkness of the night entirely prevent your solving; the head driver, however, has more than one assistant, and that all are actively engaged is evident by the incessant horse-talk going on.

Under no circumstances is diligence travelling delectable, and the journey in one of these now nearly extinct vehicles, across or even to the summit of the Mont Cenis, is simply detestable. Of course, much depends on your fellow-passengers; but if it be your fate, as it was mine, to be the middle passenger, or bodkin, between two plethoric individuals extremely oniony and given to somnolency, their heads descending perpetually, like steam-hammers at low pressure, on your shoulders, you will allow that the locomotion is not the most agreeable in the world.

Experiencing this misery, aggravated by a fat Italian mother who insisted on the windows being rigidly closed, declaring that a breath of fresh air would be fatal to her baby, I thought of the great work going on beneath me, and how, in a few years, the traveller to or from Italy will glide through the Alps, which now cost so much labour to surmount; so while toiling upwards let us use our travelling privilege, and look at what is going on beneath us. But this is not quite accurate, for it is not Mont Cenis that is being

pierced, but rather Mont Tabor, considerably to the west of the Cenis mountain. The tunnel is, indeed, so far from the latter mountain that it is a mistake to call it by that name. One entrance to the subterranean route is about three-quarters of a mile below Modane, the other at Bardonnèche. A line drawn between the two openings nearly intersects the Col Freyjus, which is fourteen miles west of the Cenis pass; so that if the tunnel bore the name of Freyjus it would be more correct than that of Cenis. But this is only another instance of the monopolising power of great names.

The practicability of engineering long tunnels through hard rocks had no sooner been ascertained, than the idea of piercing the Alps between France and Italy was entertained. The late Count Cavour was one of the first to urge the scheme, and indeed it is principally due to him that the colossal undertaking was commenced. To be able to journey from Paris to Turin in eighteen hours, without change of carriage, passing beneath the Alps when snow storms roar amidst their summits, lightnings shatter their peaks, and avalanches thunder down their sides, will indeed be a noble engineering triumph; and as engineers pronounced the tunnel practicable, Count Cavour undertook the financial part of the business.

By his influence and energy the funds were found, and a convention entered into between the French and Italian governments, the main features of which are that, assuming the total expense of the tunnel to be 65,000,000 francs, France is to pay 45,000,000, and Italy 20,000,000, the French government allowing Italy twenty-five years to complete the undertaking. Long as is this period, we may reasonably doubt whether the tunnel would be finished in this time had not extremely ingenious machinery been invented, which entirely supersedes the former tedious boring process. One of the great difficulties respecting the tunnel consisted in the impossibility of making vertical shafts, which, in short tunnels, enable the boring to be carried on simultaneously at several points, and also ventilates the works; but although the mouths of the Mont Cenis tunnel—the big mountain with the great name must carry the day—are 3,904 feet above the sea on the north side, and 4,344 feet on the south, still the mass of rock above the line is far too great to render this practicable in a financial point of view. So there was no other course but to attack the mountain at the two sides and drill a hole through it. The first blow struck made the engineers aware that they had a tougher monster to deal with than they supposed; and so slow

was the progress, that it soon became apparent that twenty-five years would not suffice to complete the tunnel, and that at least fifteen more would be required. At this juncture MM. Sommeiller, Grandis, and Grattoni invented and perfected the admirable boring machinery now used. This may be briefly described as consisting of a number of chisels set in motion by compressed air, drawn into tubes by water-power, and so adjusted that they strike the rock with spasmodic-like stabs, revolving as they strike, and thus effecting a far greater amount of work than could possibly be accomplished by manual labour. The chisels deliver 250 blows per minute, and perform an amount of boring work in twenty minutes which would occupy two workmen for two hours. At the rate of $1\frac{665}{1000}$ feet per day—the average progress before the use of the machines—the time required to complete the tunnel, without making any allowance for accidents or unforeseen difficulties, would be twenty-six years and three months. Now it is expected that it will be finished in six years and seven months from the 30th of last June. As the tunnelling is carried on simultaneously at both sides of the mountain, the greatest care is necessary to ensure perfect accuracy of direction. To obtain this, signal-posts were erected at frequent intervals

across the mountain above the intended course of the tunnel. Observatories were then set up opposite to the entrance of each tunnel, provided with delicate transit instruments. When it is desired to see whether the line of the tunnel is true, a powerful lamp is hung immediately in front of the middle of the excavation, and the telescope in connection with the transit instrument is brought to bear on the signal-posts, and, when these are precisely in the middle of the field, the telescope is depressed in the same vertical plane until the lamp is seen. If this is in the centre of the intersecting wires, the perforation is progressing in a right direction; if to the right or left, the necessary correction is made.

The tunnel will be nearly semicircular, the exact dimensions being 25 feet 3½ inches across the bottom, 26 feet 2¾ inches across the widest part, 24 feet 7 inches high at Modane, and 25 feet 5¾ inches at Bardonnèche. About 1,300 workmen are employed at either end; and for those curious in statistics, I may add, that the estimated quantity of powder required for blasting purposes will be 7,000,000 pounds, and the number of blasts 11,000,000. The precise length of the tunnel will be 12,220 mètres.

That this great engineering undertaking may answer, all anxious for the welfare of humanity must

desire, for assuredly railways are far more efficacious in allying nations in brotherly love than all the conventions and protocols concocted by congresses or diplomatists. The success of this work will be of incalculable advantage to Italy; for by increasing her commerce, as it will, her position among nations will be elevated, and to travellers who now have to spend long weary hours cramped in uncomfortable diligences the passage of the Alps will lose all its discomforts. Bed-carriages will be provided in the night trains, and while steeped in slumber the traveller will glide from one country to another. The mythical vinegar with which Hannibal made a passage for his hosts through the Alps, not far, according to tradition, from the Col de Freyjus, evaporates to insignificance before the works of modern engineers.

But, see, morn dawns, and we are at length on the plateau of the Col of Mont Cenis. Looking out, we are surrounded by arctic scenery—snow everywhere, thick on the impending heights and deep under our feet. Amidst this and intense cold we are transferred from the diligences into vehicles of the omnibus family, provided with sleigh runners, and, the luggage having been repacked, we glide noiselessly over the plateau, and speed down the zigzags,

flying past the hospices and dwellings of the cantonniers, and so downward through zones of climate, until at length we enter the region of spring; spikes of grass pierce the thin patches of snow, and the larches are feathered by shoots of tender green. Lower still we enter the grand pine forest, the home of wolves—descendants in all probability of the ravenous crew which gobbled up Walpole's little [illegible] as he was journeying on the high road on his way to Italy.

A cataract of exclamations, accompanied by a running fire of whip-cracking, and we dart across the bridge spanning the stream at Lanslebourg, and stop at the inn, opposite which are a crowd of curious people assembled to see the arrival of the omnibus sleighs. From these we quickly emerge, and hasten to the inn's best room, where hot coffee is served to us, which we drink hurriedly before a roaring wood fire. Fain would we linger enjoying the genial blaze, but the conductor announces that the diligences are ready to convey us to the railway station at St. Michel; and as he exclaimed, 'Allons, messieurs, en voiture,' I felt that the Alps had been passed, and that fair Italy was indeed left behind.

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